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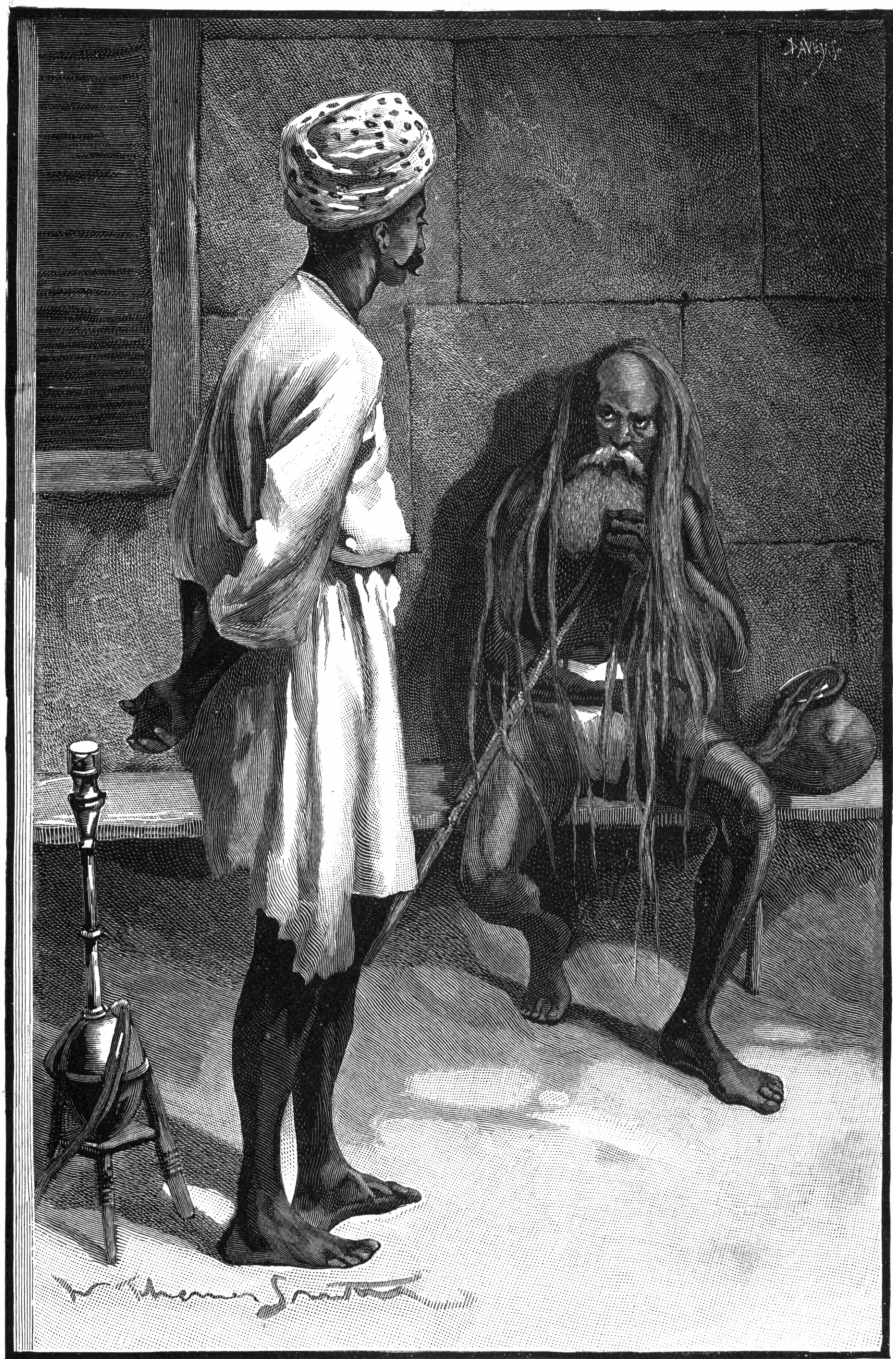
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"THE ASTROLOGER."

(See page 244.)

The Treasure of the Ram-Bagh.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.



HE struggle was over ; the last spark of rebellion crushed out, and the ancient city of Delhi, the glory of the Mogul race, was again in the hands of the English. What a time it had been, that summer of '57 ! Never was warfare waged with such bitter fierceness as between the *Feringhees* and the revolted *Poorbeahs*. On the one side was desperation, and on the other fanaticism : the atmosphere of the Punjab was dark with powder-smoke, and it seemed to us in those sultry regions as though even Nature herself paused and stood aside, so to speak, to watch the terrific combat between the Black and the White. But now it was all over ; the last cannon had boomed forth its stern voice of terrible reprisal, scattering from its mouth the limbs of some murderous sepoy ; the feverish rapacity of the looter had been appeased, and the British soldier, worn out, footsore, harassed to a mere shadow, and reduced to rags, sat down to rest and to thank God for a victory, however hard earned, that still left his glorious flag waving over the minarets of the great Oriental capitals.

I had been an officer in one of the native infantry regiments, quartered in the cantonments of Mooltan, a regiment bearing a glorious record for deeds of valour performed in earlier wars. But the spirit of disaffection was only too strongly manifest in the ranks at the beginning of the Mutiny ; and one morning on parade, in the presence of a battalion of Europeans and a battery of artillery, ready with lighted portfires to sweep the barrack square with a hailstorm of grape, the commanding officer ordered the sepoy to "pile arms," and, almost before the men realized it, they were rendered powerless by having their weapons taken from them. Yet I will vow that none in all that regiment felt the disgrace of this disarming more than their own officers ; and it is an open secret that in the cart which collected the muskets to carry them to the magazine were found the swords and belts of several captains and lieutenants. But when a week later the sepoy suddenly uprose *en masse*, broke out of their lines, forced the bells of arms, shot down the quarter-guard, and hurried away towards Delhi, we were all obliged to admit that the General's measure had been only too wise a one.

The war over, my former regiment no longer existing, and having realized quite a modest little fortune as my share of the fruits of the great Delhi prize auctions, in which were sold all the plundered wealth of the Mogul palace, I determined to give up the service and return to England. I therefore sold my commission, but the season of the rains approaching, I resolved to remain in Delhi till they should be over. My *syce*, or native servant, who had faithfully served me throughout the campaign, I retained to act as a valet. His name was Meer Alec, and he was a splendid example of the hill tribemen, standing about 6ft. 3in., with large, flashing eyes, a high, aquiline nose, and a heavy, curling moustache. Withal, he was as intelligent as he was handsome.

I was seated one day in the veranda of my bungalow, puffing at a "Trichy," and thoughtfully surveying a slowly-healing sabre cut upon my left wrist dealt me by a strapping *sowar*, when Meer Alec entered the room, and, pausing in the doorway, made me a profound salaam.

"Well," said I ; "what is it ?"

"May I speak with the Sahib ?"

"Say on."

He stepped close to my chair, and extending a small object, said, "Will the Sahib look at this ?" I took the thing in my hand. It was a little image of dusky yellow metal, and very heavy. I recognised it as a statue of Gautama, the incarnation of Buddha, and from its weight at once perceived that it was made of gold.

"Where did you get this, Meer Alec ?" I asked.

"Is it of any value, Sahib ?"

"I cannot tell you what it may be worth, but it is undoubtedly pure gold."

He rolled up his fine eyes till nothing but the whites of them gleamed forth between the dusky lids. Then he said, "I found it in the Ram-Bagh."

These two words, literally translated, mean sacred garden. The Ram-Bagh which my servant spoke of was a little, wild tract of land surrounding a ruined mosque not far distant from the outside of the city walls. It was a place where no living creature ever went, save maybe some wretched fakir seeking shelter in the crumbling temple. Doubtless the long grass harboured many snakes, and no man in his senses would purposely

venture into what was pretty sure to prove a hotbed of deadly reptiles.

"What were you doing in the Ram-Bagh?" I asked.

"I will tell the Sahib everything," answered the *syce*, squatting in Eastern fashion at my feet, with the little image in his lap. "Three days ago came hither an astrologer, begging for alms. The wise man makes friends with these people, so I brought him in and gave him of food and drink, together with a few *pice*. Then said he unto me, '*Bhai-bund*, you are the first who this day has given me charity. May Silva bless your caste. For I am grown old and poor, and people no longer have faith in my reading of the planets, and, whereas I cannot live much longer, I will tell thee a secret in return for thy goodness which is written in no book, and known only to Him that can divine the unseen.' Well, Sahib, I listened with attention, for these astrologers often speak words that are worth hearing. 'Know ye the Ram-Bagh?' said he to me. 'Despise not what I tell you, but take a spade, and dig deep, and you shall find there treasure untold. For I am grown old, and it is no use to me.' So when he was departed I thought upon what he had said, and knowing that he could read secrets which it is given but to very few to know, I resolved to follow his words. So I went forth into the Ram-Bagh with a spade, and dug down into the earth, but discovered nothing. I was not disheartened by my failure, and on the following day tried again, still without success. Said I, 'Perhaps I have not yet gone deep enough.' So this morning I once more went into the Ram-Bagh, and dug again in the same place, and found this," said he, holding up the little golden image.

"Meer Alee," said I, "why have you told me of this thing? You might have kept it to yourself, and have grown rich."

"How," answered the faithful fellow, "should I hide it from the Sahib whose salt I eat? No, no. Even as the astrologer gave the secret unto me, because he was grown old and did not want longer to keep it, so do I now give it to you."

"Will you leave this with me?" I asked, taking the image from him.

"It is yours," answered he.

"No. At least, if I keep it, I will pay you for it. Although I have little doubt of its being gold, still, to make quite sure, I will take an early opportunity to have it tested. Meanwhile, not a word on the matter to anybody, Meer Alee. Your astrologer has given

you a secret that should make us both rich men, but we must keep it to ourselves."

"Trust me, Sahib," said he, rising and salaaming; and then, with the gliding stealth of an Oriental, he left the room.

I lay back in my chair, reflecting deeply upon the surprising story my *syce* had just told me. Perhaps the one feature in the whole business which astonished me most was the amazing sense of fidelity the trusty fellow had displayed in coming straight to me with news of his discovery, when he might so easily have kept it to himself. That beneath the wild, overgrown surface of the Ram-Bagh should lie buried treasure, I considered in the highest degree probable.

It is well known to most people acquainted with India that the soil in the neighbourhood of the great cities teems with hidden valuables. Down to within quite recent times, when a native acquired wealth, instead of putting his money into a bank or investing it, he dug a hole in the earth and secreted it. Seeing that this system has been carried on from the very earliest ages of the ancient empire, it must be readily apparent that large tracts of ground are cemeteries of untold riches. Delhi in particular, that glittering city of gorgeous domes and white spires, for generations the seat of the Mogul dynasty, has traditions of buried treasure beyond all computation. The Ram-Bagh stood among the ruins of Ferozabad, the ancient city of Delhi, and was just the spot to prove a vast earthy coffer. The land was all Crown property, but the Commissioner or Government Agent chanced to be a personal friend of mine, and I had small doubt of being able to obtain permission to dig for treasure by applying to him.

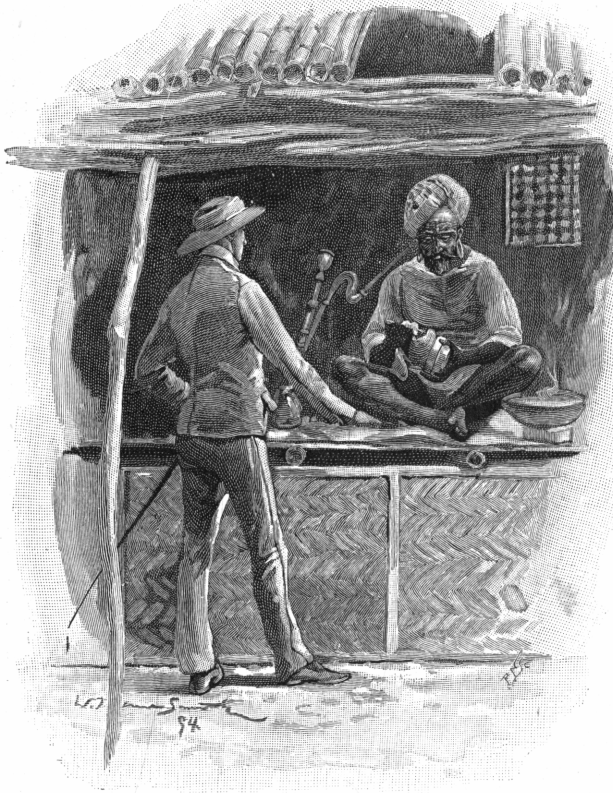
I went that same afternoon to a well-known money-changer and goldsmith in the Chandree Chouk, and, placing the image in his hands, requested him to test it. He took it, stroked it over, weighed it, and said, "No need to test it. The thing is pure gold."

"You are positive of that?" said I.

"I will give you thirty rupees an ounce for it, if you please."

This was convincing enough. I told him that I did not wish to part with the little statue, but merely wanted to satisfy myself as to its true value. He repeated, "Well, the thing is pure gold," and I left his bazaar. I went next to see my friend the Commissioner, and found him seated in his office sucking iced brandy-pawnee through a straw.

"Ha!" cried he, on catching sight of me.



"THE THING IS PURE GOLD."

ger's secret might not be known to him, "to tell you the truth, you have exactly hit it."

He burst into a laugh.

"I wouldn't give you the value of a paper dollar for all you're likely to find."

I drew a deep breath of relief.

"Will you consent to my making the experiment?" said I.

"My dear fellow, dig over the whole place, if you like. You will be doing a great service by clearing it of weeds. Take care a cobra doesn't abruptly terminate your little venture, that's all. But what has put the notion of seeking for treasure in the Ram-Bagh into your head?"

"Well," I answered, feigning reluctance to admit a little superstitious weakness, "an astrologer called at my bungalow a few days ago begging for alms, and out of gratitude for the charity bestowed upon him, he said that if I should dig in the Ram-Bagh, Heaven would reward my goodness."

"And you are credulous enough to believe him! Well, I confess I am astonished that a man who has lived in India as long as you have should listen to the words of the first native impostor that chances to stop at your door. Don't you know these *budmash* astrologers are the greatest set of rogues? My advice to you would be not to waste your time and money in digging up that forsaken spot. But if you wish to try, why, then, by all means go ahead, and good luck attend you."

"I think," said I, "although there is great truth in what you have said, that with your good leave I will make the attempt. Treasure-hunting is at least as good an occupation as sucking brandy-pawnee through a straw, and far less injurious to the liver." His eyes twinkled. I continued: "It will be a matter of no very great cost to set a few coolies to work to clear away the land. At all events, I have your consent?"

"Oh, certainly," he answered. "Dig up the whole of Ferozabad, if you please."

"Suppose," said I—"just for the sake of

"How are you, old fellow? Come in and sit down."

"I have come to ask a favour," said I, dropping into an inviting canvas chair, which at once folded up under me and landed me on the floor.

"To ask a favour, eh?" he exclaimed, laughing at my mishap. "Most of my friends visit me for that purpose. I begin rather to suspect that my apparent popularity in the station is due to my capacity of obliging. Well, when you have extricated yourself from that chair, perhaps you will tell me what I can do for you."

"Oh, it is a very simple affair," said I, getting upon my feet again. "I merely want your permission to go digging"—he stared at me—"on the Ram-Bagh," I added.

"What the deuce can you want to go digging in that weedy, snake-haunted place for?" said he, screwing a gold-rimmed glass into his eye, to view me more attentively. "Going to seek for treasure, eh?"

"Why," I answered, a little taken aback, and wondering whether, after all, the astrolo-

argument, you know—that I *do* find anything, shall I be allowed to keep it?”

“My poor, deluded friend,” he cried, laughing, “you *won't* find anything. If your astrologer knew of the existence of treasure in the Ram-Bagh, do you think he would have let you into the secret? But if you do happen to discover an old coin or two, or a bit of antique pottery, why, don't tell anybody about it.”

“One thing more to crown the obligations I am under to you,” said I. “Lest I should be interfered with during my explorations, will you give me a written permit to dig up the Ram-Bagh?”

He took a sheet of officially headed paper, scrawled a few lines upon it to the effect that I was at liberty to seek for treasure upon the spot named, and handed it to me. I thanked him, and quitted his office, quite sensible that I had sunk in his opinion as a weak-minded man whose head was to be turned by any native mendicant that should tell him a tale of buried gold. But, then, my worthy friend did not know of the little image that was in the brown-paper parcel which I held in my hand while I talked to him.

My first act on returning to my bungalow was to summon my *syce*, and go with him to take a view of the Ram-Bagh. The spot lay about ten minutes' walk outside the walls of the city in the direction of the Ajmere Gate, and about a quarter of a mile to the right of the ruins of Ferozabad. It was out of the way of any of the great roads leading into Delhi, and was probably never visited except, as I have said, by some miserable *fakir* or *gooljur* seeking refuge in the dilapidated mosque that stood in the centre of the grounds. The place was altogether somewhere about three acres in extent, and inclosed by a crumbling wall.

The dreariness and desolation of the spot were unspeakable. There was nothing in the hum and life of the great city near at hand to neutralize the profound sense of loneliness that came to one on entering the wild and overgrown sacred garden. Bald-headed vultures wrangled in

harsh screams for scraps of carrion among the long grass, and clouds of flies, humming as they rose like locusts, hovered over the body of a dead jackal or the corpse of a famished dog. My servant told me that here, so tradition said, was to be seen the unearthly shape of the ghoul sporting in the moonbeams, though, for his own part, he had little doubt that the apparition which had presented itself to affrighted native eyes, in the form of some strange goblin, was nothing more than a wretched *pariah* looking for a place to lay his head.

We climbed over the wall, treading most gingerly for fear of snakes, and Meer Alec led me to the spot where he had unearthed the little image. It was in a corner of the garden, where the undergrowth was less thick than in most places. He had only dug a hole of about 4ft. deep, and about a yard in diameter; I saw exactly where he had found the little statue, for the impression of its grotesque form lay plain in the clayish soil. Having taken a brief survey of the *bagh*, I returned with my *syce*, deliberating plans for beginning operations next day. When we arrived at my bungalow, I said to Meer Alec:—



“MEER ALEC LED ME TO THE SPOT.”

"Now, listen to what I am going to say to you. First of all, I have had your image tested, and it is of pure gold. Here it is. Next, I went to the Commissioner and obtained from him a written permission to dig in the Ram-Bagh for treasure. His advice to me was to keep all I found and say nothing about it; therefore, we shall know how to act in this respect. Now, Meer Alee, as you have behaved so handsomely towards me, I wish to treat you equally well. Therefore, I make you this proposal: We will go into partnership over the undertaking; I will find all the money requisite to hire labour to clear away the wild growth of the place and dig up the ground, and we will share equally of the profits of whatever we may find. Do you consent to this?"

"Sure, the Sahib is much too generous," replied he.

"You think it a fair proposal, then?"

"Worthy of one of the just and righteous *Feringhees*, our lords and masters," he answered, with Hindu humility, which was not without a twang of hypocrisy about it. But I saw that he was really very well satisfied, so I continued:—

"It must be our business to keep as quiet as we possibly can over the matter. Once we let it get wind that we are seeking for treasure, people will come flocking about us, and it may end in the Government laying claim to whatever we discover, since the land is Crown property. We must have coolies to clear away the long grass before we can do anything. Where are we to get, say, half-a-dozen good, trusty fellows who may be relied upon to keep their own counsel?"

"If the Sahib will leave it to me, I will undertake by to-morrow to find six such men, who will eat of my *chupattees*, and swear to secrecy."

"Good! Tell them they shall be liberally rewarded for their services. Ten rupees a day each shall they have, and as much curry and *bang* as they can eat and drink."

Meer Alee salaamed and withdrew. I was perfectly satisfied to leave the matter of employing labourers in his hands, for he was a native himself and would consequently have a good knowledge of the native character, and furthermore his interests were as much concerned as my own; therefore, he would act with extreme caution. Had it not been for the discovery of the golden image, I should have been by no means so willing to give credence to the astrologer's story. Yet I considered it quite possible, too, that there might be current a

tradition of buried treasure in the Ram-Bagh of Delhi. Among the Indian races history is perpetuated very much as it was in Homeric days: by word of mouth. Legends are handed down from generation to generation, and although in the course of ages the versions may become twisted out of all recognition of their original events, still they are based upon the truth. Not that I mean to say the mere circumstance of a strolling beggar calling at the door of my bungalow for alms, and bidding me dig in a certain spot, where I should find reward for my charity, would suffice to persuade me into entering upon the quest. But the discovery by Meer Alee put the matter beyond all dispute. It *might* happen that, almost by a miracle, he had chanced upon the only object of value concealed beneath the surface of the Ram-Bagh. But, at all events, the bringing to light of the little image of Gautama was a matter which, coming on top of the astrologer's story, might determine the most sceptical man upon making a search in the ancient sacred garden.

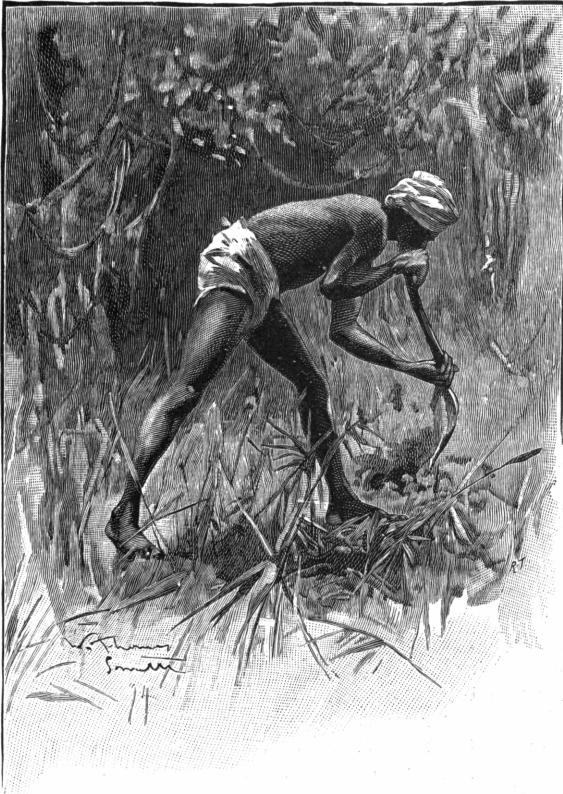
My *syce* came to me after dinner that evening, and asked permission to go out into the *Subzee Mundee* for an hour or two. I guessed his motive, and readily gave my consent. He carried a small paper package in his hand; I asked him what he had there, and he answered "*Chupattees*." Now, a *chupattee* is nothing more or less than a little cake, made of unleavened flour and water, and constitutes the chief article of the Hindu's food. When a native requires any particular service from his brethren, according to an immemorial custom he takes a *chupattee*, and, breaking it into pieces, distributes the fragments amongst those whom he considers likely to answer his purpose. The men who accept the morsels are pledged to keep faith with him throughout any undertaking they may enter upon; and be it said that no form of oath could be more binding in its moral effect upon the native mind than the receiving of the *chupattee*. Consequently, when Meer Alee showed me his little supply of these unsavoury cakes, I perfectly well gathered his intentions, and granted him unconditional leave of absence.

I did not see him again until the morning. He brought me my shaving water as usual, and, on my inquiring how he had fared during the previous night, he replied:—

"I have got six men, Sahib. You may trust them to serve you faithfully and to keep your secret. They will all be in the Ram-Bagh at ten o'clock this morning with spades, ready to begin work."

"Capital!" I cried. "Meer Alee, you are a first-class fellow!" He acknowledged the compliment by an abject obeisance. "You understand these coolies better than I do," I continued, "therefore, you had better act as overseer."

Directly after breakfast I set out for the Ram-Bagh, clad in a suit of kharkee and knee-boots, a useful working costume in a hot climate. The season of the rains was just over, and the heat, even at noon, was never intolerable, although it was unwise to expose oneself to the sun. Meer Alee, whose fine eyes flashed with excitement, had gone on ahead of me, carrying such implements for cutting away the tangled weeds as my little garden-house yielded. When I arrived, I found him stripped of everything save a cloth round his loins and a turban on his head, digging away as though for dear life: the hour was only a trifle past nine o'clock, and the coolies had not yet come. I would have made short work of the thick growth by burning it down had I not known that the smoke would attract a crowd to the spot, which was the very thing I did not desire.



"DIGGING AWAY AS THOUGH FOR DEAR LIFE."

However, in due course the half-dozen natives my servant had hired arrived. They were stout, likely-looking fellows, and came well armed with shovels and pickaxes. I spoke to them in Hindustanee, briefly telling them that our purpose was to seek for a treasure which was reported to be hidden under the ground on which they stood. We then set to work in real earnest, and by the hour of noon, when I called a halt to rest, the coolies had cleared away a broad space of land extending the whole width of the *bagh*. The number of snakes, chiefly cobras, which lay hidden in the tall grass was incredible, and on several occasions one or another of the men had a narrow escape of being bitten by the disturbed reptiles.

The shape of the Ram-Bagh was nearly square, and my idea was to start by digging a trench about 4ft. deep close up against the wall whence we began cutting down the growth, and work our way from this, turning up the soil till we had covered the whole length of the garden. I reckoned that an average depth of 4ft. would be sufficiently far to penetrate, since, being a little bit of a geologist, I perceived that the deposit of soil

had been very slow on this spot. Whilst we were resting, a *burkandaz*, or armed policeman, stepped into the inclosure and demanded to know what we were doing. I told him I had an order from the Commissioner at Delhi to clear the tangle weed of the place, upon which he saluted and went away again.

Meer Alee, who was himself the most enthusiastic among the workers, turned the coolies to afresh after a short interval, and they laboured on with but little pause until sundown, by which time the Ram-Bagh looked as probably it had not looked for centuries past: a clear, level space, with the mass of sun-browned stuff which had converted it into a miniature jungle piled in a huge stack in one corner. All was now in readiness to begin digging, and I am free to confess it was with no small degree of anticipation that, on the following morning, I set the natives to work upon the trench I have already spoken of.

The soil was of a loose, sandy character upon the surface and easily turned, though at a little depth it became stiff and clay-like. The coolies toiled on for several hours with-

out lighting upon anything more than some fragments of broken pottery; then we came to our first find. This was neither money nor jewellery, but an *elephant*. The animal lay upon its side about a yard below the surface, pressed as flat as a board, and in a wonderfully good state of preservation. Its hide was almost white, and I thought it quite possible that the animal had been one of the scarce sacred species, interred in the Ram-Bagh on its death. How long it had lain buried one could never come to know, yet from various things afterwards found at the same depth, I guessed it was at least a thousand years old.

Our next discovery, made some yards away from the spot where we had come upon the elephant, was of a more welcome character. It consisted of a long-necked, brown earthenware vase, of the size of a large melon. The neck of it was filled up with clay, but on handling it the weight of the thing gave us to know that it was full of some heavy substance. I took a pickaxe from one of the natives, and by a cautiously directed blow shattered the vase: the riven fragments flew asunder, and out fell a mass of gold coins. Meer Aleé gave a shrill cry of delight. I picked up one of the pieces, about the size and thickness of an English florin. I could decipher the date 1400 upon it, but the inscription was in some Oriental language unknown to me. I afterwards discovered that the coins were of the period of the bloodthirsty Tamerlane, who in 1399 took the city of Ferozabad, and put 100,000 people to the sword. There were 210 pieces in all, and their value was exactly £400 English currency.

This was indeed a good beginning, and we went to work afresh with renewed vigour. I felt persuaded that somewhere within the walls of the Ram-Bagh there was a great treasure buried, compared with which the trifling discovery we had just made would be as a lac of rupees to a Nizam's revenue.

Collecting the gold coins into my handkerchief, and securely binding them up, I bade Meer Aleé carry them to my bungalow, and deposit them in a place of safety. He must have fled with the swiftness of the wind itself, for he was back again in ten minutes. The coolies worked as only a willing Hindu can work, and the earth flew in showers before the flashing blades of their shovels. But during the rest of the morning we discovered nothing more, save a large jadestone statue of some ancient native god, which was so damaged that I left it.

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A thought came into my head whilst the little gang were taking their midday rest, and eating their *mealies* under the shadow of the *bagh* wall. I strolled towards the ruins of the temple, and entered. The place was, indeed, in a most terribly dilapidated condition. The roof was gone, and the crumbling walls stood gaunt, full of distorted archways and gaping chasms. Yet all the fallen stones had been at some time or other removed, probably for building purposes, and the floor of the place presented a clear surface, thickly carpeted with a sandy dust. I brushed aside a little space of this with my foot, and saw that the floor of the temple consisted of large stone flags. Wishing to get a clearer view of this pavement, and not desiring to disturb the natives at their dinner, I fetched a broom which I had observed one of the coolies deposit in a corner of the inclosure, and with my own hands, despite the suffocating clouds that arose, I laid bare a large square patch. The flags were laid not close together, but at intervals of about a couple of inches apart, the interstices between being filled up flush with dust.

In sweeping aside the rubbish, I had taken notice of a long, rusty iron spike, like a ten-penny nail. I now went and sought this, picked it up, and stooping down, ran it along the chinks betwixt the flagging of the floor. Out spurted a quantity of dirt, scattering itself right and left, and—could I believe my eyes?—amongst the grains of dust there rolled forth a number of pearls! I remained idly looking at the little sparkling white gems whilst one might have counted a hundred, too much staggered to realize the sudden amazing revelation of a hidden treasure, which, for all I could tell, was perhaps to be computed in millions. Then I fell upon my knees, and collected all the pearls I could see; about twenty I think there were. None of them were very large or of great value; but there could be no shadow of doubt that they were genuine gems, and if the floor of the temple was going to disgorge jewels in this fashion, there might be many magnificent prizes amongst them.

I put the pearls I had gathered up carefully in my coat pocket, stepped back again into the *bagh*, and beckoned to Meer Aleé. He approached me, and I turned aside in a half-careless way, as though I were going to speak to him on some matter of no great moment, so that the other natives should not observe us.

"I have good news to tell you," said I,

subduing my voice, though excitement was now working deep in me; "I have discovered where the real treasure of the Ram-Bagh lies."

He stared at me in his mild way, and said, "Yes, Sahib?"

"It is beneath the floor of yonder temple," I exclaimed. "Look what I have just found among the flag-stones there," and drawing forth the handful of pearls, I exposed them to his view.

His eyes sparkled, and he said, "By the faith of my fathers, but the astrologer spoke true words!"

"We will abandon digging in the grounds for the present," said I, "and set the coolies to work to raise the stones of the temple pavement. I got the pearls merely by scraping between the chinks of the flags with a rusty nail. Who can tell what may be concealed beneath?"

On this he bustled away, and I heard him exhorting the Hindu labourers to work with a will, making an offer of increased reward. The coolies moved in a body towards the temple, and began lustily clearing away the dust from the floor, which rose in dense clouds into the air. An hour sufficed them to lay bare the flag-stones within the ruined walls. Stooping to inspect them more narrowly, I now perceived that they were formed of the finest porcelain. I determined to start excavating from one corner of the place, working my way diagonally across the whole width of it. We found that the tiles, which were about 2ft. square, needed little effort to raise them: if they had ever been cemented the stuff had crumbled away long ago. Under the first dozen or so of these which the natives lifted the yellow soil lay as flat as the top of a table. I carefully worked about among the dust on the surface with my fingers, but found nothing in the way of precious stones. When as many of the tiles had been removed as laid bare a space about the area of a good-sized room, I told the natives to begin to dig. Almost the very first

blow of the shovels into the yielding ground gave back a sharp metallic chink. I heard it and sprang to the spot, crying to the fellows to be careful lest the blades of their spades should injure the object they had lighted upon. They began gingerly scraping away the soil, and presently uncovered what proved to be a most beautiful model of a pagoda, in pure gold, and, as I afterwards found, of Chinese workmanship. One corner of this lovely toy had been chipped away by the workman's shovel, otherwise it was completely intact. The size of it was about 18in. square at the base, and it weighed nearly 10lb.

I fear that I should weary you, besides spinning out my yarn beyond all admissible limits, if I were to recount step by step the story of our excavation of the floor of that ruined temple in the Ram-Bagh. We were three days in lifting all the tiles, and searching the soil underneath. We found a great number of stone coffins, containing the bodies of Hindu men whose rank had entitled them to burial in the *musjid*—all



"THEY UNCOVERED A MOST BEAUTIFUL MODEL OF A PAGODA."

in a wonderful state of preservation, although they crumbled away into powder shortly after being exposed to the air. In every case these coffins contained money and jewels, the former of these showing by their dates that they covered a period extending from the reign of the atrocious Jenghiz Khan, in the thirteenth century, down to the days of Aurung-Zeb in the middle of the seventeenth century. From some forty-seven tombs thus opened we got in all gold pieces to the value of £9,000 sterling, and jewels to nearly treble that value.

But this was not all. With my own hands I collected from among the dust which lined the interstices of the tiles as many pearls as would have filled to the brim a pint measure. They were all pearls: not a gem of any other description was among them, and roughly I estimated the worth of them at about £1,200. Many remarkable curiosities of treasure did we unearth, for the most part in a perfect state of preservation. One object in particular, which I thought the most exquisite piece of workmanship I had ever set eyes upon, was dug out by my *syce*. It consisted of a flower-pot of virgin gold, delicately wrought in filigree, containing a plant about 18 in. high. The stem of this plant was of silver: the wide-spreading leaves of gold, densely studded with emeralds, causing the whole to stream with brilliant green fires. The marvellous skill of the Oriental goldsmith was never better illustrated than in this incomparable work of art. Another wonderfully beautiful toy was found by one of the coolies. This was a birdcage of golden wires, containing the representation of some gorgeously plumed bird in precious stones. The body was of rubies, streaked with turquoises; the pinions were diamonds, and the eyes were two tiny moonstones.

Of gold and silver pieces of money we found such a surprising quantity in various spots beneath the floor of the temple, and particularly in the coffins I have already mentioned, that we literally grew weary of collecting the coins. I caused a number of bags to be made, in each of which I placed as many of the pieces as it was convenient to carry at one load, dispatching them to my bungalow by Meer Alee, and by the time we had concluded our search in the Ram-Bagh, *I had twenty-three of these bags* in my private room. The greater bulk of this treasure was gold coins of various dates during the Mogul dynasty.

We likewise discovered fourteen little images of gold, all more or less like the one

Meer Alee had first shown me; a quantity of daggers and small swords of various curious patterns, with hilts incrustated in precious stones; several splendid caskets full of articles of jewellery; large breast shields of pure gold, bearing emblematic devices; a superb spray of diamonds which had probably formed the plume of a great Rajah's turban; some jadestone carvings, chiefly of native gods, and a quantity of broken fragments of gold. As we finished our search in one part of the ruined building, so I obliged the workmen to shovel back the soil into its place, and lay the tiles afresh, in order that should we be suddenly interrupted during our operations, the intruder, whoever he might be, should not be able to perceive what we were at. But in all the while we were exploring the grounds and temple of the Ram-Bagh not a soul came near the place, saving the *burkundaz* of whom I have already spoken. One evening, whilst we were still working in the garden, my friend the Commissioner drove over after dinner to visit me at my bungalow.

He presently said, "Have you got any treasure yet from that dirty old spot?"

I answered, "Yes, we have found several curious things. I will show you some of them." And then I produced one of the little golden images and about a dozen coins. I set these upon the table before him. Then said he:—

"There may be more of these sort of things."

"No doubt there are," I answered.

"I think, on reflection," said he, stroking his moustache, "that I may perhaps have exceeded the power vested in me by giving you permission to search for treasure and to keep all you found in the Ram-Bagh. As Crown Agent, you will easily understand that it is a point of honour with me to look after Crown property."

"My excellent sir," I exclaimed, "you have but to express your wish, and I will discontinue digging at once. I am not avaricious, and the few trifles I have already unearthed will satisfy me, seeing that I have your permission to keep them. You must admit that I deserve some share of the treasure for being the first to reveal its existence. So let what I have already got constitute that share, and meanwhile do me the pleasure to accept that quaint little image and those coins in token that the words of a Hindu astrologer are not always to be disregarded."

He stared at me steadily and said:—

"Have you really had a great find?"

"What makes you suspect it?"

"Your liberality, for one thing."

"Now, see here," I exclaimed, "I will tell you what I have done. You gave me permission to search the Ram-Bagh for treasure and to keep what I found. On the strength of this I set to work, hired labour, and had the pestilential old place cleared out. That in itself was a distinct service. Next, I have only explored about one-third of the garden, and the temple in the centre of it. The rest of the grounds are all ready for digging up, but they have not been touched. None knows of this secret saving you and me, my *syce*, and the coolies I employed. Now, I will not turn another sod myself, for I am quite satisfied with what I have already got. The place simply teems with buried treasure. The six natives who have been working for me are thoroughly trusty fellows, and have eaten of my faithful servant's *chupattees*, consequently *their* lips are sealed. They will go to work at sunrise to-morrow morning, as usual, but I shall not be there. Meer Alea will attend, and tell them they may now dig for another master. Do you understand me?"

He sprang towards me and grasped my hand. "You have given me a fortune," cried he.

"And the Government?" said I, drily.

"Is always pleased to have waste lands cleared and rendered fit for cultivation," he answered, with a slow smile.

"I never knew before that you were a humorist," said I.

He left my house that evening in wonderfully good spirits, and a month later, to the astonishment of everybody, he gave up his high Civil Service appointment for no apparent reason, and quitted India to return to England.

To conclude this narrative of treasure-finding: I told Meer Alea what I had done, in promising to desist from digging any further, and explained that my motive had been to conciliate the Commissioner, lest an avaricious policy on our part should lead

to a demand from the Government to give up what we had already got. He looked a little discontented at first, but speedily admitted that I had done wisely. "And, after all, Sahib," said he, with his bland smile, "we have got enough."

Then came the question of turning the treasure into sterling currency. This, in India, is never a matter of very great difficulty. I contrived to get something resembling a fair price for my valuable property from the haggling Brahmins. When all was sold, and I came to calculate the amount yielded, I found that Meer Alea and myself had very nearly five lacs of rupees to divide; which at the then exchange value came to near upon £45,000 in English money.

The last time I saw Meer Alea was in London. The handsome fellow was parading Pall Mall in the costume of a West-end dandy, and a fine, commanding figure he looked for all the incongruity of his garb. He spied me, and came bounding across the road. I shook him warmly by the hand and inquired what he was doing in England. He told me that, feeling a curiosity to view the country of the *Feringhees*, he had come to London about six years ago along with a young Parsee student, who had taught him English during the voyage. He liked London so well that he continued to prolong his visit, "until," said he, with his old, mild smile:—

"I don't suppose I shall ever return now."

I gazed at his frock-coat, and his curly-brimmed Bond Street hat, his umbrella, gloves, and elegant boots, and could scarcely realize that this remarkably well-dressed Hindu was indeed the same *syce* who had so faithfully served me through the Mutiny. I saw by his face that he read my thoughts, and said, "What a wonderful transformation, Meer Alea."

"Yes," he answered; "all due to the Ram-Bagh. But, excuse me, my name is now Hopkins."

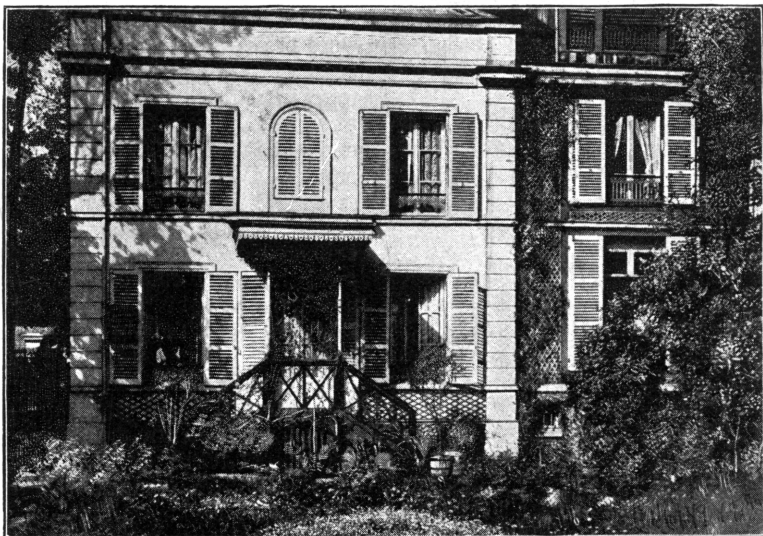


MEER ALEA IN PALL MALL."

Monsieur Got.

THE FATHER OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

BY THE BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.



From a Photo. by]

M. GOT'S HOUSE.

[Benque & Co., Paris.



HE last night of January, 1895, witnessed the final appearance of the eminent actor, M. Got, who, since the 1st of November, had been performing the round of characters created by him during his half-century of service in the House of Molière. In 1842, M. Got obtained the second prize for comedy at the Paris Conservatoire, and in 1843 the first prize was his award. Then he entered the Comédie Française, and made his *début* as a domestic. His success was assured, and at that time even, his advancement would have been rapid had he not been obliged to serve as a soldier. After a short time spent in Algeria, he decided that he had more talent for the theatre than for the army.

"Yes," said the colonel, "you are right. Return to the theatre. Here you could not have risen very high, but on the stage you will never be anything."

This was not very encouraging, but Got had confidence in himself, and at an early period in his career created several rôles, among the most important of which was that of *Giboyer* in Emile Augier's "Fils de Giboyer."

Since then, Got's principal characters have been Jonquière's *Jean de Thomery*; the rabbi of "L'Ami Fritz"; *Maître Pierre*, of "La Farce de Maître Pathelin"; *Brissot*, of "Denise"; the grandfather, in "Flibustier";

and the priest, in "Il ne faut jurer de rien." But never was the great actor more applauded than in October last, when he created the part of *Bibus*, in Jean Richepin's "Vers la Joie." Bibus is the shepherd, doctor, philosopher of the piece, and here Got had an opportunity of declaiming the finest verses. He made us forget the actor and think only of real life: Got is the first member of the Comédie Française who has attained his fiftieth anniversary. Molé, Préville, Guérin, and La Thorillière all counted many years of service, but did not approach the half-century. On July 17th, 1894, the actors, actresses, machinists, and *employés* of the Comédie Française, in all eighty persons, celebrated, by a family breakfast at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, the fiftieth anniversary of M. Got's connection with the House of Molière. At the close of the *déjeuner*, M. Jules Claretie, the manager, made a brilliant speech. Mounet-Sully's remarks related to the wonderful career of the oldest *sociétaire*; Le Bargy, a favourite pupil of Got, read a touching essay; and Coquelin Cadet brought the "admiration of the absent."

The real dramatic career of Got dates from his performance of the priest in Alfred de Musset's "Il ne faut jurer de rien." Théophile Gautier wrote in 1848: "Got has made of this personage a living and animated silhouette, full of curious faults, and without caricature." When Got reached the zenith of his talent and reputation, he did not



From a Photo. by] M. GOT IN 1876. [Nadar, Paris.

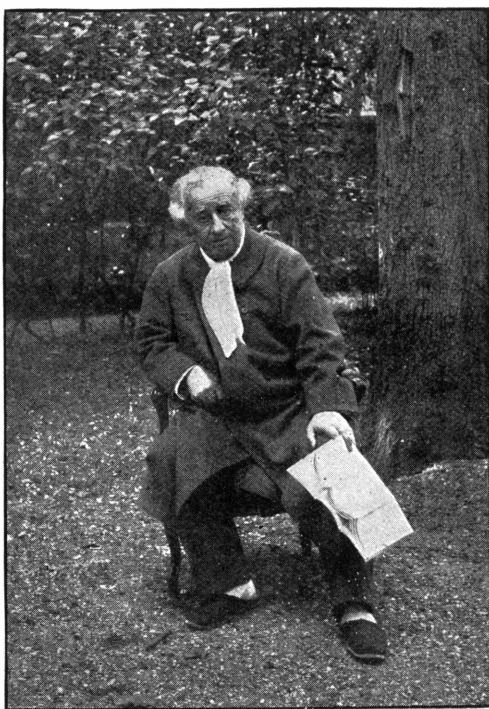
disdain to resume the characters in which he had made his early success. He has never been vain of his talent, but always proud of his art. A desire for effect has never lessened his good sense, and he has always been known as a "reasonable artist."

Indeed, the finish, the perfection of his art is not due to inspiration, but to premeditation. Got presents a curious and rare phenomenon—the union of profound logic and great imagination. But this imagination is only allowed play at intervals. It never dominates truth, the solid foundation of studies, pursued by every conscientious artist.

M. Got is professor at the Conservatoire, and on Mondays and Thursdays, the days on which he gives lessons, he rises at eight. At nine he mounts a Passy-Louvre omnibus, for he lives at a little suburb of Paris called Bonlainvilliers. Every omnibus conductor knows Got, for he never takes a cab: even after a performance at the theatre, when the applause has been most enthusiastic, he hastens to change his dress, so that he may not miss the last omnibus. Some of the actor's friends call this "principle"; others say he is actuated only by motives of economy. In spite of his effort at early rising on the day of his lessons (for he usually sleeps very late in the morning), Got is always late at the Conservatoire. However, he remains

there longer, in order to compensate his pupils for the time lost. His costume never varies: in winter, a loose redingote of broadcloth, and in summer a sack-coat of the same material. The hat is always silk, with broad, straight brim, pressed down to his nose. When he reaches the Conservatoire, he is respectfully saluted by his pupils; but he merely nods and waits impatiently until his assistant has called over the names. When the assistant has retired, Got says: "Well, my children, whose turn is it now?" Little by little, the actor becomes animated and witty, never hesitating to express his opinion, even when it is most unflattering to his pupils. Sometimes the actor goes to the theatre to advise young artists, sometimes to assist in mounting plays; and his opinion of manager, author, play, and artists is very frank—perhaps too frank for those criticised.

Got once told me that the former *administrateur*, Perrin, understood the Comédie Française, and knew how to manage actors and authors. "Jules Claretie is very amiable, but weak; he does not rule, but is ruled. I am fond of Mounet-Sully as a friend; but, as a comrade on the stage, he is too self-sufficient and too easily ruffled. Coquelin



M. GOT IN HIS GARDEN.—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Benque & Co., Paris.



From a Photo. by]

M. GOT AS MR. POIRIER IN "LE GENDRE DE MR. POIRIER."

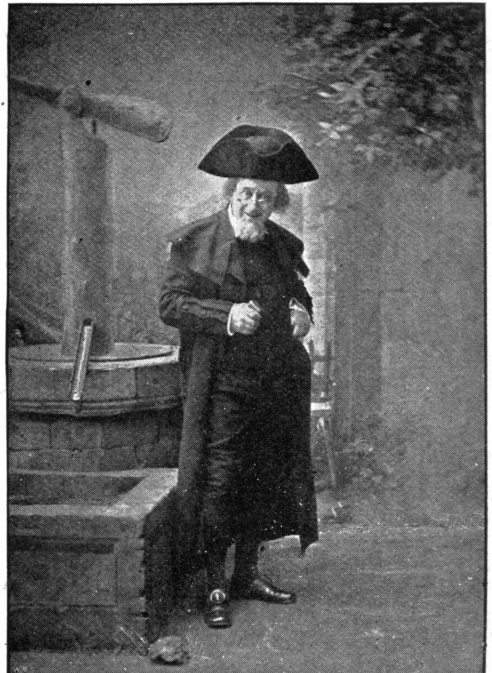
[Benque & Co., Paris.

ainé should never have been taken back : the treasury has suffered thereby."

Got is not a talker, and never gossips with the actors and actresses. He is very conscientious ; he has a right to a certain number of seats at the theatre, but he never gives them to his friends, because that would lessen the receipts.

His dressing-room is very simply furnished : there is not a picture, not a drawing in it, but everywhere one sees swords. There are two tiny rugs, one for each foot, and a table with all the materials for "making up." When he is dressed, the actor leaves his room and strolls through the corridors, waiting until he is "called." He tells you that he is always frightened before going on the stage—that his heart beats violently ; but, after the first word, his calmness returns. After a scene, sometimes he is gay, and makes witty speeches in the corridors. At other times, he is melancholy, sits down and speaks to no one. Got cares very little for luxury. His home is as simply furnished as his dressing-room at the theatre, and during all these years he has only possessed one work of art—his own portrait by Carpeaux. It was painted by candle-light, and the artist's thumb replaced a brush. Its strength made so great an impression, that Haquette created a portrait of Got by *throwing* the paint on the canvas. This portrait is remarkably powerful, but does not belong to the actor.

Got has a wonderful library, and when he has not to go to the theatre, he smokes a pipe, and reads or works in the garden. He looks like a priest, and this resemblance to an ecclesiastic nearly cost him his life during

M. GOT AS THE RABBI IN "L'AMI FRITZ."
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.



M. GOT AS BRIAC IN "UNE JOURNÉE D'AGRIPPA."

the Commune. Then he lived in London as director of the company of the *Comédie Française*. He and his comrades tried to earn a little money by giving performances, as the theatre had not a penny in its treasury. One day, Got was obliged to return to Paris, and when he left London he said to his comrades:

"Announce that I play the day after to-morrow." Unfortunately, he fell into the hands of the Communists.

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I am Got, of the *Comédie Française*, and I am going to London."

"You are not Got: you are the vicar of *Sainte-Marie-des-Batignolles*."

"I have never been a priest: see, I have no tonsure!"

But the poor actor was carried to the *Place du Trône*, and placed with the other prisoners in an improvised prison. At the close of day, the Communists took him out of prison, and said: "As you are an actor, recite something for us. Go on. Recite some verses." When he had finished, they said: "Perhaps you are Got; in any case, you are free."

The fact was that the commander was an Italian, and Got, speaking that language, was able to explain the situation, and thus save his life. Got never attempts to learn his parts. He reads them over two or three times, and, while reading, tries to form an idea of the personage he is to represent. He reflects about people whom he knows, chooses a characteristic from this one, another from that, and so composes his part. For example, the priest he impersonates in "*Il ne faut jurer de rien*" was a replica of the priest in his regiment. Got studied carefully this country abbé—simple, ignorant of the world—and, as a result, Parisians were presented with a priest of irreproachable taste, and delightfully true to nature.

Got says: "In order to succeed as an actor one must work very hard, and be the favourite of chance. Whenever a young man comes to ask my advice, I say, 'My friend, if you can do something else, do it; but do not enter upon a theatrical life.' But the young man never pays any attention to this advice, and that is one reason why so many actors fail. I never, or rarely, make a mistake in my judgment. As soon as one of my pupils recites a phrase, I know what he can do. It is the same with plays. Often I listen to the reading of a play at the *Comédie Française* out of respect for the author; but from the first scene I know if he be a dramatist. Only once have I been mistaken about the success of a play.

"When Scribe read us his '*Contes de la Reine de Navarre*,' I was shocked, for the play seemed absolutely absurd. Scribe was then the fashionable author, and as I was obliged to vote after the reading, I thought, 'Everybody will put in a black ball, and there must be one ball in favour of Scribe, if only to please him: a white ball would be too flattering, so I will put in a red one!' Judge of my stupefaction when I found that mine was the only red ball—all the others were white! That play was represented a hundred times; but, in spite of its success, I have never modified my opinion. I have always thought that more was due to the talent of *Madeleine Brohan* than to the play itself."



M. GOT AS ARNOLPHE IN "ÉCOLE DES FEMMES."

It is interesting to know that the artist who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the House of Molière once brought it into the law courts. In 1865, displeased at the regulations which imperilled the privileges and dignity of the association, and discouraged because his efforts to reform abuses were without avail, Got tendered his resignation. Its refusal was the cause of the lawsuit that resulted in Got remaining a *sociétaire*.

had been appropriated for the use of the Government, and great was the discontent of the students in the Latin Quarter. It was known that the Emperor and Empress would honour the theatre with their presence, and from pit to gallery the house was filled with students, who saluted Napoleon III. by singing "Luxembourg—Luxembourg," to the famous air of "Lampions"—a souvenir of 1848.

The courtiers were naturally irate, but the students bade adieu to the monarch with



From a Photo. by]

THE CAST OF "VERS LA JOIE" AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris

M. GOT, MMES. BARETTA AND PIERSON, MM. COQUELIN CADET, P. MOUINET, LE BARGY, LANGIER, AND ESQUIER.

Soon afterwards, Emile Augier wished Got to create a part in his new comedy, "Contagion," to be produced at the Odéon. Got's request to undertake the character was refused, but the Emperor ordered him to appear at the Odéon and create the part of *Lagarde* in the new play. "Contagion" caused great curiosity and much excitement, as it was rumoured that, in the character of *Baron d'Estrigant*, Augier had wished to depict the Duc de Morny. The play was represented just at the time when a portion of the Luxembourg Gardens

"Luxembourg—Luxembourg." The Imperial carriages were obliged to pass slowly through the Rue Corneille and the Rue de l'Odéon, while the police were unable to prevent a compact crowd from hissing and insulting the Emperor and Empress. Four years later came the end of the Empire, and hardly a voice was raised in its defence. Notwithstanding this disturbance, Emile Augier's comedy had a great success; but Got, eclipsed by Berton as the hero, returned to his old home, where he remained ever since.

The Storm.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARMAND SILVESTRE.

I.



It was at the little hamlet of Pilhoël, one of the wildest on the coast of Brittany, almost savage in its environment of blue rocks, the rugged crests of which were reddened by the setting sun, with the sea, rampant like a chained lion, or furious and hurling its sonorous waves to the very thresholds of the houses above; while, inland, the country was sheltered and smiling with flowers in all seasons, as in a greenhouse—a sunny zone, where camellias blossomed in the open air.

At that time Pilhoël was a corner unknown to tourists, and a few painters who went there to sketch took care not to lead thither the importune crowd of elegants and curious. Fifty houses at most, all inhabited by fishermen, stood under the shadow of the ruined church, the cracked bell of which frightened even the sea-gulls on the shore. During the working days of the week, none but women with children hanging to their skirts were to be seen moving about between the dwelling-places. All the men were away fishing.

On Sundays their long nets were spread along the weather-stained white of the house-walls, holding in their meshes silver spangles which glittered in the light; and there was a world of poor people, all resigned, pious, and knowing nothing of the unwholesome dream-

ings of city dwellers, but full of faith and courage.

There is in France—at least, on the borders of the sea—no village, however humble, which has not its pearl of beauty. It was no untruth so to call Jeanne, the prettiest girl in Pilhoël. The humblest garments—for she was one of the poorest girls in the hamlet—could not disguise her inherent grace and beauty. Her superbly-designed bare feet, her little hands, which hard toil had often wounded, were signs unconquerable of natural aristocracy. Good and modest above all the girls about her, she had, none the less, a love-secret in her heart.

She was sixteen, and he whom she loved was four years older: a handsome youth who, equally with herself, felt the flow of noble blood in his veins. Something of instinctive worth was betrayed in his least gestures, and a proud melancholy was strongly expressed in his face. He was skilful in his calling and bravest of the brave; with all that, a dreamer, taking little part in the Sunday sports on the square in front of the church, but oftener, at the hour when Jeanne was listening to the vespers and singing the verses, re-entering the holy building, and, at the foot of a pillar, contemplating her in the shadow scarcely penetrated by the yellow rays of the altar candles; or wandering away to the deserted sea-shore to think of her, the music of the waves seeming to bear away to



"WANDERING AWAY TO THE DESERTED SEA-SHORE."

far-off horizons the frail bark of his unspoken hopes.

What was it separated these two beings, so completely made to unite their laborious and resigned existence? Their common poverty. Both were orphans. Loëhic had earned his scanty living in service on the boats, and only, at last, had been able to buy one for himself, and such a boat!—the oldest and most sea-battered of the little fleet!

As to Jeanne, she had been reared by her old Aunt Mathurine, who had brought her up with infinite tenderness, but, at the same time, promising herself not to allow her niece to marry any but a man who would be in a position to assure her (Mathurine) a comfortable provision for her old age. For there is always a basis of selfishness in our devotion.

This man she had chosen without saying anything about it: it was Mathias, the pilot, who was looked up to by the whole fishing community of the little hamlet. A rough man, with his weather-beaten face and hands of bronze, yet hale and hearty in spite of his fifty years; who had often faced Death, from whom he had snatched his intended victims; and who had made enough fortune to insure his ease and allow him to retire from his perilous calling. He had known Jeanne in her infancy, had danced her on his knees, and had seen her grow with increasing and affectionate interest. And Mathurine, who had the natural sharpness of all peasants, had guessed that the old pilot was in love with this flower of grace, slowly expanding under his eyes.

But Mathias was no fool, and when he thought of his age he laughed at himself, and again became paternal with the young girl, who, innocent creature, had never even suspected the combat that was being waged in the old sailor's heart. With him she was always the same—simple, frank, and sometimes cruelly charming; admiring him, but in the way in which patriarchs are venerated.

All her tenderness was reserved for Loëhic, and, knowing that her aunt was opposed to her marriage with him, she had resolved to remain unwed rather than become the wife of any other man. She had sworn it to him one evening when they had met upon the shore in the soft moonlight, broken by the sea into a rain of gold; at one of those mysterious hours, sweet to lovers, when their hearts seem to open widest to solemn confidences, when their souls bathe deliciously in the same concert of abandonment and sincerity; he had even placed upon her

finger a ring in remembrance of her promise—a poor brass ring, but one which Monseigneur the bishop had blessed at the last confirmation.

"Before God I am your betrothed," she had said to him, all her soul vibrating in her voice, "and death alone can part my thoughts from yours!"

And both had melted into tears, the bitter drops of which ran down to their lips, mingling with the salt vapours rising from the waves and the tossing seaweeds of the shore. And from the shelter of a block of granite, in the *lande*, he had plucked a wild



"I AM YOUR BETROTHED."

flower and given it to her, and she had placed it between two leaves of her poor "Book of Hours," the face towards a picture of the Virgin bearing this epigraph: "*Ave maris stella.*" And she turned her eyes towards a star, on the golden eyelashes of which a tear of pity seemed to tremble.

Both had moved away, overcome by this

idyll, but confident in each other, expecting nothing of men, but everything from some marvellous and heavenly intervention, which would not permit the future viewed by them with a like tenderness to be for ever destroyed, or that such a dream as theirs should be the eternal despair of their lives.

After that supreme interview, existence had, so to speak, returned to them. Loëhic every day, without rest or truce, risked his life in his miserable boat for trifling gains; and Jeanne repaired the nets of old or unmarried fishermen for a small piece of money, which Aunt Mathurine dropped into the throat of a nearly empty purse.

II.

THERE was a *fête* that day at Pilhoël. The pilot, Mathias, had solemnly retired. He had said farewell to the fleet he had commanded, and his old companions, to do him honour, and in gratitude for the services he had rendered them, had organized a series of rejoicings.

As soon as it was daylight they went to his cottage, to play the drum and fire guns and pistols under his windows. Then the maidens brought him a large bouquet, which was presented by Jeanne; which made the old sailor's tanned face blush as red as a peony with pleasure. Then full cups of the best cider—which had been bottled months before in anticipation of the event—were drained, and the glory of the old pilot commemorated in song.

Loëhic had not been the least active in all these proceedings; for he felt towards Mathias a child-like admiration mixed with a confiding sympathy. Many times he had been on the point of confessing to him his tenderness for Jeanne and asking his advice—for how could he, for a moment, imagine that venerable Mathias had ever regarded her with other than fatherly feelings? At twenty, people think those who are fifty years of age veritable Methuselahs.

As was proper, this touching ceremony was not left without its comic side. This was secured to it by Aunt Mathurine, by the offering of a pair of slippers embroidered by herself—a garden in tapestry, with roses resembling cabbages and birds that might readily be mistaken for gnats: for Mathurine had, in her youth, been in service in one of the large towns, and had acquired genteel accomplishments. The old sailor, who had never in his life worn anything but sabots, felt an enormous temptation to burst into a roar of laughter.

"If it makes no difference to you, Mathurine," he said, "I'll wear 'em on my hands in winter-time, to play the dandy in at the High Mass."

And, by way of thanks, he clapped on the old girl's two cheeks a pair of such hearty kisses as, for a moment, made her teeth rattle in her head like castanets.

Everybody had that morning made holiday for this rejoicing, which was followed by a copious repast, and ended with a rigadoun, accompanied by Mathurine on the guitar—a superannuated instrument which had been given to her by one of her old employers, and which distilled under her meagre fingers some vinegary notes, falling drop by drop, as it were, into the tormented ear. But they had no refined notions as to music at Pilhoël, and so this performance of Aunt Mathurine, embroidered by the gruntings of a bagpipe, played by a lad whose execution had come to him naturally and wholly without study, seemed to all who heard it as charming as any music could be.

All this revelling had filled the morning down to one o'clock, and the time was then come for putting off to sea, to make up for the early lost hours of the day.

It was in the month of September, and the forenoon had been particularly bright. The sun had risen over the ocean in mist, which had speedily been consumed by its rays and had melted, like the last cloud of smoke at a conflagration, into the rosy light. The intense azure of the zenith paled down to the horizon, where the blue of the sea blended with that of the sky in a long kiss—the insensible line between reality and dream, between the region of stars and the region of tempests.

The mild air—too warm, perhaps, for the season—was scarcely tinged with salt, but laden with the life-giving perfumes, the nourishing breath of the immense living thing which breathes along the land and warms it with the beatings of its heart. On seeing the few tiny copper clouds which the dawn had rapidly driven before it, some of the weather-prophets had said that the day would not pass without a storm.

But this threat seemed to have withdrawn behind the glittering curtains of the firmament, and in the gaieties of Mathias's *fête* had passed from the minds of all. Joyously, therefore, the sails had been unbound from the masts, dressed with flags for the occasion, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, they were caught by a rude puff of wind and filled even before they were completely spread, while a violet-hued vapour rose above the horizon,

presently shaping itself into a long, slate-coloured blade, widening itself obliquely, and cutting the azure sky as with a shadowy knife.

"There'll be a tempest presently!" said Mathias. "Take care of yourselves, boys!"

"Ah! you have done well to quit the business, my good Mathias!" Aunt Mathurine murmured softly in his ear.

Jeanne looked sadly on while Loëhic adjusted, as well as he could, the rough and torn sail which, like a wounded wing, was to bear him out to sea. His soul was heavily oppressed by melancholy. When he had wished to dance with Jeanne, old Mathurine had made at him, through her diabolical spectacles, such a pair of eyes, that he had not dared to invite the young girl. At table, before that, they had been placed as far as possible apart from each other; so that what

So, when passing near him, while her aunt was offering a pinch of snuff to Mathias, Jeanne had said to him:—

"Don't go out to sea, my Loëhic, I beg of you!"

The only reply he had been able to make to her was:—

"Oh, let me go!—I wish to die."

III.

A HEAVY gloom poisoned the departure after the gaiety of the morning, and many a furtive tear mingled with the farewells along the range of boats into which the men were climbing, to go in quest of the daily bread for which they daily prayed.

The prediction of Mathias had troubled the minds of the most courageous; the old pilot knew so well the ocean and its treasons!

But all had solid boats, and well fitted to withstand the onslaughts of the waves. Then, they were not going far out, but meant to content themselves with fishing within sight of the coast, ready for a prompt return, in case the winds and waves should prove too hostile. Loëhic alone, in his shattered boat, would run any real danger.

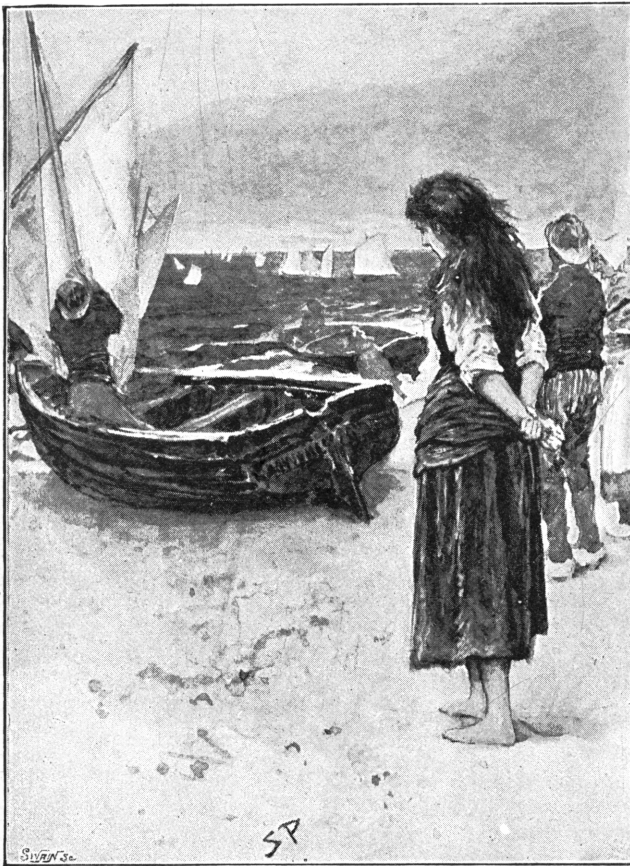
"Take my better boat, lad," said Mathias, with rough tenderness.

But, for the first time, the poor young fellow had noticed the old man's assiduities to Jeanne, and with what fond eyes he had gazed upon her, and he answered, shortly:—

"No, thank you; I don't want it."

And with a last look, charged with agony, cast upon his loved one, he threw himself into his leaky boat, and his tattered sail, filling with the rest, bore him away. The wind grew every moment stronger, and, one by one, the boats disappeared into the violet mist, their grey sails looking to the end like the wings of frightened gulls.

Mathias and Mathurine had retired into the cottage of the latter, who had prevailed on him to partake of a last pitcher of cider; for she could think of no



"JEANNE LOOKED SADLY ON."

had been a pleasure to everybody else, had been for him nothing but a punishment.

Never had he felt so completely downcast.

better artifice for drawing to her house the only nephew she could hope to secure in this country, so far removed from the shores of Pactolus. Moreover, the moment appeared to her an excellent one for making a first trial. The old sailor had given up the sea; it was the very time for him to take to himself a wife. Jeanne was the prettiest girl in Pilhoël; Mathias was the richest fisherman there.

These two aristocracies were made for one another, evidently. The match-maker, therefore, set about diplomatizing, commencing the campaign by a significant enumeration of her niece's virtues: she augured well from the enthusiasm with which Mathias declared that she had still fallen short of the truth.

During this conversation, in which she was so much concerned, Jeanne had remained on the sea-shore, anxiously, and with moistened eyes, peering into the horizon overspread by a dark curtain which had, at length, veiled the whole sky. Suddenly this veil was torn by a flash of lightning, skimming the dense green surface of the sea afar off; followed by a scarcely perceptible rumble, after a long interval. The storm was yet distant.

But she already felt its commotions, and a chill fell on her heart. The light had faded out of the sky. Heavy drops of rain fell upon the sands, tinting them grey. A fresh zig-zag of fire rent the air, reflecting itself on the face of the deep water, and the voice of the thunder immediately followed.

Jeanne uttered a cry of agony.

"We had better go and see what it was, perhaps," said Mathias, emptying a last glass of cider to the health of Jeanne.

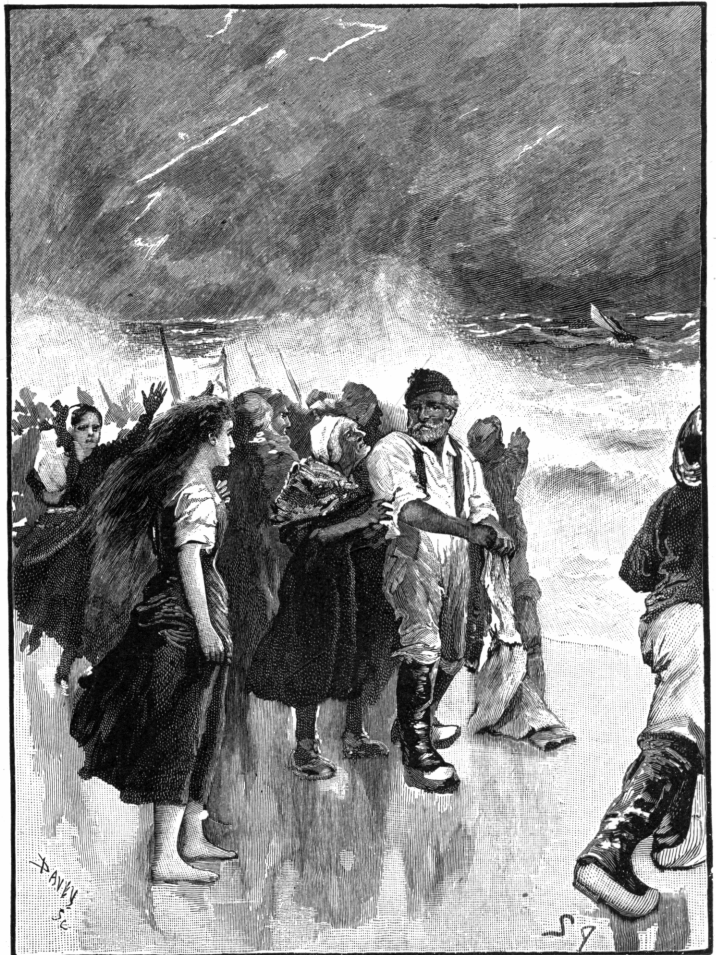
"Nonsense—stay where you are," said Mathurine, restraining him.

Like a flight of pigeons regaining the dovecote,

pressing closely one against the other, white, and rapidly increasing in size, the sails of the fishermen appeared, all low upon the water, all flying before and under the stress of the tempest. A third burst of thunder had brought all the women and children in terror to the beach.

In spite of Mathurine, Mathias had hurried down to the shore, his rough face expressing a strange anxiety. This one and that one uttered cries of relief and joy on receiving those belonging to them. The wind came in aid of the courage of the sailors; a powerful gust threw the whole fleet on to the shore in safety.

On all sides kisses, embracings, sobs of joy, hand-grasplings of friends lost and restored. One sail alone was behind—a rag of canvas on a raft, for the gunwale of the boat had all been torn away by the waves; and



"A RAG OF CANVAS ON A RAFT."

against it the figure of a young man struggling to keep it standing against the fury of the wind. Jeanne recognised in him Loëhic, and, with blanched features and clenched hands, felt as if Death had laid his hands upon her.

"He is lost!" was the cry of all.

"There is only one man who can save him!" cried a fisherman.

"Mathias, alone, could make head against such a sea!" cried another.

Mathias had already stripped off his waistcoat and thrown it on the ground. He was going to launch his own boat.

"Unhappy man—I forbid you!" screamed Mathurine, clinging to the pilot's shirt-sleeve.

Mathias looked at Jeanne.

There are moments, solemn, mysterious, when language becomes useless, when souls understand each other in silence, when hearts open themselves, dumb, but readable as wide-spread books. The young girl went to the pilot and said to him, in a voice so low that none but he could hear her:—

"Save him, and I will be your wife."

For that look—that one look—had, in an instant, revealed to her the pilot's passion.

With a vigorous movement, Mathias threw off Mathurine—so vigorous, indeed, that her clutch carried away with it a shred of the shirt-sleeve on which it had been fastened—and sprang into his boat, already moving out through the surf. A turn of the helm—a white furrow in the sea—then a cry of agony and admiration!

The storm raged more furiously than ever. The old pilot's boat had reached Loëhic's shattered vessel in the midst of a cloud of spray, which, at moments, hid both from view. The mingled forms of two men stood out against the grey tumultuous background—Mathias holding Loëhic, insensible, in his stalwart arms. The double shadow stoops—the shadow of a single man rises: Mathias has laid in the bottom of his own boat the body of the man he has saved. Another turn of the helm, and in a few seconds the rescuer lands the still insensible form of Loëhic on the beach.

A ringing outburst of hurrahs!—the horny hand of the old pilot passed from lip to lip; his name murmured by all mouths in benediction. The women on their knees put up thanks to the Virgin also.

Jeanne, pale, motionless as death; Mathias tained upon her a look appealing for thanks. A pained smile passes to the young girl's lips, and Mathurine makes everybody laugh by breathlessly bringing to the pilot a glass of

hot sugared wine, which, in spite of all the old girl's protestations, he insists on forcing between the lips of Loëhic, who has not yet returned to consciousness.

IV.

At the end of six weeks, Loëhic, saved and sheltered by Mathias, has slowly recovered the reason of which, for awhile, he had been bereft by excess of emotion. After many days of delirium, during which his life had been in suspense, consciousness had returned to his mind, but on his heart had fallen the shadow of an incurable sadness.

Mathurine had only permitted Jeanne to come and see him once; and Mathias—strange as it seemed—had not sought to break through that cruel decree, but appeared to be completely in agreement on the subject. The reason was that, in his sick dreams, poor Loëhic had so often repeated the name of Jeanne, and with such despairing tenderness in the tones of his voice, that the old pilot feared he had discovered that love existed between them. Jeanne, whom he saw every day at her aunt's, appeared, however, firmly resolved to keep her promise. She had allowed her hand to be officially asked of Mathurine, and, without making the least objection, proceeded with the preparation of her trousseau.

The young girl listened to the pilot's projects of happiness without responding, but with a vague smile upon her lips which he might take for contentment.

One day she was kneeling in prayer as he entered, and, in rising, let a faded flower fall from the "Book of Hours." Mathias stooped for the purpose of picking it up and returning it to her; but, before he could reach it, she had snatched it up and jealously hidden it in her bosom.

The eagerness of her action attracted the old sailor's attention.

"Who gave you that flower?" he asked, uneasily, without knowing why.

"Loëhic gave it to me."

And, as a look of anguish passed into the pilot's eyes, she added:—

"God does not forbid remembrance."

Mathias did not insist, but a terrible doubt had entered his heart. An hour later, on taking his place by the bed of Loëhic, now convalescent, he said to the young man:—

"How would you answer me, Loëhic, if I, who have saved your life, were to ask something of you in return?"

"I should answer you: 'Mathias, my life is yours; dispose of it as you please.'"

After an interval of painful silence, and with a faltering voice, the pilot continued:—

"It is not much I have to ask of you, lad; give me only the worthless brass ring you always wear on your finger."

Loëhic started in his bed and became very pale.

"That? Never!" he cried, an angry light flashing from his eyes.

"It was Jeanne, then, who gave it to you?" replied Mathias, his voice choking with pain.

"Why do you ask me, since you know?" rejoined Loëhic, closing his eyes and overcome by this sudden trial of emotion.

The pilot rose, his eyes full of tears. He kissed the forehead of the young man, who had fallen suddenly into a kind of sleep. He listened, and assured himself that he was really sleeping.

"Forgive me!" he murmured.

Then, in a corner of the room, before a crucifix, he knelt and besought God to give him courage. Calmed, a look of admirable resignation on his brow, he put on his heavy woollen cap and returned to the house of Mathurine, whom he found working with feverish ardour at the white bridal dress.

"Well—will the trousseau be ready soon?" he cried, in a voice which he rendered almost rough from trying too much to make it gay.

"You have become very pressing all of a sudden, Master Mathias," replied Aunt Mathurine. "For when do you want it?"

Very simply, this time, in the admirable tone of sacrifice, the pilot answered, looking at Jeanne:—

"For when Loëhic is well again."



"HE KNELT BEFORE A CRUCIFIX."

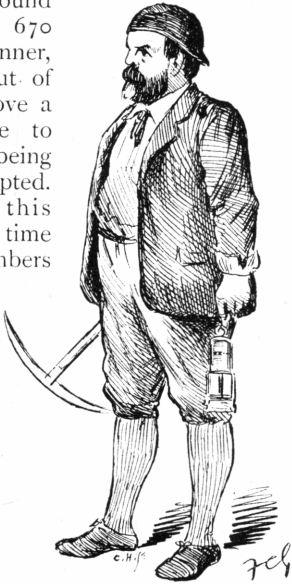
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THERE was a report current COURT DRESS. at the beginning of the present Parliament that the Speaker, commiserating the lot of members who for various reasons were not disposed to endow themselves with Court dress, proposed to give a series of supplementary feasts at which ordinary dinner dress would serve. The rumour may be dismissed without a moment's consideration. The Speaker is not likely, voluntarily, to divest himself of one of the conditions which temper his official hospitality. It suffices to be bound to invite in turn 670 gentlemen to dinner, without going out of the way to remove a possible obstacle to the invitation being universally accepted. Accordingly, this Session, as from time immemorial, members dining with the Speaker have been required to don Court dress and carry a sword by their side, when it is not between somebody else's legs.

So inexorable is this law, that last Session it operated to the extent of banishing the second of the Address from the Speaker's table. It is the invariable custom that the mover and second of the Address shall be invited to the dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers with which the Speaker hospitably opens the Session. Last year Mr. Fenwick, whose honourable boast it is that he commenced his career as a working collier, seconded the Address. He undertook the duty only upon condition that he should not be called upon to array himself in military, naval, or Court dress, as is the quaint custom of the occasion. The point was yielded as far as his appearance in the House of Commons was concerned. But the Speaker, tied and bound by immemorial custom, did not see his way to vary the usages of the Ministerial dinner.

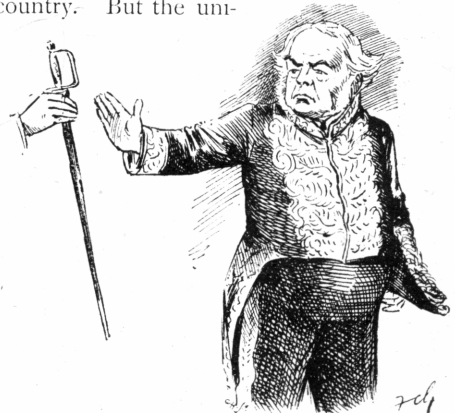


MR. FENWICK (AS HE MIGHT HAVE APPEARED).

Accordingly, whilst the mover of the Address, arrayed in the martial costume of a major in the Militia, dined with the nobility and gentry at Speaker's Court, the second, clad in sober black, humbly ate his chop at home.

From their earliest departure on the war-path the Irish members have made a point of standing aloof from the Speaker's dinner parties. There is, indeed, a story of the late Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar having been encountered on the top of a Clapham 'bus with velvet coat on his back, ruffles at his wrist, black stockings coyly hiding his shapely legs, silver buckles on his shoes, and sword in dainty scabbard hanging within easy reach of his right hand. Questioned as to the occasion for this disguise, he airily replied: "I've been dining with Mr. Speaker." This is, however, only one of the many myths that linger round the memory of honest Joseph Gillis. As upon another apocryphal occasion it was announced that "the Tenth never dance," so it remains true to this day that the Irish members never dine—at least, not with the Speaker.

Shortly after Mr. Bright, in 1868, joined the Ministry as President of the Board of Trade, the clothes difficulty presented itself. His Quaker conscience revolted against the necessity of assuming the semi-warlike costume which forms the full dress of Her Majesty's Ministers. To prance around in scarlet coat, with gold lace down his trousers and a plumed cocked hat under his arm, was a sacrifice that seemed too much, even as a preliminary condition of being enabled to serve his country. But the uni-



"HE DREW THE LINE AT THE SWORD."

form is imperatively necessary in connection with Court duties inseparable from Ministerial office. On visits to the Queen, attendance at the Prince of Wales's levées, and at the Ministerial dinners in Speaker's Court, the integrity of the British Constitution demands a certain strictly ordered uniform. After some protest, Mr. Bright gave in in the matters of coat and trousers, even of plumed hat. But he drew the line at the sword. Finally concession was made on this point, he alone of all Her Majesty's Ministers appearing on ceremonial occasions unembarrassed by a sword.

THE DIRE-
NESS OF
UNCER-
TAINTY.

It is said that fewer new members have possessed themselves of Court dress in the present Parliament than in any of its predecessors of recent times. The reason for that lies on the surface. When the present Parliament began business, there were some authorities who confidently asserted that dissolution would fall upon it before it had enjoyed its first Easter holiday. When nothing happened at Easter, the date of the prophecy was shifted to the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill. When nothing happened then, other occasions, none remote, were with equal confidence named. Whether immediately, or by-and-by, Parliament could not last long, and what was to become of the new member, thrown upon the country with a brand-new suit of Court dress and no certainty of being returned at another election? The situation, it is said, appealed with peculiar force to Scottish members; only those with majorities so large as to justify expectation of opportunity of wearing out their Court dress in a subsequent Parliament adventuring on the expenditure.

One peculiar distinction between Lords and Commons is the

greater jealousy with which the latter guard the sanctity of their Chamber. Both Houses have staffs of messengers, chiefly responsible as media of communication between members and the outer world. But whilst messengers in the Lords, charged with a letter, a card, or a Ministerial box, may approach the person addressed and achieve his errand, a messenger in the House of

Commons may not approach beyond the bar at one end, or proceed further than the steps of the Speaker's Chair at the other. The consequences are inconvenient and sometimes ludicrous. What happens is that the messenger, standing by the cross benches, hands to the nearest member the message or card with which he is charged, and it is slowly passed along the line till it reaches its destination; each member in turn thinking it is meant for him, occasionally an absent-minded statesman opening a letter not addressed to him. This is a matter in which the Lords are certainly more up to date, and the Commons might well take a leaf out of their ordinarily despised book.

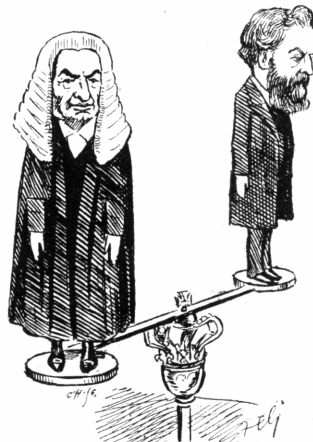
LEGISLATION
IN THE
HOUSE OF
LORDS.

In another respect, that of advancing Bills by stages, the House of Lords could, as Sir John Astley used to say, give the Commons a stone and beat them. Towards the end of the Session, when, after sitting for months with nothing to do, the Lords find themselves overwhelmed with work, the rapidity with which legislation is accomplished is bewildering to the stranger in the gallery.

The Clerk, rising from his seat at the end of the table, recites the name of a Bill. The Lord Chancellor, wigged and gowned on the Woolsack, says in a breath: "The question - is - that - this - Bill - be - read - a - second - time - those - that - are - of - that - opinion - say - content - the - contrary - not - content - I - think - the - contents - have it."

The Standing Orders having been suspended, as is usual at this time of the Session, the Lord Chancellor moves half a pace to the left of the Woolsack, and sits down. By what seems a simultaneous motion, Lord Morley, Chairman of Committees, taking

an equal pace in the same direction, slips into the chair at the head of the table. This means that the House is in Committee, the Lord Chancellor nowhere, the Chairman of Committees presiding. "Clause One," says Lord Morley, rising to his feet. "Question-is-that-this-clause-stand-part-of-the-Bill - those - that - are - of - that - opinion - say - content - contrary - not - content - I - think - the - contents - have - it - Clause - two." and so on to the end of the Bill, with the same breathless formula and the same unhesitating con-



"LORD CHANCELLOR AND LORD CHAIRMAN."

clusion that "the contents have it." When the preamble is added to the Bill, the Chairman puts the question that the House do now resume. The hidden machinery underneath the floor works again. The Lord Chancellor, sliding half a pace to the right, is on the Woolsack, once more President. The Chairman of Committees, simultaneously moving in the same direction, is out of the Chair, and, for the nonce, is nobody. "The-question-is," says the Lord Chancellor, "that-this-Bill-be-now-read-a-third-time-those-that-are-of-that-opinion," etc. With two able-bodied, active men like Lord Herschell and Lord Morley in charge of the performance, a Bill can be run through the Lords in an incredibly short time.

In the Commons, the best possible in the circumstances is achieved, but the Lords have certain natural advantages that make them the Eclipse of this kind of racing. In the first place, the suspension of the Standing Orders, so that successive stages of a Bill may be taken right off, a matter of course in the Lords, is a serious business in the Commons. The objection of a single member would be effectual in stopping the onward course, and such objection is withheld only on the rarest occasions. Then there are physical conditions. The Speaker of the House of Commons, unlike the Lord Chancellor, is not seated on the level of the floor. He is raised on a pedestal, and when he leaves the Chair on the House going into Committee, must needs descend the steps and withdraw behind the Chair. However urgent the need of haste, it cannot be expected that the Speaker, in wig and gown, should skip down the steps like a young maiden going to the fair. If he did, he might come in contact with Mr. Mellor, stepping forward to occupy the Chair of Committees, which is close by the foot of the Speaker's Chair. In the Lords there is a wide space between the table and the Woolsack, which makes easy the simultaneous moving of Lord Chancellor and Chairman of Committees.

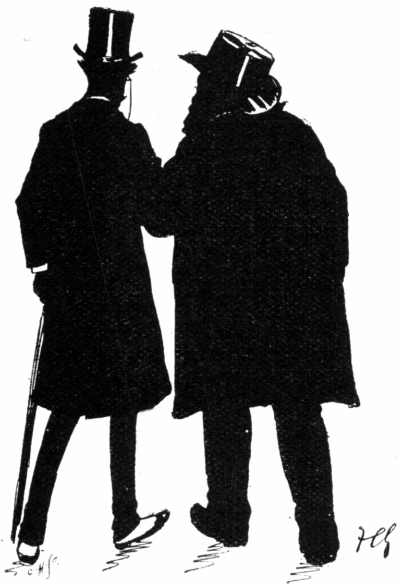
People who talk glibly of the immediate abolition of the House of Lords should think over these things.

It is curious to find so old a
WRITTEN Parliamentary hand as Sir William
SPEECHES. Harcourt going back to the use
of manuscript when delivering
his speeches. He has been in the House of
Commons for a practically uninterrupted
period exceeding a quarter of a century, and
has taken a prominent part in current debates.
Before he entered he had established a

lucrative practice at the Parliamentary Bar. In conversation he is one of the wittiest of men; in debate one of the quickest. Yet, in these latter days, he invariably prepares his speech verbatim in manuscript, and reads it from first page to last. He does it exceedingly well, his delivery lacking little in animation. But the wonder remains that he should do it at all. The practice is reasonable in delivering his financial statement as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Even Mr. Gladstone, on such occasions, condescended to pretty voluminous notes. But Sir William Harcourt extends the practice in various directions, any speech of more than average importance being read from manuscript.

This is doubtless due to sense of responsibility with his still new position as Leader of the House of Commons. The custom certainly dates from his assumption of that office. That it is not necessitated by failing aptitude was repeatedly shown in debate in Committee on his great Budget scheme. He was then constantly on guard, occasionally delivering as many as a score of speeches in a single sitting. There was then displayed no lack of well-ordered information or of apt phrases. On the contrary, these impromptu addresses were more immediately effective than the carefully prepared orations. It was the old Parliamentary gladiator at his best. To see him with written copy of his speech before him is like watching an accomplished swimmer going back to the use of corks.

LORD
RANDOLPH
CHURCHILL. Another Parliamentary debater
of the first rank who went back
to the use of manuscript was
Lord Randolph Churchill. The
last speech delivered by him in the House
of Commons before his departure on
his sadly interrupted journey round the
world was written out verbatim, and read
to the House. He always carefully pre-
pared his speeches in his study, and in his
palmiest days never rose in ordered debate
without a sheaf of notes. But they were
merely catch notes, from the line of which
he was, upon interruption, ever ready to make
brilliant divagation. With his later manner his
speech suffered much in the delivery, Lord
Randolph, with head bent over his manu-
script, not being audible on the back benches.
Mr. James Bryce, who sat attentive on the
Treasury Bench immediately opposite, and
heard every word of it, told me it was
a remarkably cogent argument, admirably
phrased and illumined by happy illustration,
falling, in these respects, nothing short of
Lord Randolph's earlier successes.



"UNCLE AND NEPHEW."

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

Of all Parliamentary debaters of the day, whether in Lords or Commons, there is no man less dependent upon notes than is the Marquis of Salisbury. As in important debates in the present Parliament he usually speaks towards the close of a sitting, in anticipation of the Premier winding up a debate, he has no opportunity for preparation. Certainly there is no smell of the lamp about his discourses. He does not even, as others do, make a note of thoughts or of criticism that occurs to him whilst listening. When his turn comes he presents himself at the table and, leaning one hand upon it, proceeds with unflinching flow of perfectly turned phrases, most of them carrying barbed points. A sonorous voice and unhurried delivery are details which complete the intellectual treat of hearing Lord Salisbury drink delight of battle with his peers.

Mr. Arthur Balfour shares in degree his uncle's freedom from the trammels of manuscript notes. He is not entirely without their assistance, but they are merest skeletons, and obviously do not confine the range of his speech. Such as they are, they are invariably written on his knee in the House of Commons. As far as may be observed by

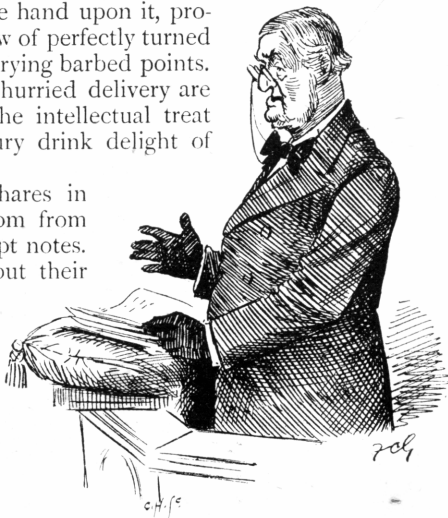
an outsider, it is not his habit to prepare in his study his impromptus, or even the salient points of his argument. The most difficult task that can fall to the lot of a Leader on either side of the House of Commons is to make those set orations, whether over the tomb or the altar, for which necessity from time to time arises. Mr. Gladstone is, by common consent, the only man of the age who could rise to either occasion. Mr. Disraeli, when occupying in 1852 the position now filled by Sir William Harcourt, being



MR. BALFOUR'S "NOTES."

called upon to pronounce a eulogy on the Duke of Wellington, who had just answered to his name in the final roll-call, borrowed his best passage from a lament declaimed by M. Thiers over the tomb of Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr. This second-rate French Marshal, dead more than twenty years, was forgotten. But Thiers' flash of eloquence was remembered by others than Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Chamberlain made the most memorable, if not the only, failure of his Parliamentary addresses when he joined in the funeral orations in the House of Commons on the death of Mr. Bright. Sir William Harcourt is prone on such occasions to assume a lugubrious manner that fatally depresses the spirits of his audience. The



"A LUGUBRIOUS MANNER."

last time Mr. Balfour, in his capacity as Leader of the Opposition, took part in such ceremonial proceedings was when the House of Commons passed a resolution of condolence with France upon the murder of President Carnot. Sir William Harcourt, who moved the resolution, read a funeral sermon from manuscript he took out of his breast coat pocket, whilst his voice rose and fell in melancholy cadence. Mr. Balfour, taking a sheet of notepaper from the table, wrote down the outline of what proved to be a short but almost perfect speech, taking as his text successive points in Sir William Harcourt's monody, and giving them fresh turns.

One result of the sub-division of HOPELESSLY parties in the House of Commons MIXED. following on the disruption in the Liberal ranks has an important effect upon the vitality of debate. Up to the year 1886 the House of Commons was broadly divided between two parties. There were, of course, the Home Rulers—the *tiers parti*, as Mr. O'Donnell called them, a suggestion that naturally led on to the nomenclature of the Fourth Party. But their position did not vary the rule. When they were on the war-path, there were still, at that time, only two parties in the House—the Irish members and the rest.

In such circumstances a member faced his opponents, the Irish members with the addition of having some of them also on their right flank. When spoken sentiments were approved, they were hailed with a hearty cheer running continuously along the benches on one side. Where they were objected to, the shouts of disapproval came all from the same quarter of the encampment. To-day, with the little party under Mr. Chamberlain's command wedged into the very centre of the Liberal forces, things have grown so hopelessly mixed, that the old significance of cheering and counter-cheering is lost. When a member hears Mr. Chamberlain, rising from the Liberal benches, lustily cheered by the Conservatives, and when later the thin black line on the third bench below the gangway on the Liberal side hail with cheers the appearance at the table of Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen, the old member, accustomed to other times and manners, "dunno where 'e are." The situation is further complicated by the Irish members sitting aligned with the English country gentlemen, cheering when they sit silent, and derisively howling when they cheer.

Another consequence of this uncanny state

of things is that the give-and-take of debate, which obtains in all well-ordered assemblies, has now become impossible in the House of Commons. It has ever been the custom of the Speaker to call alternately upon members composing the Ministerialists and the Opposition. Now there are the Liberal Unionists to be counted with, and if the topic be, as it sometimes is, an Irish question, there are the Leaders of the Nationalist Party and the Parnellites, who claim severally to be heard. The inevitable consequence is that at critical stages of set debates the House has a speech from a Minister, who is followed by Mr. Balfour, to whom succeeds Mr. Chamberlain. Or, *vice-versâ*, the two allies, separated only by the floor of the House, say the same thing over in different ways. Then, if Mr. Sexton or Mr. McCarthy speaks, Mr. John Redmond must needs deliver an address of equal length. The same thing happens on lower grades, the rank and file of factions of party getting bewilderingly intermingled.

In the House of Lords this lack IN THE of symmetry in the order of LORDS. debate is even more marked, and from the constitution of parties is inevitable. There really are not enough of Liberal peers to go round in one of the set debates to which the Lords occasionally treat themselves. As Lord Rosebery, in his famous speech at Bradford, complained, peers of Liberal persuasion are not more in number than 5 per cent. of the House of Lords. It naturally follows that the preponderance of debating force is on one side. To mention three names indicative of various hostile attitudes towards Liberalism, there are Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Argyll, who may, and sometimes do, follow each other in close succession. When Lord Rosebery, Lord Herschell, Lord Spencer, the Marquis of Ripon, and Lord Russell of Killowen have spoken, the forces of debate on the Liberal side begin to be exhausted; whilst in the Conservative camp there are many other peers beside the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Argyll who, having learned fencing in the Liberal school, are now ready to turn unbuttoned foils on what are left of their former comrades. Regarded as a debating assembly, this condition of affairs is a distinct disadvantage to the House of Lords, which, paradoxical as the statement may appear, would find its majority in a far more powerful position if it were numerically less strong.

HARRYING
EX-
MEMBERS.

Old members of the House of Commons withdrawn from Parliamentary life discover on revisiting the familiar scene how jealously guarded are the privileges of sitting members. The House of Commons, if no longer the best club in the world, is certainly the most exclusive. All its approaches are guarded with almost hectic jealousy. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an unauthorized stranger to enter even the lobby of the House. These are regulations which, though they may seem harsh in personal experience, are absolutely necessary for the conduct of business. Human interest in the House of Commons is so burning in its intensity, that if approach were easy the building would be swamped by the idly curious. As it is, strangers unprovided with orders of admission are kept at arms' length with as much severity as if they were infected with leprosy.

Ex-members find these restrictions particularly obnoxious. Looking in upon a place of which they were at one time privileged and perchance honoured occupants, they find their footsteps politely but firmly dogged by the perfection of police on duty at Westminster Palace. Ordinary strangers may not approach the House of Commons as far as the inner lobby without special permission. Ex-members may go so far but no farther, unless they are accompanied by a sitting member. They may not enter the corridor leading to the dining-room, library, or terrace, nor may they pass in or out by the once familiar staircase leading down to the cloak-room. As for finding a place in or under the strangers' galleries, they are on the footing of the obscurest stranger, and must obtain an order from the Speaker or the Serjeant-at-Arms. These restrictions are, perhaps, necessary. But they are none the less irksome to men who for years have had the run of the House.

The House of Lords makes a difference in this respect in the case of Privy Councillors. A right hon. gentleman of whatever distinction who has been a member of the House of Commons may not, after withdrawing from Parliamentary life, approach beyond the inner lobby of his old quarters. But he has always the right of entry to the House of Lords, and may take his place behind the rails skirting the Throne, shoulder to shoulder with such of Her Majesty's Ministers and members of the Opposition from the House of Commons as are also Privy Councillors.

The House of Commons is, BLOCKING probably, the best place in the HATS. world in which to make a joke, however poor. It is so profoundly bored with much talking that it clutches with feverish haste at anything that will permit it to laugh. An impassioned orator who concludes his speech by sitting on his hat is regarded as a benefactor of his species. Another, who with sweep of his right hand knocks over a glass of water, instantly become a popular personage. To this day tender memories linger round a genial Q.C., long severed from Parliamentary life, who once in the course of a single speech twice knocked off the same member's hat. Of all men in the House, the sufferer was Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, a circumstance that added greatly to the subtle enjoyment of the scene. It was in the Parliament of 1880, and the question of the hour related to Mr. Bradlaugh's status. "It is essential," said the hon. and learned gentleman, "that this question should be treated in a calm and judicial manner." Instinctively sweeping out his right hand, by way of illustrating the idea of breadth of view, the learned Q.C. smote the crown of the hat of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who sat on the Treasury Bench below him.

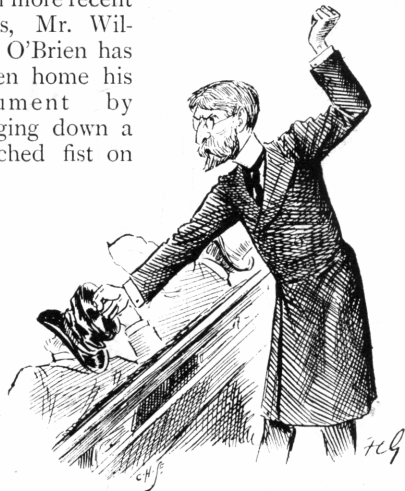
The future Secretary for War, at that time Financial Secretary, is a man of dauntless courage and imperturbable humour. To a senator sitting with arms folded, head bent down, and mind intent on following the argument of an esteemed friend behind, nothing is more disconcerting than to have his hat suddenly swept off his head. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was equal to the occasion. The House tittered with laughter.



"EQUAL TO THE OCCASION."

He picked up his hat as if that were his ordinary way of having it taken off, replaced it on his head, and returned to the consideration of the points of the argument he had been considering. Ten minutes later, another wave of emotion overcoming the orator, the hat of the Financial Secretary to the War Office was once more trundling along the floor. Then, it is true, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman cautiously moved along the bench out of range of fire, whilst the House gave itself up to uncontrolled laughter.

In more recent times, Mr. William O'Brien has driven home his argument by bringing down a clenched fist on



"DRIVING HOME AN ARGUMENT."

the top of the hat of an hon. member sitting immediately below him. But the record in which the present Secretary of State for War passively assisted remains unbroken.

A less vigorous form of humour in which the House delights is a slip of the tongue on the part of a member. The more matter-of-fact he be, the fuller is the enjoyment. Last Session Mr. Arthur Balfour fell upon a phrase, the possible double meaning of which delighted the House. In the course of debate on the affairs

of Matabeleland, the Leader of the Opposition emphatically declared that what was needed for the welfare and prosperity of South Africa was "the extension of roads." As the name of Mr. Cecil Rhodes had been prominently mentioned throughout the debate, not without unfriendly hints that self-aggrandizement was the base of his policy, Mr. Balfour was interrupted by a burst of boisterous laughter, at which he affected innocent amazement, and repeated the phrase again and again, till the House permitted him to conclude the passage.

There was much controversy at the time as to whether he had perceived the *double entendre*, or whether in persisting in reiteration of his phrase he was unconscious of its possible application. Talking the matter over later on the same night, he told me that he recognised the slip as soon as the phrase had escaped his lips. But he was not going to give himself away by accepting the construction humorously put upon it. To those who were present and remember his appearance of genuine astonishment at the interruption, this will show that an old Parliamentary hand may still be young in years, and ingenuous in manner.

Incomparably the best mixed saying of this kind ever uttered in the House of Commons dropped from the lips of Mr. Cobden. It was told me by one of the few members of the present House who heard the debates on the Commercial Treaty with France.

"Now I will give you an illustration of what I mean," said Mr. Cobden, reaching a certain point in his exposition. "My hon. friend who sits near me" (indicating Mr. Bright) "spins long yarns of poor quality."

Mr. Cobden got no further with the sentence, the remainder being lost amid inextinguishable laughter. Only Mr. Bright, then in the prime of his powers, a frequent and voluminous contributor to Parliamentary debate, did not see the joke.



"THE EXTENSION OF RHODES."

Some Shapes of Heads.

By J. E. BARNARD.



THE study of the external form of the head has at various times admitted of much controversy and speculation. The "bumps"

or superficial prominences, so readily felt on carrying the hand over the head, afford phrenologists a large field for the imagination; and some scientific men have adopted a method of surface measurement for the purpose of studying racial peculiarities and descent.

During the past few years a large number of heads, amounting to several thousands, have been measured under my supervision. It has, therefore, occurred to me that a brief account of some of the more striking shapes might be of interest to the general reader.

For this purpose a selection has been made, embodying those which are chiefly interesting for their irregularity and asymmetry of outline, or because they point out certain racial or individual features. The most casual observer cannot help being struck with the great variation in all directions of the examples here figured. There is often an almost total absence of symmetry, and the size varies within wide limits. A frequent observation of those to whom such shapes are shown is: "How like a foot!" and, indeed, the exclamation in many

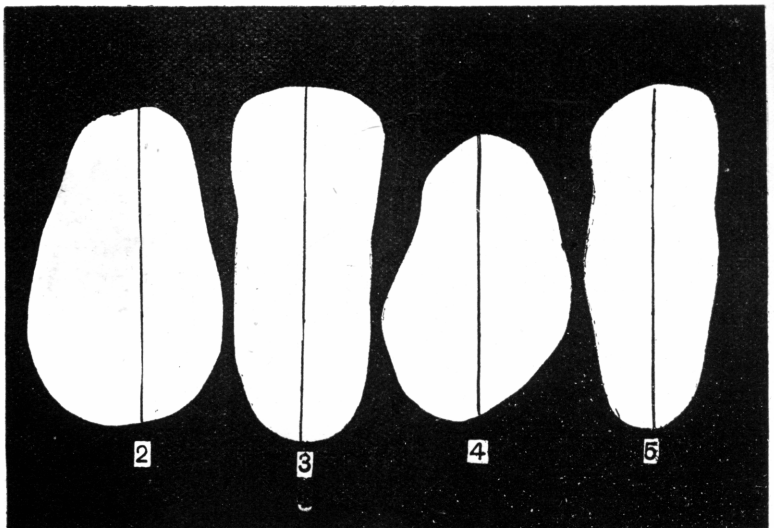
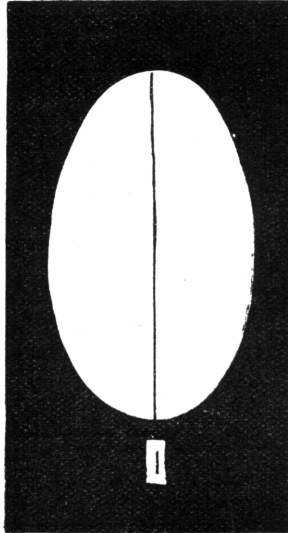
cases is fully justified. The size is in every case considerably reduced, the scale being approximately a reduction of 5 diameters.

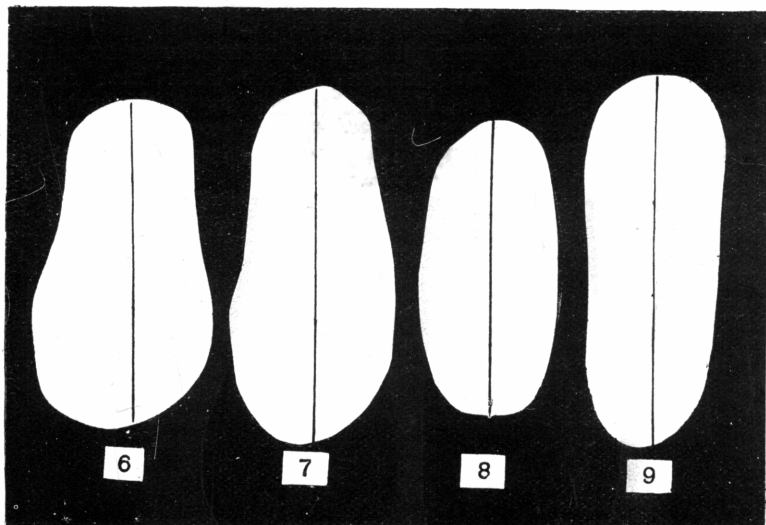
The figures have been taken from men alone, the shape of the female head being difficult to gauge accurately owing to the arrangement of the hair.

That there are certain shapes of head peculiar to different peoples there is no question, and this is often so marked, that the shape may form a fairly reliable guide to the determination of a person's nationality, or, at any rate, that of his antecedents.

Taking, for instance, an ideal head, as Fig. 1, one notices that it is rather long. Its length should exceed its breadth by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. An English head, as Fig. 2, is generally slightly longer than this, broader at the back, and tapering rather towards the

forehead. The English of to-day are somewhat mixed in their antecedents, and cannot therefore claim to have such a characteristic head as the Highlander or Irishman.



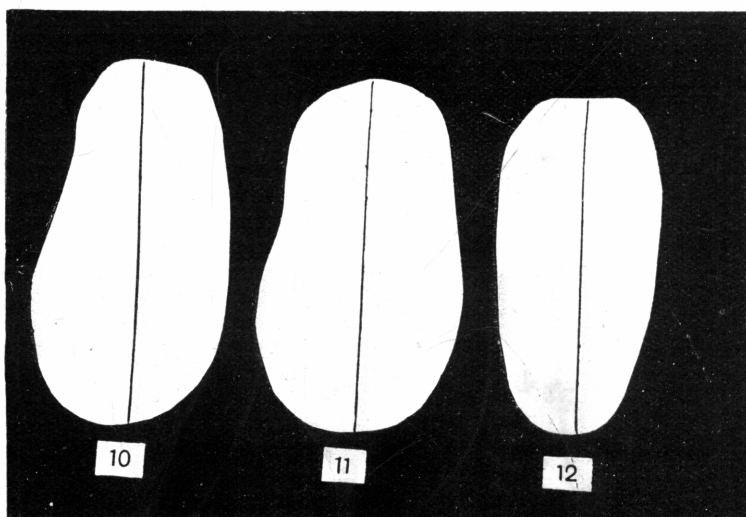


The Figs. 6, 7, 8, and 9 are all Scotch heads, and have not been selected because of any peculiarity, but are, in all cases, typical. It will be seen that they taper very much towards the front, narrowing at the temples, and very often becoming square and prominent at the forehead. A Highlander is, in fact, a "long-headed" man, not only

of Cornwall there is a slight trace of Spanish blood, which is possibly due to a few who escaped from the Spanish Armada settling there. At the Lizard, for instance, the name of Jose is common or even predominant. This is no doubt a corruption of the Spanish name José. In the case of Cornwall, however, the trade carried on for

chosen, one is that of a noted, and unquestionably highly intellectual, Irish Parliamentary leader, and the other is the head of a nonentity.

The Welsh and Cornish head differs considerably from either of the types so far noticed, as Figs. 19 and 20 show. It partakes more of the shape characteristic of the Frenchman or Spaniard. Doubtless, in the west



proverbially, but in reality. Figs. 3 and 5 are also long, but are abnormal specimens of English heads.

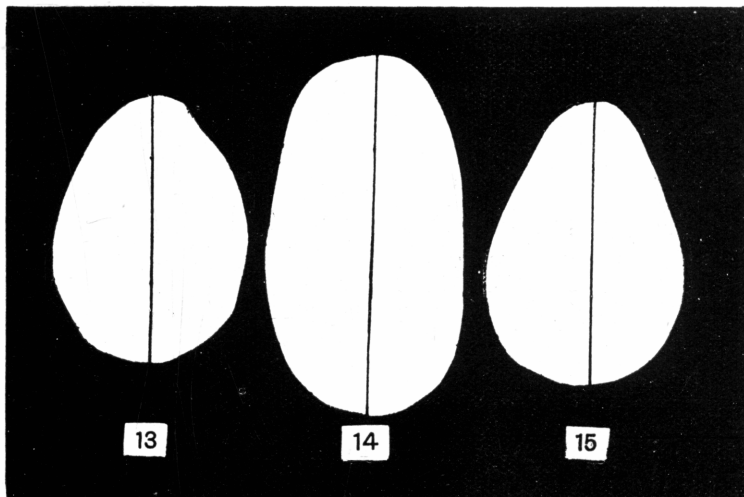
An Irishman, also, has a long head, as Figs. 10, 11, and 12 show, but it is not so narrow in comparison with the length as a Scotch head. It does not contract so much at the temples, and is squarer. Of the examples

centuries, even before the time of Christ, with Brittany, Spain, and other countries, might account more satisfactorily for the apparent admixture of foreign blood. The relation of the shape of the head to nationality might broadly be associated with climate, for one finds that, the further south the examples are taken from, the

rounder do heads become, and a north country head is proportionately longer. This applies to other countries than our own.

Fig. 15 shows a Frenchman's head, which is much rounder than an Englishman's. Fig. 13, German, is rounder still, and broadens

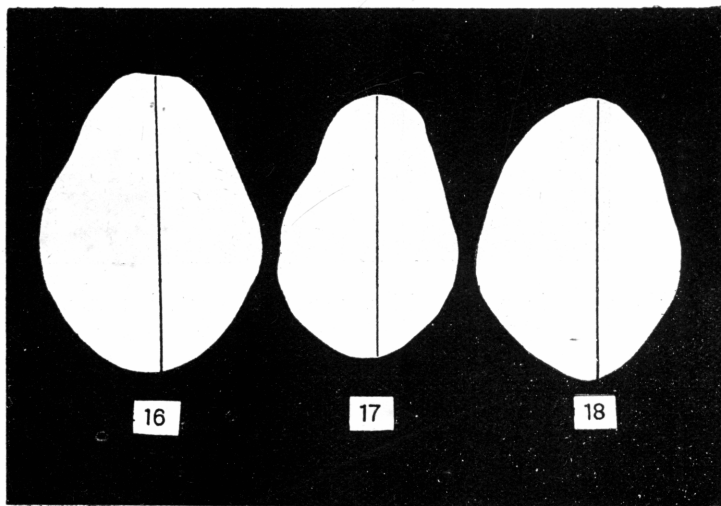
is that it is a result of the habitual use of the right hand. Recent investigations into the functions of the brain have shown that the several members of the body are what is known as "represented" on its surface. For example, the impulse to move the

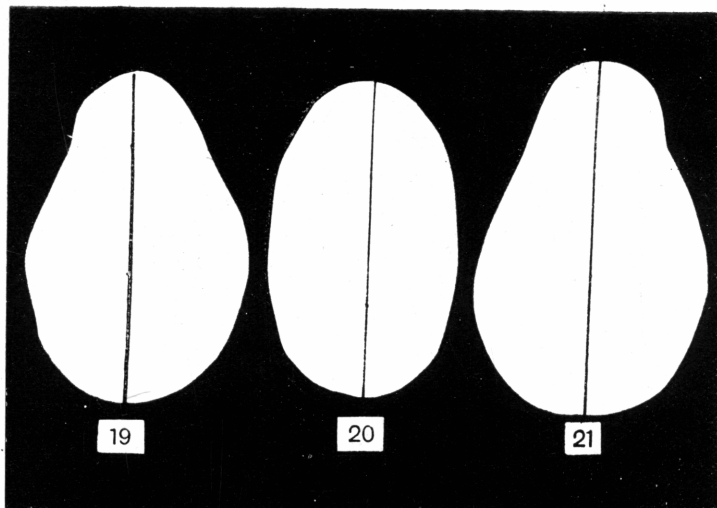


very much at the back, although Fig. 14 is a most unusual exception. Fig. 17 is Dutch, the peculiarity being a smaller head, but still much the type of the German. Fig. 16 is a Spanish and Fig. 18 is an Italian head. A negro's head is rounder still: in fact, almost bullet shape.

The illustrations are not only remarkable for their general shape or outline, but an even more extraordinary feature is the great want of symmetry before mentioned. The line dividing each shape is taken from the top of the nose to where the spinal column meets the head at the back, therefore dividing the head into two lateral parts. In Figs. 2, 4, 30, and 31 this inequality is so marked that it almost amounts to a deformity. Curiously enough, the larger portion is almost invariably on the left side, the cases where the opposite occurs being rare. Many theories have been advanced to account for this, but probably the most satisfactory one

right arm comes from a special part of the surface of the left side of the brain. In right-handed persons, the centres subserving the faculty of speech are located on the left side of the brain, while there is evidence to show that in left-handed persons these centres are more probably situated on the right side. It is not by any means improbable that as we have through countless generations been in the habit of using our right hand and arm, and leaving the left hand uneducated, it has at length

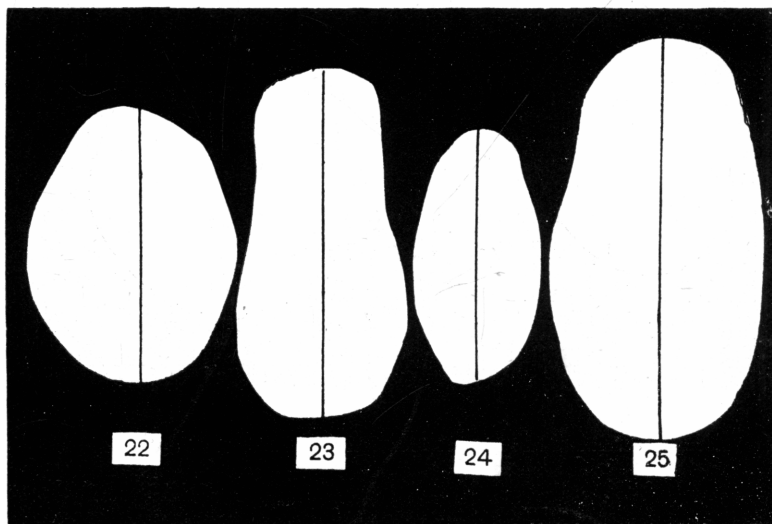




resulted in the brain on the left side becoming enlarged.

It might be suggested that, such being the case, a left-handed person should have an enlarged right side of the head, and in some instances this was found to be the case. Fig. 21, for instance, is a case in which the left hand was thoroughly developed, and performed all required of it in the same

than average intelligence has a head above the average size. This is not by any means without exception, as, for instance, Fig. 24, which is the head of a well-known surgeon, and is one of the smallest we have noticed. On the other hand, the very large one, Fig. 32, is the head of an insane person; a not uncommon accompaniment of lunacy or idiocy being an abnormally large head.

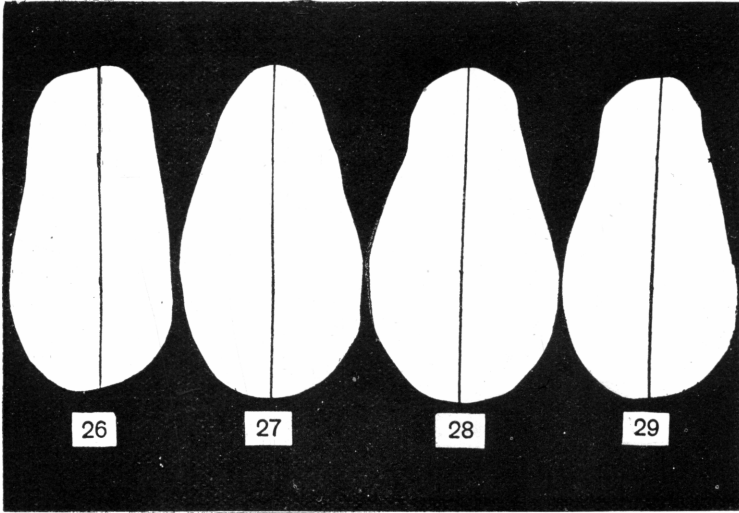


way as most right hands do. The result is seen in a marked development of the right side of the head. It might happen that the heads of left-handed persons would not invariably show this, but it is not improbable that if a race of left-handed people came into

It very often happens that a large-headed father has a small-headed son, the converse rarely occurring. In Figs. 22 and 25, the larger is the father's and the smaller the son's head, but this case presents a peculiarity in that the shapes are so entirely different. It generally

existence they would in a few generations have an enlargement on the right side as characteristic as right-handed persons now have on the left side of the head. Such a marked inequality, as just described, might be made a subject of much theory; but as the object of this paper is chiefly to state facts, we do not propose entering into controversial matter.

In the cases under our notice, it has most frequently happened that a person of more

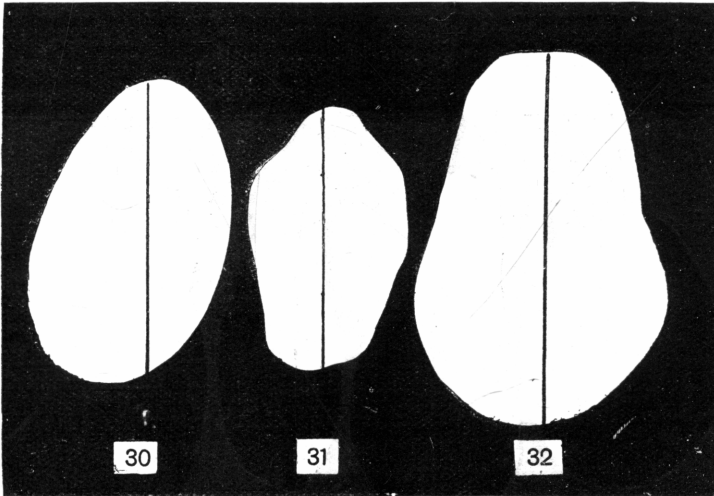


difference in age between the youngest and the eldest. Fig. 26 varies rather from the others, and the temperament of the owner of this head is different in many ways. Fig. 23, again, represents an abnormal head in a large family, all the rest of which are peculiarly normal.

The size of the head seems to bear little relation to the size of the body. A very big man often has a small head,

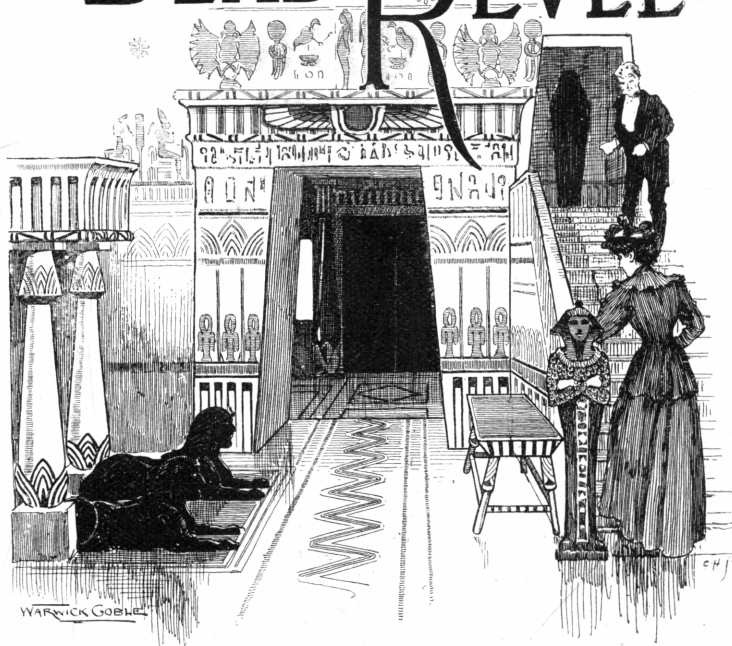
happens that even if the head is smaller, the shapes resemble each other, as, for instance, in Figs. 26, 27, 28, and 29, which are those of four brothers, the same general outline prevailing in each, although there is a wide

or, at any rate, one of average size; on the other hand, a small man may have a large head—in fact, we have been unable to trace any relationship between size of head and body.



NOTE.—The illustrations are so placed that the forehead is towards the top of the page.

THE DEAD REVEL



THE STORY OF A GIRL'S ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND.

BY MRS. ST. LOE STRACHEY.



I MUST begin all over again the weary, heart-breaking search for work—the repeated failures, the weariness, the sickness of hope deferred—all this must be gone through again—again!

And how many times more? No employment of mine seemed to last long: always a new struggle to obtain my daily bread lay darkening before me. Truly, an evil star had gleamed on the horizon on the night of my birth, for to my lot it had fallen to carry Adam's burden though I lay under the curse of Eve.

But misfortune must be faced, some work must be found. I must live, and my store of money in hand was dwindling in a terribly rapid manner; it was time to make a desperate effort for employment. But the month was unfavourable. At the beginning

of August work, at any rate in London, is scarce. Perhaps I might get an engagement as a holiday governess to little children, to tide over the time till people came back to town. I looked over the advertisements in the penny morning papers, but could find nothing which even promised well. One afternoon, however, I obtained the loan of the *Times*, and in it I found the following advertisement:—

WANTED.—Cultured lady (under 30 preferred) to take charge of valuable domestic pet during owner's absence in country. Caretaker left in house. Liberal honorarium. Apply to-day (Friday) to Mme. Lebrun, —.

And here followed the address of a house in one of the old-fashioned squares in the north of London. It was getting late in the day, but in spite of that I thought it would be worth while to make an effort to obtain the place. An omnibus landed me within about ten minutes'

walk of the square. As I passed through the streets the wind was blowing gustily, and from the square gardens a few slightly turned leaves fluttered to the ground. Autumn was beginning her harvest early. The houses in the square I was seeking were tall and thin, and over the doors and windows skeleton rams' heads and delicate mouldings of flowers told of the Adams decorations within. But the exterior of the house which I was seeking was at first sight plain — then I saw that the handles of the bells were of sphinxes' heads, and each knocker a bronze cat's head. At my ring the double door split in the middle, and an old man-servant asked me my business, and on hearing it admitted me without a moment's hesitation — admitted me apparently into the halls of Memphis, for the doorway leading into the inner hall had been converted into an archway, over which an unknown hieroglyphic inscription was painted.

A bronze sphinx stood sentinel on either side of the great chimney-piece, and the walls were covered with paintings such as are found in Egyptian tombs. As I followed my guide up the dark staircase, a dim, oblong form showed from the corner of the broad landing—a shape broad at the top and narrowing to the feet. *Memento mori.*

But all was changed when the wide door of the drawing-room was thrown open. Here was France. France of the beginning of the

century was seen in the deep crimson satin hangings; France of to-day in the small wood fire which smouldered on the hearth—for the evening was chill—in the varnished boards, and in the very places of the furniture. This I learnt afterwards. At the moment my attention was fixed and held by a figure standing in the middle of the room. The figure was

small, slight, and fragile, draped in long grey folds and crowned by a bushy mass of grey hair. Its arm was outstretched, and on the wrist sat perched an old, old parrot, almost featherless, with a look of superhuman cunning and malice in its eyes. This old bird and its older mistress were apparently holding an actual conversation. They seemed to understand each other perfectly. For a moment I stood transfixed, then the voice of the man-servant broke the spell:—

"A lady, madame, has called, in answer to your advertisement."

"Ah! I have already seen so

many," and the grey figure, speaking with a strong foreign accent, came floating quickly towards me; "but perhaps this time better luck. *Tiens*—but I think this is more hopeful. Eh, Gustave? Come, mademoiselle, and give yourself the trouble to be seated; you are, no doubt, fatigued." And with her left hand—her right was still occupied with the parrot—she led me to a comfortable chair by the fire.

"I called, madame," I began, when seated,



"THEY SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER."

"in answer to your advertisement which I saw in the *Times* this morning."

"Ah! *ma foi*, yes. That announcement—what trouble it has given me. You cannot figure to yourself the persons I have seen to-day who all declared themselves 'ladies of cultivation.' But for you, mademoiselle, it is a different thing. I could not leave you alone in this great house; you are too young, too pretty. It would—how shall I say it?—it would walk out of the conveniences."

"I implore you, madame, not to let considerations like these influence you. I am entirely dependent on my work, and there is so little work I can do," and as I thought of the cruel disappointments I had had in the last fortnight, my voice broke.

"Ah, *pauvre enfant*, we shall see. The case is this. My doctors tell me I must positively have a change of air. My parrot, Gustave, like other old people—for he is older still than I—cannot bear to be deranged in his habits: he is miserable if he quits this house. *Que faire?* Accustomed as he is to my society and conversation, I cannot leave him to servants: he would expire of dulness. So I thought if I could get some lady to see to him, to talk to him during my two months' absence—"

"Ah, madame," I interrupted, "if you would only try me, I would take such care of him."

"We shall see," again said Mme. Lebrun. "Gustave, *mon ami*, dost thou think thou couldst stay with mademoiselle? Dost thou like her?"

At this appeal Gustave with great solemnity fluttered to the floor, and, to my alarm, began solemnly hopping round me in ever-lessening circles. At last he stopped in front of me, and, looking straight up into my face, emitted a sound like drawing a cork and screamed out in a high, fast, monotonous shriek: "Pretty girl, pretty girl, don't cry, my dear; don't like being kissed? That's what pretty girls are made for. Ha! ha! ha!" and he exploded into a fit of cackling, gasping laughter.

But Mme. Lebrun was apparently quite satisfied, and then and there we settled our business arrangements, salary, which was indeed liberal, included. I was to take possession that day week. As I rose to go, Mme. Lebrun said:—

"Two last injunctions I must give you. You will not, will you, leave Gustave for more than two hours at a time? And you must not permit him to go into the cellars. Yes, thou old rascal, I speak of thy sins.

Into the cellars, by hook or by crook, thou lovest to go. And they are cold, and thou cougest when thou comest out. Mademoiselle, he is a curious bird. He belonged, as did this house, to M. Beckford."

"The great Beckford, the author of 'Vathek'?" I cried, much excited, thinking this explained the general curious aspect of the place.

"Ah, you have heard of him. Yes, to him. My mother rented the house from him. This is her portrait," and she pointed to a large portrait on the wall of an extremely pretty woman in Empire dress, with an expression, half arch, half wistful, in her dark eyes. "This room she furnished in her own taste—here probably you will like to sit—it is less *triste* than the other apartments."

I thanked her heartily, for, indeed, I had no notion of living in an Egyptian museum, and took my leave. A week after found me comfortably established in the house, in the care of the old man-servant and his wife, who I found was a super-excellent cook. Gustave stayed with me night and day. He was generally drowsy in the morning, but was painfully restless and wide-awake at night. He had a habit of waking me by making a sound as of a violent slap being given to a thigh tightly breeched in satin, after which he would cry: "Dooose take it, did yer?"

But it was a pleasant time, filled with dreams of the curious people and things that the house had seen. It was not fated to last.

One day the man-servant asked me if he and his wife might go that evening to some family gathering and festivity to which they were bidden. Pleased to do a little kindness to people who were so attentive to me, I gladly consented. My usual dinner was converted into a tempting cold supper, which was spread ready for me. At six o'clock they left me. I was absorbed in a book, and hardly noticed what happened till the clock on the mantelpiece chimed seven. It was growing dusk. I was hungry, I would take my supper.

"Gustave," I called. No answer. No impatient flutter such as usually greeted a summons to eat, for Gustave took his meals with his family. I searched in vain for him. Then conviction flashed across me. He had run away into the cellars. There was nothing to be done but to go after him. I took a candle and a box of matches and started on my quest, down, down, through the hall, the kitchen, till I reached the great, vaulted cellars. I went through them, guided by the

sound of Gustave chattering and swearing excitedly.

At last, in the furthest vault of all, I found him. He was hopping excitedly round and round in a circle in the middle of the floor. With voice and hand I tried to soothe him, but he eluded me. At last I tried to catch him by force. Suddenly, as I sprang after him, I felt the paved floor beneath my feet tremble. The stone on which I stood was giving—turning. I sprang off it, un-

saw a flight of worn steps winding downwards, and from below sounded the hoarse laugh of Gustave.

I followed him; I allowed myself no pause, no moment of hesitation, but passed rapidly down the narrow winding stair. At last I reached the bottom. Before me was an archway, still hung with dusty, tattered fragments of what had once been heavy portières. Round the arch I could distinguish an inscription in high, blood-red letters. Slowly I deciphered it: "*Fait ce que voudras.*" I shuddered! Dim memories of Medenham Abbey surged in my mind, and of that unholy revel when the blasphemous revellers found suddenly that one had been added to their number, and yet no man could tell *which* was the uninvited guest.

I pushed on and stood at last in a vast, vaulted hall. By my dim light, I saw a great table, where lay musty remnants of a long dead orgie. Masks and tattered, mouldy dominoes were scattered about in wild profusion—chairs upset and pushed back. Apparently, a sudden interruption had broken up the feast.

Then a ghastly imitation of a human voice struck my ear. It was Gustave. He had perched on the arm of the great chair at the top of the table, and was screaming out with horrible articulateness an old-world drinking song:—

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,
Believe me, you always are loth, sir;
But if the maid's fairest, the oath doesn't bind,
Or—you may, if you like it, kiss both, sir.

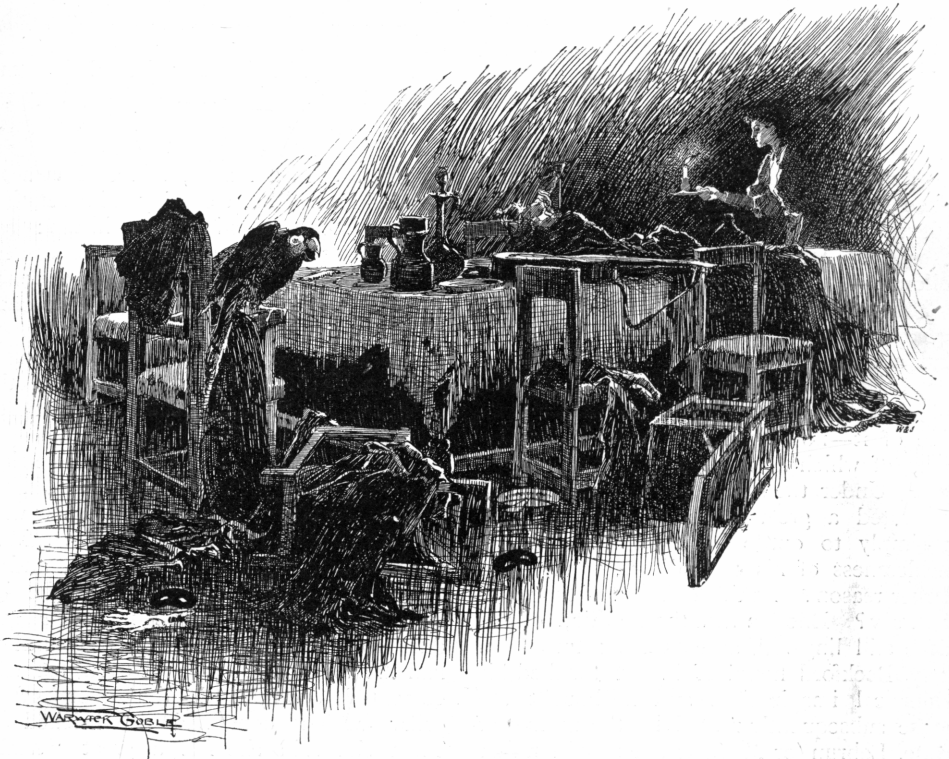
This, then, was the meaning of his wish to constantly roam about the cellars. He had enjoyed many a revel in this horrible hall, and he could not believe that the good old time was dead for ever. But the spark of energy soon died in him, and he sat perched there stupidly, with his eyes glazed and dim. I looked round the hall, and found that there were other openings besides the one I had come through leading out of it; how was I to know my own? Suddenly the sound of footsteps and hoarse voices approaching struck my ears. Who was coming, and on what dark errand,



"I TRIED TO CATCH HIM."

consciously giving it a further impetus as I did so. It turned half round, leaving a black vault at my feet, up which an icy wind blew suddenly and extinguished my light. With trembling hands I tried to strike a match, hearing in the darkness a scream of triumph from Gustave; then he suddenly let fall a volley of strange oaths, and it struck me with dismay that his voice was sounding fainter.

At last I lighted my candle, and, shading the flame with my hand from the draught, I looked into the blackness at my feet. I



"MUSTY REMNANTS OF A LONG DEAD ORGIE."

to that dreadful place? Nearer and nearer came the sounds. I seized one of the mouldy dominoes which were scattered about, wrapped it round me, concealed Gustave in it under my arm, blew out my light, and crept beneath the great table just in time. The light of many burning torches filled the hall, and a rough voice cried :—

"Aye, here the place is, just as Cartwright thought. There's room enough for stuff here to blow up all London. The chief will be pleased at this."

And then to my horrified ears was revealed a plot, sheltered under the sacred names of Liberty and Freedom; a plot which showed the ingenuity of Satan himself, and a cruel callousness to the sufferings of millions which was superhuman. This plot, I am told, it were prudent not to reveal.

I lay still as death: one laugh from Gustave, one gasp for breath from myself, and I was doomed. Mercifully, at last the tension became too great and I fainted. When I came to myself all was dark and still again. I crept out from the table and struck a match. This roused Gustave, who apparently had been sleeping off his excitement, and unhesitatingly he fluttered to the ground and

hopped through the right archway. As we emerged from the cellar I found that it was daylight—the night had passed in that terrible place.

Exhausted as I was, I instantly went to Scotland Yard and told them what I had heard. They fortunately believed me and set inquiries on foot. England was saved from a disaster which would have brought her enemies flocking like vultures around her, and the world from a crime which would have stained the Book of Fate with a record black as death. Utterly exhausted, I went straight to bed when I reached home, and had food brought to me there.

As I am, alas, only too well used to adventures and misfortune, I quickly recovered my usual strength—but yet I woke next morning with a presentiment of misfortune, a foreboding of evil. Too well was this justified. The excitement of visiting his old haunts had proved too much for Gustave. The parrot was dead; my occupation was gone.

I telegraphed immediately to Mme. Lebrun, and received an answer that she

would return home that evening. She came, and great were her lamentations over her dead companion—for Gustave was nothing less to her.

That day the police searched the whole of the underground part of the square. It appeared that the existence of this place had long been rumoured in the thieves' quarter of London. The origin of it was, so far as can be discovered, as follows:—

Many years ago the now half deserted square was a fashionable centre in London, and a certain noble Earl, famed in history for his fearful deeds and his wild life, inhabited a great house which formed one side of it—now split into separate habitations, of which that of Mme. Lebrun formed one. Under the square, so said rumour, he excavated a great subterranean hall. Was it simply to outdo his neighbours in the recklessness of his expenditure, or for some darker reason? At this distance of time who shall say? Enough that the tradition of the place still lingered, and on his return from Italy, Beckford heard of it. It touched his whimsical imagination, and he bought the house subsequently rented by the mother of Mme. Lebrun (or Mlle., as she should rather have been called, for she had never married, but had merely taken brevet rank).

The other openings which I had dimly seen, and down which one of the Anarchist conspirators (as they were subsequently proved) had come, must have been constructed in Beckford's time, for it was found that the houses which they led to had all been inhabited by his friends. Down those steps what companies had flocked to what unimaginable revels! But the reason of the great fright which had broken up their last orgie, and why everything had been left in such a sudden hurry, had never been

discovered. Had the legend of Medenham been repeated?

The Anarchists had found the hall through one of their members telling, when they were looking for some safe place to store their explosives, that he remembered his father, who had been a mason, had told him that as a lad he had been employed in mending a flight of stone steps in No. — in the square, which steps led to a great subterranean hall. The house indicated was to let—they took it—and but for the wonderful chances of Gustave on that night escaping to the cellars, and of my accidentally treading on the secret spring of the turning stone, their fell designs would in time have been accomplished.

The whole occurrence was a terrible shock to poor Mme. Lebrun. She could not bear to leave the house in which her whole life had been passed, and yet she said she would never feel safe in it again, and no wonder. The police knowing of the hall, and keeping a watch on it, made some difference, but she could not rest until she had the flight of steps destroyed, the stone cemented down, and the door of the cellar which contained it bricked up. Then she said she felt a great "*soulagement*." To me she was most kind, for she felt that I had dared more than most girls would have done for the protection of her favourite.

But it had been too much for her, and she died a short time afterwards. Her heir, some distant cousin, a little, dried-up, black-avised Frenchman, made short work of the Egyptian antiquities. He carried off the pictures and the furniture, and in a little while a great board announced that for the first time for nearly a century No.—, ——— Square, was "To let." Who will take it next?

Girls' Schools of To-day.

I.—CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

By L. T. MEADE.



N these days when the "Woman's Question" is discussed on all sides, and when even the most prejudiced of the opposite sex are forced to admit that women are their competitors in almost every walk of life, it is interesting to trace the fact to its primary source. In this last decade of the century, women are being thoroughly educated in the broadest and fullest sense of the term. Their brains are being developed, their bodies stimulated to grow to their full dimensions — in consequence, weakness, timidity, nerves, mental cowardice, are gradually, but surely, creeping into the background, and the girls of the present day are able to hold their own with their brothers.

School life is undoubtedly at the root of this vast improvement, and my intention in this paper is to say a few words with regard to school life as it now exists for girls.

All those who know anything of girls' education will feel that the primary place amongst English schools must be given to the far-famed ladies' college at Cheltenham. Here, from the child in her kindergarten to the girl who is undergoing her examination for her London degree, is to be found the most perfect training for spirit, mind, and body.

The name of the principal, Dorothea Beale, is widely known. I have had the privilege of visiting her at Cheltenham College for the purpose of writing this paper; but, much as she told me, and much as I saw of her work, it is difficult in so short a space to give any just estimate of her modes of operation and her wonderful personality.

It would be impossible to get any just idea of the life which now goes on at Cheltenham College without knowing a little of its past history and growth—its past struggle for existence seems to accentuate and strengthen the effect of its present remarkable success.

I should like to give the story of the college in Miss Beale's own graphic words, but as the limits of a magazine paper make this impossible, I can only allude to the leading and most interesting facts.

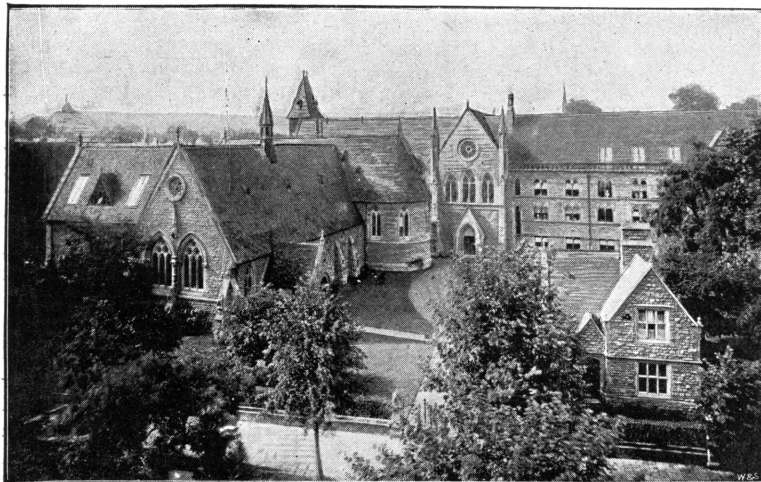
In beginning her account of the college, Miss Beale speaks of the great change which took place in the education of girls about the middle of the present century. Up to the year 1847 it was impossible, except in very rare cases, for a woman to take a high place in the intellectual world—her education generally was unsystematic, and had no thoroughness. True, there were such women as Mary Somerville, Harriet Martineau, and Caroline Cornwallis—there were also a few poets and novelists whom all the world justly holds in honour; but these were exceptional, and showed the strength of their characters when they broke through the barriers which fenced them off from the fields of intellect in which their brothers roamed at will. In those days, girls of the middle classes were usually taught at home by private governesses assisted by masters, or they were sent to small boarding schools. Most of their time was spent in learning by rote what the Schools Inquiry Commissioners call "Miserable Catechisms," "Lamentable

Catechisms," "the Noxious Brood of Catechisms." They worked from books which taught facts, such facts as the following: "State the number of houses burnt in the fire of London." No subject was taught scientifically, but merely as so much information. Mr. Fitch wrote: "I have seen girls learning by heart the terminology of the Linnæan system, to whom the very elements of the vegetable physiology were unknown—they learnt from a catechism the meaning of such words as divisibility, inertia; knowing nothing whatever of the physical facts, of which these words are the representatives."

Miss Beale says of



MISS BEALE, PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.
From a Photo. by County of Gloucester Studio, Cheltenham.



From a]

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

[Photograph.

herself: "In 1848 I was a pupil in a school in Paris, which was kept by English ladies. We were taught to perform conjuring tricks with a globe, by which we obtained answers to problems without one principle being made intelligible. We were even compelled to learn from Lindley Murray lists of prepositions, that we might be saved the trouble of thinking what part of speech it was."

In her delightful paper, which can be read in full in the college magazine, Miss Beale graphically states how this condition of things passed away, how first one college and then another was opened to women, how Professor Maurice took up the cause of girls' education, and at last how Local Examinations of the University of Cambridge were opened to women—but as this paper refers primarily to Cheltenham College, I must go on at once to speak of it.

The college, which now occupies so high a position in the educational world, was first opened in 1854, in a house which was called Cambray House, and is now an overflow school. Miss Beale gives an amusing account of the opening day. One lady, who was present at the opening, writes: "I was at the opening of the ladies' college on the thirteenth of February, 1854. Nine o'clock was the time appointed for us to assemble. I remember I was standing in the large school-room and our names being called over. The eldest of us was eighteen, and the infants' department contained some very little mites. The subjects taught at present are very different from what we had; nevertheless, we worked hard, and the teaching was very thorough. Of course, there were clever girls,

and stupid girls, and idle girls; but the tone of the college was one of work."

Another writes: "The opening of the ladies' college is so very long ago, and I was only eleven. My chief recollection of the first day is that a good many pupils brought their dogs with them, and that there was a general scrimmage among these animals—eight of

them fighting in the cloak-room. Naturally, no dogs were admitted in the future."

The number of pupils when the college was first opened was eighty-eight, and by the end of the year there were one hundred and twenty. From several causes, however, a decline in the numbers soon set in, and when Miss Beale was appointed principal in 1858, affairs were in a very critical condition. The pupils had fallen to sixty-nine, and of these about fifteen had given notice to leave. In short, the next two years were ones of extreme difficulty, and Miss Beale says that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the hard struggle for existence which the college had to maintain, and of the minute economies they were called upon to practise. The principal says: "I was blamed for ordering prospectuses, at the cost of fifteen shillings, without leave from the secretary. Second-hand furniture was procured which would not have delighted people of æsthetic taste; curtains were dispensed with as far as possible, and it was questioned whether a carving knife was required for me in my furnished apartments. In short, society was opposed to the college.

"Cheltenham was a conservative place, and the very name 'college' frightened people. It was said 'Girls would be turned into boys if they attended the college.' The kind of education, too, was not approved; the curriculum was too advanced, though it would now be considered quite behind the age. It embraced only English studies, French, German, and a very little science; all was taught, it was true, in a somewhat thorough way. 'It is all very well,' said a mother, who withdrew her

daughter at the end of a quarter, 'for my daughter to read Shakespeare, but don't you think it is more important for her to be able to sit down at a piano and amuse her friends?'

"'I had my own opinion,' said Miss Beale, 'about the kind of amusement she would afford them.'"

Speaking of herself, she continues: "I had been for some years mathematical tutor at Queen's College, London, but I was advised that it would not do to introduce mathematics. Some objected to advanced arithmetic. 'My dear lady,' said a father, 'if my daughters were going to be bankers it would be very well to teach arithmetic as you do, but really there is no need.'"

"'No, I have not learnt fractions,' said a child, 'my governess told me they were not necessary for girls.'"

Miss Beale also speaks of the great difficulty of obtaining good teachers.

"Do you prepare your lessons?" she asked of a candidate for a vacant post.

"Oh, no"; was the answer, "I never profess to teach anything I do not understand."

One was sent to her with such excellent recommendations that she thought she had found a "black swan." She asked her to come down that she might judge for herself. This lady could teach literature, history, physiology, but Miss Beale, to her astonishment, discovered that she had literally read nothing but little text-books, and proposed to teach on the notes of the lessons she had had.

The college in those early days was not only poor, but on the verge of bankruptcy; this

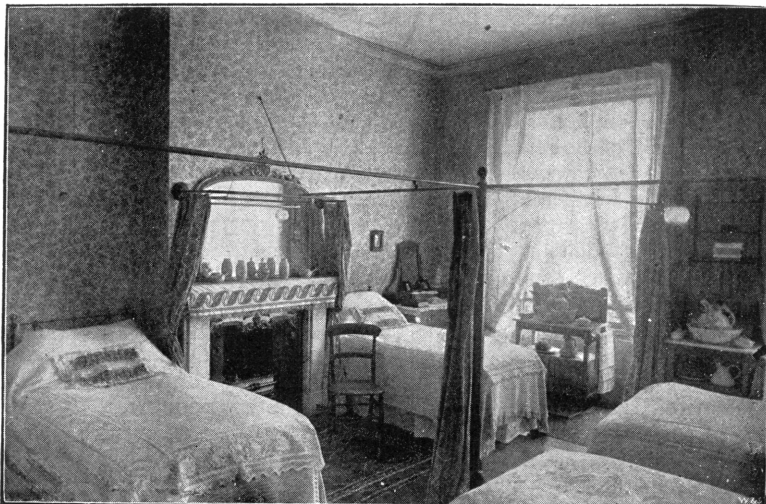
want of money made itself felt in all sorts of ways. There was no library, and a grant of five pounds did not go very far. There was, besides, no lending library in the town; a few stationers lent out books, but the supply was meagre indeed. Miss Beale relates how she went into one of the two principal shops to see if she could get the "Idylls of the King," when the book came out. She was answered: "We never have had any poetical effusions in the library, and we don't think we shall begin now."

The time of trial, however, was not to be followed by defeat. The spirit of the brave principal was not to be daunted—the numbers in the school rose again to seventy-eight. Still the balance was on the wrong side of the ledger; but just then a gentleman in the town, a Mr. Brancker, was asked to be auditor. He drew up a financial scheme on altogether new lines: this was adopted, and from that hour the college entered on a new and prosperous career. This good man undertook all the duties of a secretary gratuitously. His clear judgment, his insight into character, his courage and frankness made him a most valuable adviser, and Miss Beale feels sure that had he not taken the helm at that time, the college would not have been safely steered through the rocks.

From that hour, however, prosperity attended all efforts, prejudices began to give way, and the number of pupils increased yearly.

In giving her brief history, Miss Beale considers that Cheltenham College has gone through three epochs. In the first, she includes the twenty years of its life in the original college of Cambray. The second decade is occupied with the internal growth and consolidation of the new college. The third takes the period of external development from the foundation of the College Guild in 1883.

It was at Lady Day, 1873, that the principal and pupils took possession of the present lovely and extensive college.



From a

STUDENTS' BEDROOM AT FAUCONBERG HOUSE, DIVIDED BY CURTAINS.

[Photograph.

Miss Beale speaks thus of the change :—

"I am sure that the change from the plain bare walls of Cambay to the beautiful and stately surroundings of our new college was not without its effect upon teacher and taught. Mr. Thring, of Uppingham, used to insist, by word and deed, that if we would have learning honoured, we should build it a fitting habitation. The greater dignity of our surroundings made us feel that our teaching must not be meagre and bare, but as perfect in its form, as attractive in its expression, as exact in its details as we were able to make it, and thus the material environment reacted upon the intellectual and spiritual: the same music is different in a concert-room and in a cathedral, where arches and vaulted roof respond to the pealing organ, and spirit answers to spirit in subtone and harmonics."

Large as the college was, however, when it was opened, it has been added to immensely from time to time until it has reached its present important dimensions, and there are, as it seems to an outsider, class-rooms of the most perfect kind, for every possible course of education which can be entered upon. The richness of the architecture of these noble rooms, the beauty of the painted windows, the intelligent and wide sympathy of the spirit which has governed and planned the whole can scarcely be described; the rooms must be seen, the kindly spirit must be felt, to make it possible to understand the vastness of the influence which has been at work.

The guild of the college was formed in the July of 1883, and thus began, as Miss Beale says, the period of external development. The guild is the means of uniting old and new members in a common interest, which does not cease with school life. It maintains a mission at Bethnal Green.

The badge is a daisy—that flower loved of poets. The open daisy is the emblem of the soul; closed, it is the pearl of flowers, the emblem of purity. "It is," writes Ruskin, "infinitely dear, as the bringer of light; ruby, white, and gold, the three colours of the day, with no hue of shade in it."

The objects of the guild are many, some articles of its creed being that it is a duty all through life to continue one's own education—that the worst thing one can do with any talent is to bury it.

Junior members are expected not only to follow a definite course of study, but also to undertake some domestic form of work. Miss Beale feels very strongly that the better trained a woman is mentally, the more

thoroughly she will attend to the minutiae of daily life, and that a knowledge of mathematics, so far from militating against home comforts, will, by the training it gives in system and effort, enable her all the better to keep the household machinery in order.

It was a bright day in the end of October when I paid my first visit to Cheltenham College. I found the principal standing on a raised platform at one end of the great hall. She received me in the heartiest and most genial manner, and told me at once she had made arrangements to give up her day to me. I can truly say that she kept her word. I arrived at the college at about half-past twelve, and from then until half-past five we went from class-room to class-room, from boarding-house to boarding-house, with only brief intervals for refreshment. While she took me round, Miss Beale explained her systems and methods of work in a clear, incisive style, peculiarly her own. There was no attempt at boasting, no trace of gratified vanity in the enormous success of the wonderful place which she has practically made. Her whole soul is in her work, but she is too great and also too simple of heart to be vain.

Viewed as a whole, the college has a colossal and almost bewildering effect upon a new-comer; but the boarding-houses, fifteen in number, strike one at once as pictures of simplicity and home comfort. Two of the houses are specially devoted to girls of limited means, where the fees are exceptionally low; but here, as in the others, there is the same delightful sympathetic house-mistress, the beautifully arranged sitting-rooms, the cheerful dining-halls, and the bright, cosy bedrooms, either single, or curtained off into cubicles.

Of the many boarding-houses, St. Hilda's is probably the most perfect. It was built especially for the college, and is full of all modern beauty and contrivance. No girl is admitted to St. Hilda's under eighteen.

After going round the college and the other boarding-houses I arrived there in time for tea, and shall not soon forget the cosy effect of the charming little room into which I was ushered. Tea was ready, a fire was burning brightly, there was a sofa, some easy chairs, small tables, little bookcases, photographs, ornaments of all kinds.

"And where am I to sleep?" I asked of the girl-student who was with me.

"Why, here," was the reply: "this is your bedroom."

I looked around me in some bewilderment and momentary dismay. A charming sitting-

room was all very well, but I was tired and hot, and dirty. In a moment, however, the secret of the magical room was revealed to me. When a cover was slipped off the sofa a comfortable bed appeared. When a spring was touched in the bureau a shelf dropped suddenly down, and all necessary washing apparatus came into view. That bureau is such a clever construction that it deserves a word to itself. At one

side are the washing arrangements, at the other a writing-desk and chest of drawers; on the top is a cabinet with glass doors, meant to contain either books or ornaments.

I had supper at St. Hilda's, made the acquaintance of Miss Lumby, the delightful principal of the house, and afterwards saw the girls dance in the beautiful drawing-room. They all dressed for the evening, and it would have been difficult to see brighter, more interesting, or happier faces.

Early next morning I returned to the college, where I was present at what is perhaps the most impressive sight in this beautiful house of learning, morning prayers. The great hall, more than 100ft. long, 30ft. wide, and 41ft. high in the centre, with its deep gallery at the farther end, was completely filled with girls and teachers. The short service was all that was solemn, sweet, and invigorating. It was worth going to prayers to hear the singing alone. Afterwards the girls filed out, one by one, going immediately to their different class-rooms. Miss Beale took the second division in Scripture, and I had the privilege of listening to a most impressive and practical address. Afterwards she took me round the class-rooms again, and I saw teachers and pupils busily at work. There was no haste, no excitement, no undue pressure. All the work is done in the morning, the afternoons



From a]

ST. HILDA'S.

[Photograph.

being devoted to necessary preparation, and to games, walks, etc.

I have alluded already to the beautiful college buildings, but I must add a few words about the lovely stained-glass windows, which are very fine examples of the art, and are not easily forgotten by those who have seen them. The windows are given in commemoration of some special friends of the college, and the subjects are taken from the story of Britomart, in

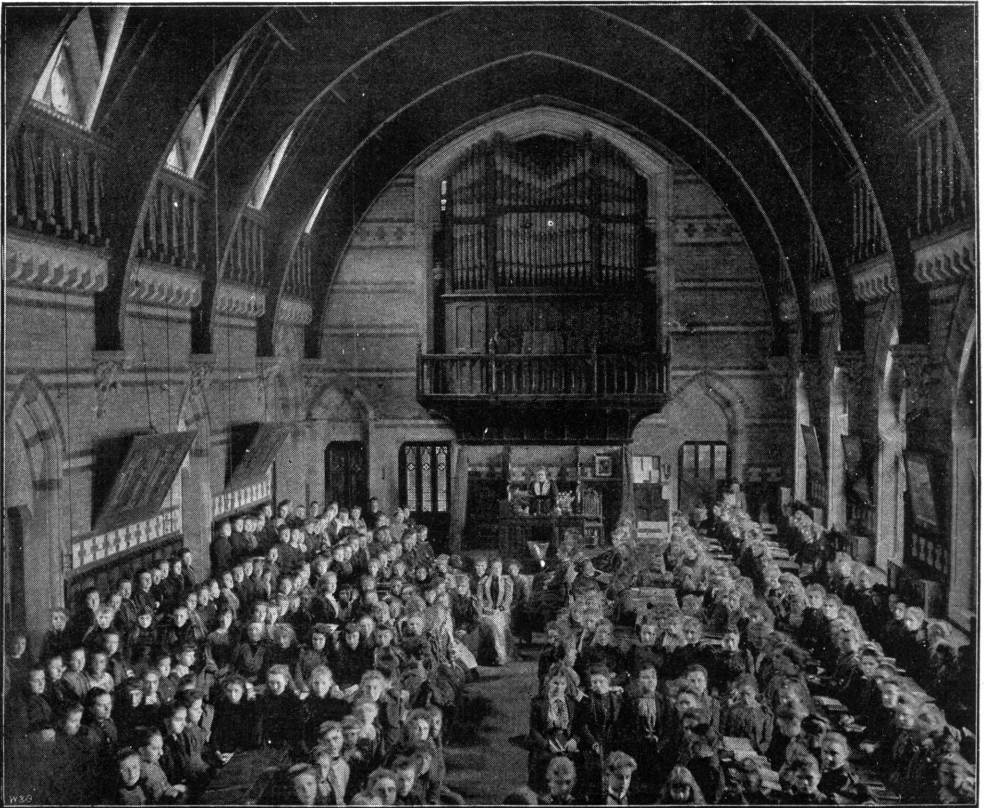
Spenser's "Faëry Queen." Britomart gives the poet's ideal of a perfect woman. A short time ago the story of Britomart was dramatized and acted by the guild.

There are six hundred regular pupils, besides many occasional ones. Such is the completeness of the organization that each pupil is cared for as an individual, and no two girls have exactly the same time-table. There are about fifty regular teachers, besides many visiting lecturers and masters. The institution may be called an aggregate of schools. There are, in fact, seven Head Mistresses, or Heads of Departments, working with considerable independence under the Principal. There is the Vice-Principal, the Head Mistress of the second and third divisions; the Head of the London B. A. and B. Sc. class, of the Cambridge Higher and the Oxford A. A. local classes; lastly, the two Heads of the Education and Kindergarten departments. The Principal also gives a considerable share of the workings to the class-teachers, thus training up competent heads for all other schools, whilst these are able to avail themselves of her larger experience. She considers the right maxim for a ruler is: "If you want a thing done, don't do it yourself," and commends especially the old woman who set everything in motion to get the pig over the stile. As

nearly all the teachers are her own pupils and they understand one another thoroughly, the whole works most harmoniously.

The Musical Department is extremely efficient. There are thirty teachers, a special

Gymnastics are not neglected. These are taught by a Swede. There are twenty-six tennis grounds, and two fives, besides a playground of about twelve acres for games which require much space.



From a Photo. by]

PRAYERS IN THE GREAT HALL—CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

[P. Parsons, Cheltenham.

wing is devoted to it, and about fifteen hundred lessons are given weekly.

The science department is very complete, containing a central lecture-room, two chemical laboratories for practical work, a weighing-room, one for physics, two for biology, besides a museum 70ft. by 26ft.

There is a beautiful studio 60ft. by 30ft.

The fees for the ordinary course of education at Cheltenham College for pupils over fifteen are eight guineas a term; under fifteen, six guineas; under ten, four guineas.

The fees for residence at the boarding-houses vary from fifty to seventy guineas per annum.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.

BORN 1851.



From a] AGE 2. [Miniature.

MURRAY EDWARD GORDON FINCH-HATTON, EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM, was educated at Eton and Balliol College,

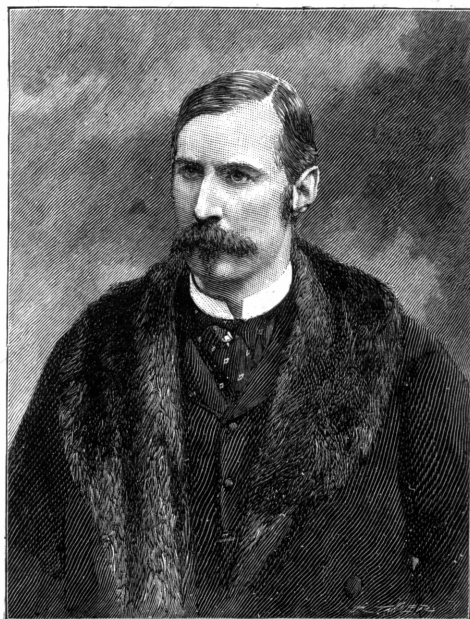


From a Photo. by] AGE 23. [Alex. Bassano.

Lincolnshire, from 1885 to '87. His lordship's name is now prominently before the public in connection with the great interest taken by him in agricultural matters.

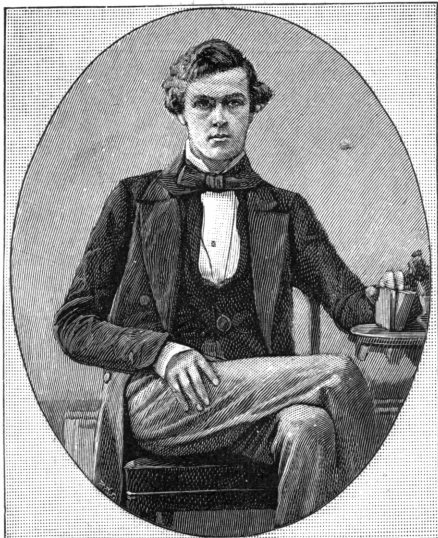


From a] AGE 12. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [J. Thomson.

Oxford, and graduated M.A. in 1876; he sat as M.P. for Lincolnshire S. (C.) in 1884, and for Holland, or the Spalding Division of Vol. ix.—38.



From a]

AGE 21.

[Photograph.

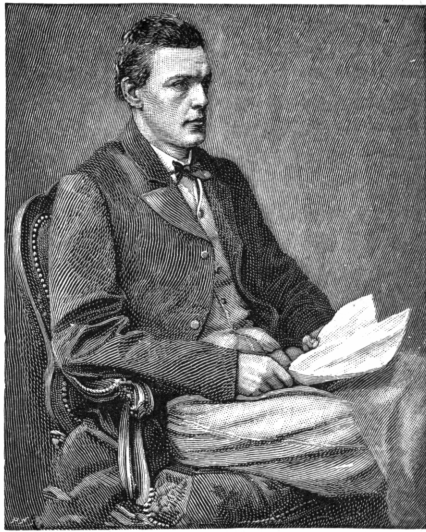
MR. BARON POLLOCK.

BORN 1823.



HE HON. SIR CHARLES
EDWARD BARON POLLOCK

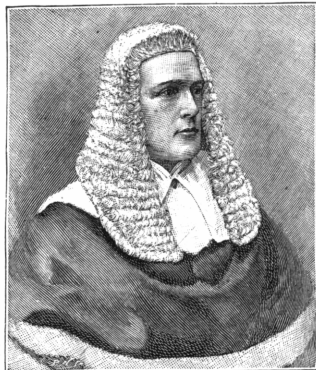
received his education at St. Paul's School. When his father was Attorney-General, in 1843-44, Mr. Pollock acted as his secretary, and later became a pupil of the late Mr. Justice Wills, and was called to the Bar in 1847, being made a Q.C. in 1866. He was appointed Baron of the Exchequer in 1873, and soon after received the honour of Knighthood.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 44.

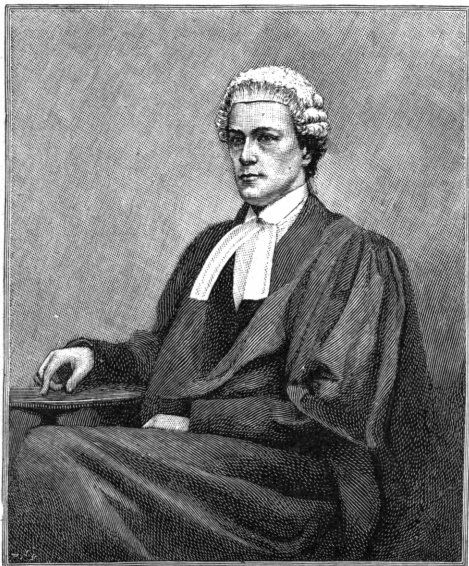
[Robinson & Cherrill.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 51.

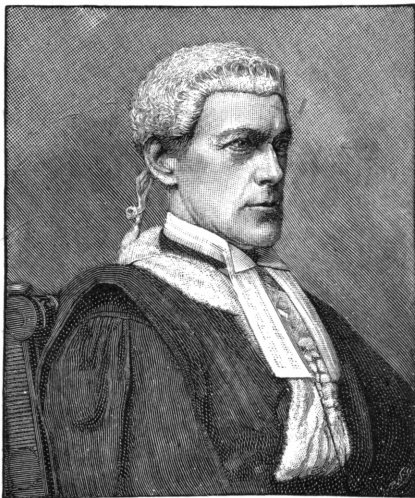
[John Watkins.



From a]

AGE 27.

[Daguerreotype.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[H. J. Whitlock.

AGE 1.
From a Drawing.



AGE 4.
From a Water-Colour Drawing.



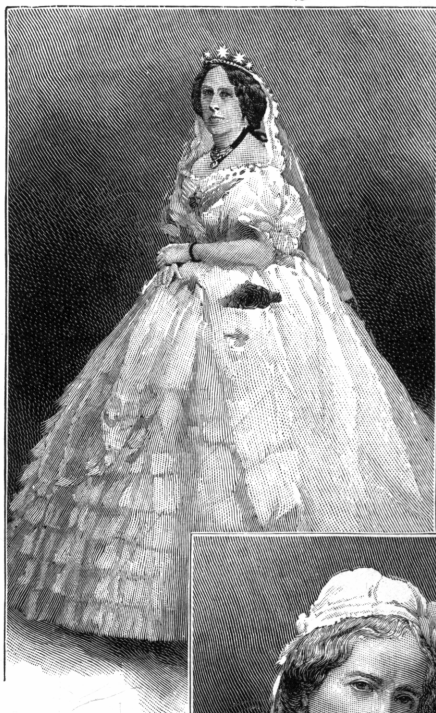
From a] AGE 18. [Water-Colour Drawing.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

MRS. CATHERINE GLADSTONE, eldest daughter of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart., was married to Mr. William Ewart Gladstone in 1839. She is not merely known as the wife of the Grand Old Man of England, but she has also won no unimportant place in contemporary history by her large-hearted and systematic benevolence.



From a Painting by] AGE 45. [F. R. Saye.



AGE 52.
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Mendelssohn.

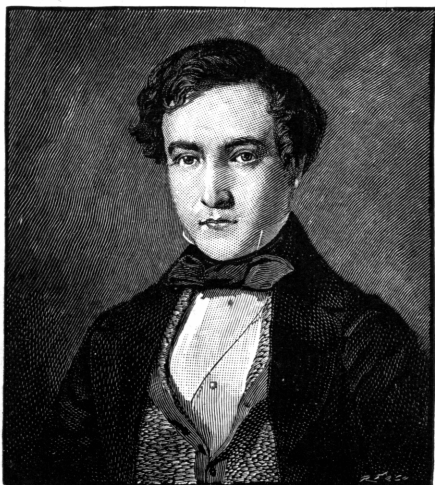
During the cholera epidemics, Mrs. Gladstone devoted much of her time to the sick and convalescent, and has since founded the Convalescent Home at Woodford, Essex, with whose good work everyone is well acquainted.



AGE 10.
From a Silhouette.

SIR MYLES FENTON.
BORN 1830.

ONE of our ablest railway managers is Sir Myles Fenton, whose long experience of railway work fully entitles him to control the destinies of the South-Eastern Railway. Sir Myles began his railway career as early as 1845, by joining the Kendal and Windermere Railway, since when he has varied his experience during his connection with various lines, such as the East Lancashire, the London



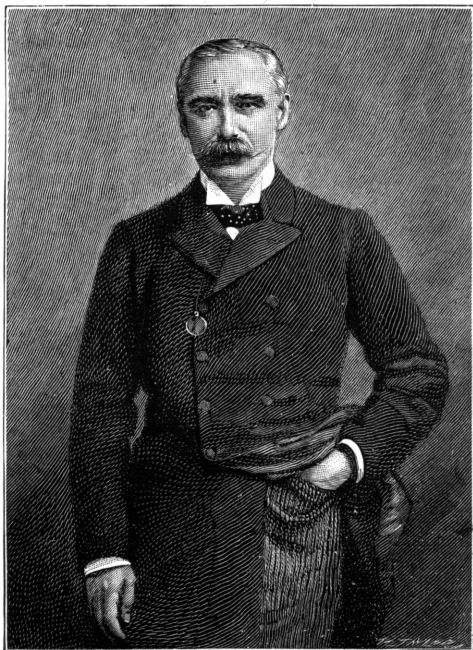
From a Painting by] AGE 22. [J. D. Watson.

position of General Manager of the South-Eastern Railway was offered to Sir Myles Fenton, who ever since has given unmistakable proofs of his being well qualified to



From a] AGE 53. [Photograph.

control "the most difficult railway to manage." Sir Myles is a Lieut.-Col. of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, and was knighted in 1889.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.

and South-Western, and also as General Manager of the Metropolitan Railway, a post filled by him for eighteen years with conspicuous success. In 1880, the important



From a Photo. by] AGE 1. [Gordon & Co., Putney.

MR. T. SULLIVAN.

BORN 1868.



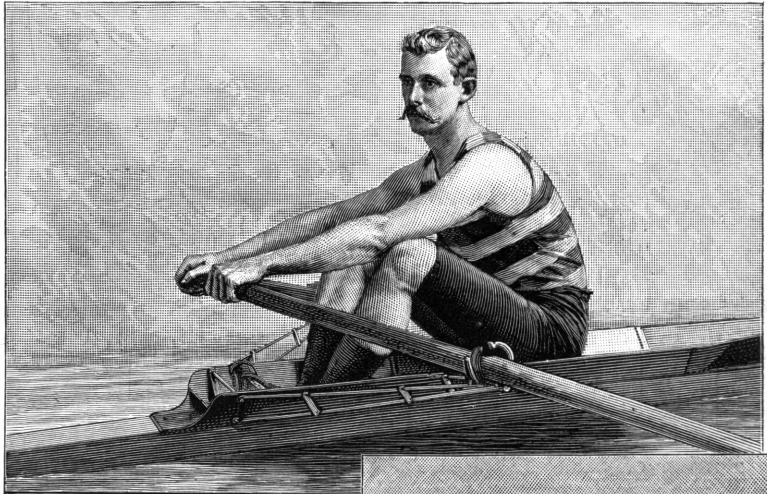
HE English championship of the sculling world was held, until quite recently, by

Tom Sullivan. He first started sculling at 13 years of age, and in 1888 and 1889 he met M'Kay, the then amateur champion of New Zealand, whom he conquered. In 1891 he met and defeated George Bubear upon the Nepean with ease, while on only two occasions since he joined the professional ranks has he suffered defeat, the first being at the hands of Stansbury, when he rowed for the championship of the world. It may be mentioned, however, that Sullivan holds the records for both the Parramatta and Nepean rivers, the only two recognised waterways of Australia. For the latter his time is 19min. 15sec. for the full championship course, and the former 18min. 41½sec. One of his greatest races was that against Bubear on the Thames for the championship of England and the *Sportsman's* challenge cup, in which he won as he wished. On the 16th of last month, Sullivan was beaten by C. R. Harding, of Chelsea, in a match on the

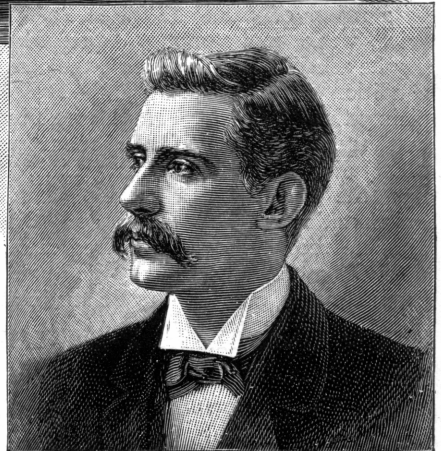


From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [Gregory, Auckland.

Tyne for £400 and the championship cup, but is reported to be so dissatisfied with the result that a second match is to take place shortly between the rivals.



AGE 24.
From a Photo. by Smythe, Putney.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gordon & Co., Putney.



BY MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK (PLEYDELL NORTH).

THEY came across one another at the — Hotel, Brighton. John Brownlow Winterden, in passing the door of No. —, had heard the sound of coughing within, varied occasionally

by a moan of pain and disease; or by a voice, weak, monotonous, depressed. One day he asked the chambermaid the name and condition of the sufferer; the voice was plainly that of a man. He learned in reply that the occupant of the room was a Mr. Julius Hatton, that his present illness was the result of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and that his ultimate recovery was considered more than doubtful. He was under the care of a hospital nurse, sent by the doctor in attendance. No relations or friends had been to see him, and no inquiries had been made.

After John Winterden had gathered these particulars, he went out to the beach, and for an hour ploughed the shingle, watching with his bodily eyes a grey horizon, merged in the greens and browns of a turbid sea, but having

before his mental vision a far different scene. The whole thing had been recalled by the name "Julius Hatton"—although Julius Hatton had played no part in the affair when it had most concerned John Winterden.

The picture he saw was that of a long dining-room, warmly lit in the sombre afternoon by the blaze of a great coal fire; at the table sat a woman, her head bowed upon her arm, which, outstretched upon the crimson cloth, showed its round proportions through the tightly-fitting sleeve of black; the warm light caught and illumined the coils of yellow hair.

The figure was very plainly gowned, but upon one of the white fingers which lay so listlessly upon the crimson cloth a great diamond shone, and that, too, caught the fire gleam, and flashed in it. The diamond had been his, John Winterden's, gift.

Not far from the hand, lying as though pushed away, was a book, newly bound, newly labelled, from Mudie's.

"Oh, Jack—how could you—how could you?"

The words fell with the pained moan of a creature wounded to death, but resentless.

"Clothilde, I give you my word."

"Your word, when not another soul knows but yourself, when the very phrases that I used in my letters to you are repeated there!" She made a gesture towards the book. "Words as sacred as my love—sacred as death—and you have coined them into money, won notoriety out of them, and thought to shield yourself behind a false name. Oh! how could you, how could you?"

In the excitement of her speech she had raised her face; it was pale, moulded with a generous and yet delicate touch. It bore no signs of tears, but it was drawn and pitiful with a grief worse to see. It was the face of a woman of perhaps twenty-six years of age.

John Winterden stood silent beneath the reproach of the eyes that a week ago had held for him the secret of all joy. Everything that he could say had been said; he had only his word to offer. The head drooped again until the face was hidden. Then he spoke:—

"Clothilde, I swear I will find the man who wrote that book. The story is yours, the words are yours: I know them. They have been stolen from me; how, I cannot tell. I have never left your letters in any unlocked place. I have never spoken of the history you intrusted to my honour, much less sold it, as you hint, or made capital out of it for my own aggrandizement or profit."

Now, looking back, John Winterden knew that he had spoken coldly and with measured words. He, too, was smarting under the sense that she could so mistrust him, and the inexplicable nature of the thing.

He had waited, half hoping that she would again look up, perhaps with some light of faith and reassurance in her eyes, some word that might hold possible comfort for them both; but neither word nor look had been given, and he had left her, sorrowfully, but still with some indignation on his side. Afterwards he had written to her, saying that unless she summoned him to her presence he would not see her again until he could bring with him his justification. The summons had not come, and she had sent him back the diamond ring.

He had not known until then how deeply he had loved her, and the knowledge had lasted until now; indignation had died out long ago, in a deep pitifulness for all she must endure in the betrayal of the sorrow and suffering of the past; the exposure of the

thoughts, the love, the hopes, and the fears that had been meant for him alone.

And this would affect her the more, because she was by nature a very reticent woman, and her reticence had been increased by pain. There was no escape for her. The book—on account of its deadly realism, its unveiling of the true tortures of a true woman, of a soul that had been dragged down the path that should have led to destruction, and yet had escaped unscathed, and in its essence unsullied—became popular; and those who knew something of the bare outlines of her story associated her with the hideous revelation, and attributed to it the separation from her lover, which almost immediately followed its appearance.

That he had already been made the sole recipient of her confidence no one knew, and no one consequently thought of crediting him with the cruel exposure. It was generally held that this might be the work of some slighted or discarded lover, in whom she had unwisely confided. No effort at concealment had been made; the story had been told in the form of letters and a duplex diary; her share in it had been reproduced almost verbatim from actual documents in the hands of John Winterden; the answers, except for an occasional phrase, in which the latter recognised comments that he had made and written upon the margins of her letters, were imaginary and consequently less effective.

The hero was felt to be, in spite of the author's assertions to the contrary, a shallow and slight creation, unworthy of the woman's passionate confidence. A fundamental divergence from the truth lay, moreover, in the fact that the friendship of the lovers was placed during the husband's life-time, and their passion (minutely analyzed in the diary portions) supposed to have culminated in the death of the heroine. Whereas John Winterden had never met Clothilde d'Alton before her widowhood.

And now two years had passed, and the authorship of the book that had wrought so much misery still remained a mystery. To all inquiries the publishers merely replied that the writer desired to remain unknown: and Winterden had no case to justify persistence in unearthing him or her—he sometimes thought the work must be that of a woman. He could point to no time when the letters had been out of his own keeping; when he had travelled they had travelled with him, always safely secured; his possessions had never, to his knowledge, been abstracted or broken into. If he produced the letters to

prove that they had been copied verbatim, he would only fit and fix more firmly the insult and notoriety upon the head he loved. Indignation against her had died long ago; love and the thought of her innocent suffering had overpowered any memory of his own wrongs; even when, at the end of a year, he had heard of her engagement to Julius Hatton, resentment had found no place in his regret.

He had gone abroad then, and only returned within the last few weeks; he had

he might have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Winterden that afternoon, provided always the latter had not repented of his kind offer of the previous day."

John Winterden had not repented, and about four o'clock went to the sick man's room. A small, emaciated figure lay upon the bed; a figure with a boyish, sensitive face, a woman's mouth, and eyes which, the restlessness of fever having passed, remained large in humid greyness and seeming pitiful prayer for the life that was slipping away.



"A SMALL, EMACIATED FIGURE LAY UPON THE BED."

never heard either of the marriage or that the engagement was cancelled; only, how came it to pass that Julius Hatton lay alone and sick to death in an hotel? Where was she? Could it be the same man, or another of the name?

That evening John Winterden sent in his card, and offered his services if his presence could be of any assistance or comfort to the sick man. The reply was brought by the nurse; she said that her patient shrank from receiving the visits of a stranger in his present state, although sincerely thanking Mr. Winterden for his kindness.

There the matter seemed to be at an end; not without, on John Winterden's part, a keen sense of disappointment. The following morning, however, he was surprised to receive a note, written, he judged, by the nurse, but dictated by the sick man. It said that "Mr. Hatton, feeling slightly better, hoped

The strong man whose physique had resisted the shocks of fate and fortune felt strangely moved; he sat down by the other's side, and the nurse, thankful for a respite from her cares, slipped away for an hour's rest and a quiet cup of afternoon tea.

That visit was the commencement of a curious friendship between these two most dissimilar men. Julius Hatton had reached a stage where life might flicker out and die at any moment, while yet the faint vitality craved interest and amusement; and these, in his present dearth of close ties, it seemed to fall naturally to the lot of the stronger man to supply.

The name of Clothilde d'Alton was never mentioned, and seeing the weak, boyish nature of this Julius, the idea that he could be identical with the man upon whom her second choice had fallen died from John Winterden's mind.

Hatton, however, had two strong personal claims : a great natural sweetness of disposition which underlay the irritability of disease clothing his deficiencies with that undefinable attraction that creates love in stronger minds ; while through a certain slight morally defective or oblique organization flashed now and again the light of a clear and far-seeing perception, which blinded John Winterden's honest practical limitations and deductions, and proclaimed the weaker soul a genius and a poet half-born.

Autumn deepened into winter, and still Julius Hatton lingered. No friends came to see him, he received few letters, and no inquiries were made, so far as Winterden could discover. Once he asked, Was there anyone whom the sick man would wish summoned or communicated with ? Hatton replied, whimsically, that, barring a brother in India, his only remaining relation was an elderly aunt, from whose attentions he preferred to be exempt. He was plainly not a rich man, though he showed no immediate want of funds.

Under the genial influence, the slight excitement of John Winterden's society, he so far rallied as to be able on bright days to leave his room and take a turn upon the Parade, leaning upon his friend's arm ; but as October days shortened into the bleaker outlook of November, he again failed rapidly.

John Winterden, watching him, knew that no care could prolong his life through the winter, and suffered so much in the thought, that he was angry with himself for having risked the possibility of this new pain.

At last, in December the time came to be numbered by hours ; Hatton was plainly dying of heart disease and consumption, engendered by pneumonia.

Winterden had been out for his lonely afternoon walk, and returning met the doctor upon the stairs of the hotel.

"I have just left Mr. Hatton," he said. "It is right you should know : another forty-eight hours, perhaps ; I cannot give him longer. The vital principle, always slight, is almost exhausted ; there was no stamina to resist disease."

It was then dark ; John Winterden went for a few moments to his own room, then straight to that of his friend. Hatton lay upon the bed, the mere semblance of a man ; wasted, thin, and small ; only the grey eyes, shadowed by dark brows and lashes, looked larger, blacker for the change. The nurse was sitting by the fire ; she rose and went out of the room, as she often did when

Winterden entered. John took his usual place beside the bed.

"Winterden, I want you to do something for me ; to-night, when we are alone."

"Anything that I can."

"This is not difficult. You see that black leather case, there, on the chest of drawers ? It contains letters, papers. I want you to burn them, to let me see them burnt."

A faint flush had risen to the thin face ; the voice held an eagerness hitherto absent from vibrations which had been languid, pettish, affectionate, or even inspired, but never expressive of desire ; the one great desire, the desire of life, had lain in the eyes, where now also had crept the fear of death.

"Be quite at rest ; I will do as you wish. I will sit with you through the night : it is my turn."

The night came ; the night of a vigil which John Winterden was not likely to forget. The nurse had made up the fire, placed medicines and nourishment within reach, and retired to rest until five in the morning, at which hour Winterden was to be relieved. For a time Julius Hatton seemed inclined to sleep, but about midnight he roused and called to his companion. Winterden went at once to his side.

"You will do it—what you promised—now ?" said Hatton, eagerly. "The keys are in the right-hand drawer."

A few minutes more and Winterden had laid the open case upon the bed, and the thin white fingers pointed out a packet of letters and a flat manuscript book.

"There," he said ; "let me see them burnt before my eyes."

Winterden closed and replaced the case, then went over to the fire with the letters and the book in his hand. He threw the former at once upon the embers ; and the red light flamed up and lit the face of the man whose life-story was perishing with them.

The book seemed too thick to consume at once, and Winterden tore out some of the pages, that he might destroy it by degrees. The flame from the burning letters fell upon the papers he held, illuminating them for a moment with a most vivid brightness ; and a name, a sentence, flashed itself across his eyes and struck into his brain with the force of an electric shock.

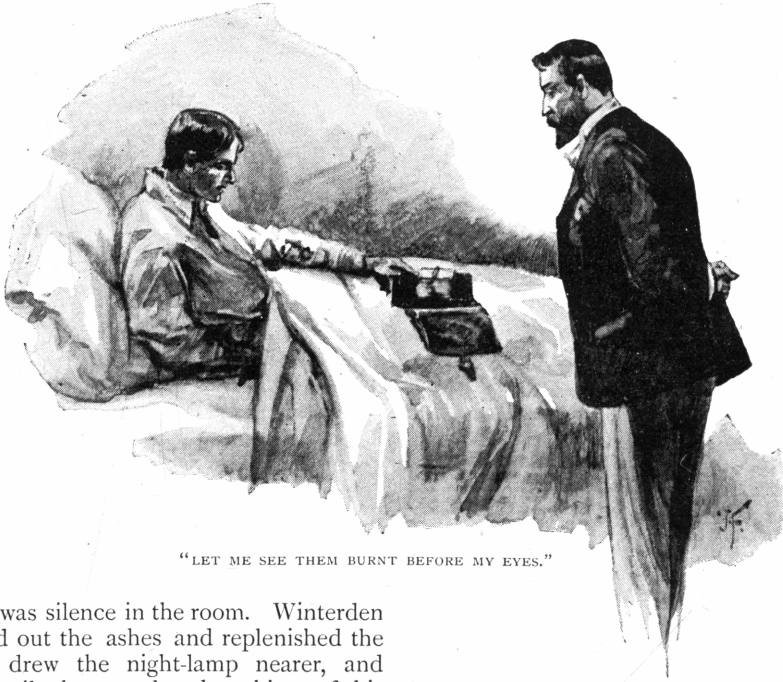
Without an instant's hesitation he crumpled the papers in his hand and tore others from the book ; these, after a rapid glance, he threw upon the flames in place of those he held. In a few minutes the grate was strewn with ashes, the flame had finally died down,

and the man upon the bed breathed a sigh of relief.

Winterden quietly crossed the room and gave him his usual sleeping draught, to-night purposely postponed.

"Now," said Hatton, gratefully, "I think I can sleep," and turned upon his side.

few necessities for the one night he was to spend at the hotel. Intending to cross by the night boat, he did not reclaim his possessions until the evening of the following day, when they were safely delivered up in accordance with the ticket which he held; but he now remembered that he had been asked



"LET ME SEE THEM BURNT BEFORE MY EYES."

There was silence in the room. Winterden had raked out the ashes and replenished the fire; he drew the night-lamp nearer, and waited until the regular breathing of his patient told that the draught had taken effect. Then he cautiously drew from his pocket the crumpled sheets and smoothed them out upon the table before him. The name and the sentence that he had seen assured him that he had a right to their perusal, yet he glanced up guiltily at the sleeping form with a sense that he was robbing a helpless and a dying man, and betraying a sacred trust.

The extracts from the diary which he had preserved were dated nearly three years before, and recorded a transaction which, in its singular simplicity and audacious fraud, filled him with amaze and just indignation, but also with some pity, and recalled an incident, so slight that it had hitherto almost escaped his memory, but which, as it now transpired, had held the germ of the disaster of his life.

The incident was as follows:—

Passing through town about three years ago on his way to Paris, he had left in the cloak-room of the Victoria Station all his luggage excepting the Gladstone, which held the

to state which of two portmanteaus, almost exactly similar in make and size, belonged to him. He had been able to identify his own by a stain upon the leather—the result of an accident; no hint at previous difficulty had been given; he was late for the train and too hurried to ask questions, had in fact never given the matter a second thought; his possessions were there, and secure; and they were at once given to the porter to be wheeled to the luggage van.

The first entry in the diary which proved of interest was headed George Street, W., 26th October, 18—, the same day as that on which he had deposited his luggage.

"4 p.m. I have arrived in Babylon, and secured a room—a roof over my head so long as funds last. God knows what is before me. Johnson and Grasse write suggesting that in place of 'Progress' I should provide them with a realistic romance, *not* immoral. There seems to be a mania for analyzing temptation.

"How am I to write of that of which I

know comparatively nothing? I am twenty-two, and have not yet experienced a grand passion! What an anomaly. At the same time, I am likely to starve and seek to assuage bodily hunger by taking a clerkship at £60 per annum, provided always that I can get it: and then I should starve—body *and* soul—starve for freedom and fresh air. What was the story of the man who committed a murder that he might be realistic over the murderer's remorse? Must I—bah!—I must go out, tramp the streets—there's tragedy there if I could fathom it—and back to the station.

"8 p.m. A curious coincidence, almost I might say a special Providence—or a favour from the Evil One—which? At any rate, a temptation, a horrible temptation.

— "I went to the station to take out the portmanteau which holds the greater part of my worldly belongings, and which I had left in the cloak-room while I tramped in search of a shelter, a cab not being allowable under the circumstances. I got it here for a shilling; mine in shape, size, general appearance and number of ticket; also, more strange, the lock yielded to my key. Within, a suit of dress clothes, not mine, and a packet of papers.

"My first feeling was one of annoyance at discomfort for the night, the possible loss of my own belongings, or the trouble of returning at once, tired out as I was, to the station to rectify the mistake. Then the papers fascinated me, my curiosity was roused; they were bulky, and written apparently in a woman's hand.

"At last I touched them, moved with my finger the corner of an envelope which lay at the top; the address on the under side. On a folded sheet beneath I read these words: 'I have told you the history of my life, laid bare before you the story of my soul as it is known to none other save God, and therein you will read the truth so far as words can tell it, for it is in the heart, not in incident, that the depth of tragedy lies.'

"After that I took the packet into my hands. The envelope was addressed to 'J. Brownlow, Esq.,' the letter was signed, 'Clothilde.' Beneath the letter were many folded sheets, closely written. It took me more than an hour to read them through; having commenced, I found it impossible to stop. They contained the revelation of a noble woman's soul, in the throes of ignoble bondage, struggling through misery, degradation, and shame, yet clinging to some self-revealed standard of purity and truth; striving to shake off the contamination of

foulness, but at times dragged down, hopeless, despairing.

"She had borne, first, the actuality and, afterwards, its memory in silence, until she met the man to whom, because she loved him, she revealed the secret of her life. She judged him large-hearted, magnanimous, pitiful—and from a few notes written in pencil on the margin of the papers, I fancied that her confidence was not misplaced. I also gathered that, although never condemnatory, he was not afraid to rectify the errors of her less disciplined nature.

"The husband's picture was drawn with a touch here and there, highly suggestive. The smooth face, the finely-cut lips that could smile so sweetly, and yet were sensually cruel; the loss of all sense of honour, covered by an air of benignity—the outline was not difficult to fill.

"The whole story presented itself with the clearness of a revelation, which it was—for revelation is truth; and this was truth.

"Then came my temptation. I knew that in the discovery lay my worldly salvation; and I had not sought it: it had come to me by what is called pure accident. Who would know, who would be the worse for my availing myself of opportunity?

"The facts must be in some way disguised. I gather from the MS. that the husband is dead: I would make him still alive; and with the impossibility of redemption apart from dishonour, I would make *her* die like a broken flower upon the rock of passion, shamed by her surroundings, but nervously shrinking from the only other possibility of escape.

"The man, as I see him, is painfully strong and upright; the woman inherently pure and cruelly sensitive.

"It will be interesting to imagine these two natures coming into contact under the influences of present danger and denied happiness, rather than under the comparative calm of retrospect. To-night I can take down the greater part of the papers in shorthand; to-morrow morning, early, I will return the portmanteau to the cloak-room; provided that I do not encounter the owner, my position is safe! If this be dishonour—it is fate, not I, that is responsible, and the morbid craving of the age."

Winterden read this analysis of himself and her with growing anger and contempt for the trickster who had wronged them both; but also with the consciousness of great possible joy. His time had come; the means of his reinstatement lay within his

hand. The identity of names between the man who had violated the sanctity of her life, and the man who had afterwards taken the place which he himself had once held in her regard, was not the least strange part of the affair.

It seemed almost impossible to credit this poor weakling, whose faintly drawn breaths broke the night stillness, with the double part, yet no other solution of the mystery presented itself. If the assumption were true, Clothilde d'Alton was at all events doubly free.

The fact that no idea should have occurred to Hatton of associating him, John Winterden, with the J. Brownlow of the letters, was accounted for by the fact that he had rarely made use of his original patronymic since his adoption of that of his mother with the falling in of a small estate some eighteen months before.

"Winterden—John—"

Hatton was awake and calling to him. He went over to the bed, and the grey eyes, wide open now and restless, watched his coming.

"You have burnt the papers—all?"

Winterden hesitated; how

was he to lie to a dying man, and yet, still more, how tell him the truth? He stood silent.

"Because," said the other, restlessly, "I have been dreaming—dreaming of—of a woman I wronged. I dreamed that she came—here—and stood where you are standing, and that her anger and contempt went with me through death, and there was no pardon in her eyes. But—I—loved her—I grew to love her first through—through some letters of hers that I read—and—and published. It is a secret, but I must tell you before I die. You will not betray me?"

The papers were in the breast-pocket of John Winterden's coat; they might have been live coals.

The sick man luckily waited for no answer.

"I know that I can trust you," he went on, with the weak, halting rapidity of tongue that belongs to numbered hours. "I have proved you—I—I met her afterwards, sought her out. I heard that the published letters had wrought trouble. I thought I might atone—but—I—I was always a coward, and I grew to love her so dearly. I wanted her for myself, and the other man was gone—what was the use?—and for a little while she listened to me, talked with me, told me how she had suffered; then we quarrelled—I was jealous—I began to see that through it all she loved that other man. Jack—Jack—it was always Jack." He spoke the last sentence pettishly, turning his head away like a spoilt child, remembering unmerited wrong.

The heart that beat beneath the letters throbbed tumultuously. For a moment Hatton lay still, exhausted; then the grey eyes opened again and travelled back to the grave face that awaited their message.

"Give me something—I am tired."

Winterden held the usual cordial to his lips, raising the frail body gently, as though the spirit within had done him no wrong.

"Well—we quarrelled—and parted—went our different

ways. Then I got ill. Money had come; although I dared not publish as the author of 'Tried in the Furnace'; still my work sold, but it was too late. I have never seen her—again—but now I want her to come before I die—I know where she is."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Write for me, just a line, will you? Say Julius Hatton is dying—say I shall live to see her if she comes at once. Only, if she had that look in her eyes—if she knew and



"YOU WILL NOT BETRAY ME?"

condemned—I could not bear it ; promise that you will not betray me. Let me die quietly, looking in her face—seeing her smile—assured that she will never know.”

“Never !” said Winterden. He thought his passion must have betrayed itself even in the single word.

“Oh, perhaps hereafter, if there be one. That is beyond you and me—but can’t you understand that I desire she should think well of me as long as possible?—remember only that I loved her. Death atones for so much.”

“Yes.”

“You will write at once? You will find

and a miniature, a delicately-tinted photograph in a frame of carved ivory.

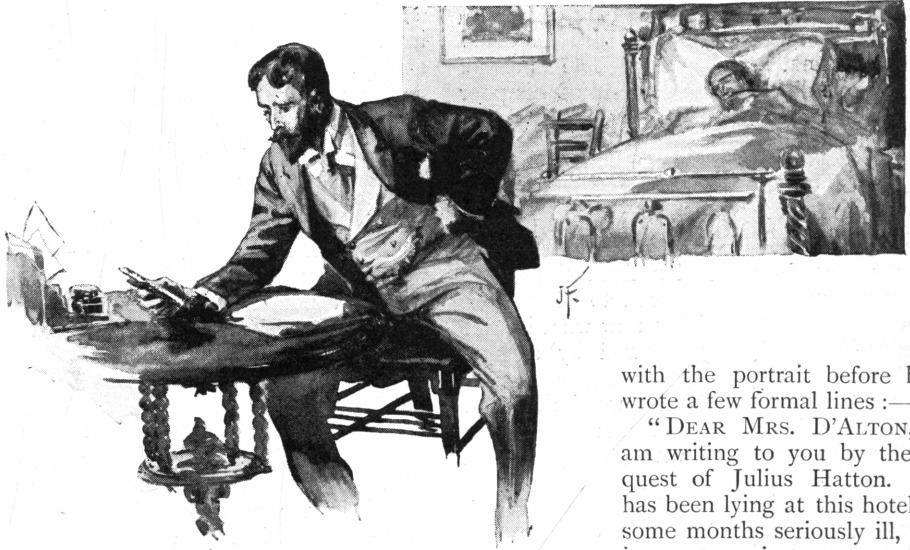
He had kept nothing ; not a line of her writing, nothing to remind him of that which he had lost. He looked so long and so intently at the well-known face that Hatton grew restless.

“You are going to write?” he said.

“Yes, I am going to write.”

The other gave a sigh of relief. “She will surely come,” he muttered. He was exhausted with the excitement of memory, the effort of speech, and now lay perfectly still.

Winterden went over to the table, and,



“HE LOOKED LONG AND INTENTLY AT THE WELL-KNOWN FACE.”

the address there in my pocket-book, with the portrait—I did not give that back.”

“Yes, I will write.”

“And my secret, you will keep my secret?”

“What have I to do with your secret? It is no affair of mine.”

The dim eyes stared at him uneasily :—

“You strong, conscientious people can be very hard—perhaps you have never been tempted ; but still, give me the pocket-book.”

Winterden complied. He did not say how well he knew the address of Clothilde d’Alton.

Presently he held in his hands a short note, a mere formal invitation to dinner, addressed from the house in Cadogan Square,

with the portrait before him, wrote a few formal lines :—

“DEAR MRS. D’ALTON,—I am writing to you by the request of Julius Hatton. He has been lying at this hotel for some months seriously ill, and is most anxious to see you. To make you more inclined to grant his request, perhaps, I

should tell you that I believe it to be that of a dying man. If you decide to come, come at once.

“Yours very sincerely,

“J. BROWNLOW WINTERDEN.”

He folded, inclosed, and addressed the letter, and then sat for awhile staring into the fire.

When his vigil was at an end, and the nurse came to relieve him at the turn of the night, the papers which contained his justification were still in his possession. He had given no definite promise to Julius Hatton, and he could not assure himself that he had no right to this means of tardy vindication which had fallen into his hands.

If it were his own welfare alone that was concerned, perhaps honour would have counselled further endurance ; but Hatton had

assured him that the love of Clothilde still belonged to John Brownlow. Was she, too, to be sacrificed? Let the issues of this crisis be worked out; for the present, he would retain the proofs of his position.

His letter to Clothilde was sent by the first post, and after the hour at which he calculated it would be delivered in town, he watched in anxious expectation for a telegram. None came; the afternoon wore into evening; the sick man grew restless and feverish, asking constantly for news.

Winterden could not keep away from the room; he felt drawn by a sort of fascination to the presence of the man who had wronged him, and who, to satisfy the cravings of his self-love, was ready to die with a lie upon his soul. Such a nature was to him a curious study, and in its presence he felt he could better estimate his own possible lines of action. Could he pierce the soul of this poor weakling in the hour of parting, or should he let him play out his pitiful part to the end, and unfold the truth to Clothilde across a dead body?

Either alternative was sufficiently painful. How would she regard an explanation vouched for by a confession stolen from the dead? Although he had long ceased to blame her, he could not help realizing now what infinite pain might have been spared by a more perfect trust.

As a third and last course, was he to allow things to drift, keep silence, and bear the odium of another man's wrong-doing, and her condemnation, until the end?

He looked out the trains, and saw that it was possible she might arrive about nine o'clock; the letter might not have reached her immediately. Then he busied himself in making preparations for her comfort. He could not think, provided she was in town, that she would risk the delay of a night. Hatton had changed rapidly during the last twenty-four hours; it was doubtful whether the morning would find him conscious.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he was told that Mrs. D'Alton had arrived, and would like to see him. He found her, already divested of her bonnet and travelling cloak, awaiting him in the room he had engaged for her. She was standing near the fire, a tall, straight figure, clad simply in a dark gown. Any awkwardness that he might have feared, or any hopes he had entertained from the meeting, were at once set aside as she came forward a few paces to greet him. She was perfectly self-possessed, and had entirely taken the position into her own hands.

"I have to thank you, Mr. Winterden, for sending for me, and for making the necessary arrangements for my comfort. I left town immediately I received your letter. I am not too late?"

"No; Mr. Hatton is still conscious, but you must be prepared; he has sunk very rapidly during the day."

"Shall I go to him at once?"

"If you wish it, but ought you not to rest, to take some refreshment?"

"I feel neither tired nor hungry. I should like to see him as soon as possible."

"If you will allow me, I will take you to his room."

He had a strong wish that they three should meet face to face; to see if any idea, any consciousness of the truth would force itself upon either of the two others concerned.

She hesitated—

"I am giving you a great deal of trouble. Is there no one else?"

"Only the nurse. If you will allow me, it is no trouble. I am constantly with him: I left him, in fact, to come to you."

She signed her assent, and he led the way with a somewhat elaborate exaggeration of the cold politeness of her manner. The irony of the situation supplied him with a cynicism which no suffering had hitherto been able to evoke. He saw her stand beside the dying bed of Julius Hatton, and take the wasted hand in hers, while a smile of boyish gladness stole over the sick man's face.

"You have come—thank you—and not, as I dreamed, in anger. Now I shall carry the memory of your sweetness through death."

She sat down beside him, and, his hand still in hers, he seemed to sleep. Winterden stole out of the room. When he returned an hour later she was still there; Hatton had hardly moved.

"It is time you went to rest," he said, with some authority. "Can you withdraw your hand without disturbing him?"

"Thank you, I will remain. He is sleeping so quietly."

"He might drift away in that sleep," he whispered.

"Then I shall be with him to the last. You do not understand. I feel I have wronged him. It is not much to make this small atonement."

"You—wronged *him*!"

"Yes, I was glad of his sympathy; his half boyish enthusiasm comforted me. Then he

gave me his love, and I, having nothing to offer in return, threw it aside."

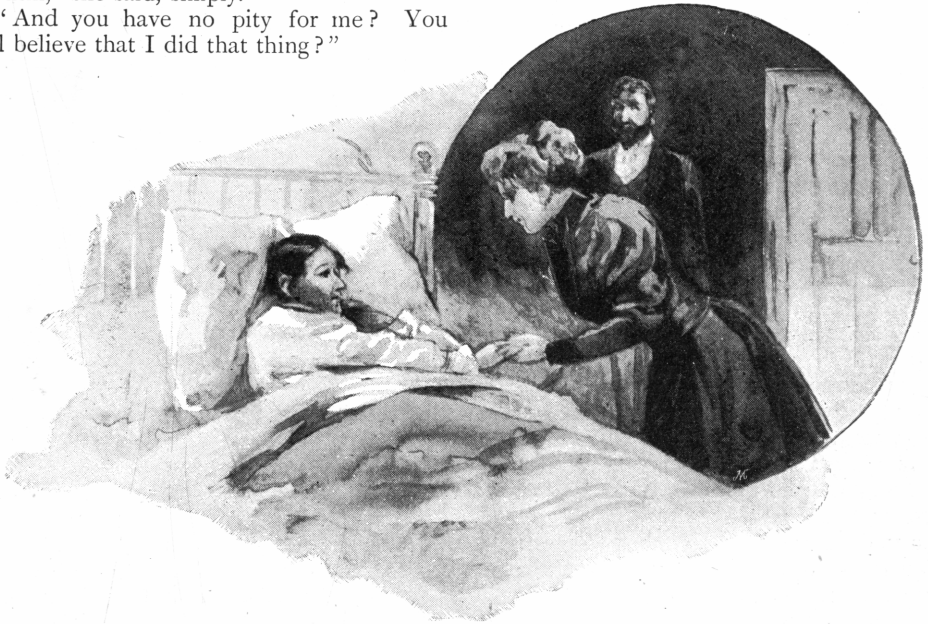
"And now?"

"And now—I love him—I am so sorry for him," she said, simply.

"And you have no pity for me? You still believe that I did that thing?"

"—you look worn out," she said, with a sudden access of womanly pity.

Hatton was watching them; he made a sign for Winterden to approach.



"HE SAW HER STAND BESIDE THE DYING BED OF JULIUS HATTON."

"You have never shown me that you did not," she said, uneasily. "I told Julius the whole story. He agreed with me that the facts seemed beyond doubt. But he saw, or fancied that he saw, that I had not forgotten you, and so, through you, I have lost him also. You have robbed me of everything."

Hatton moved, and opened wide the grey eyes in which vision seemed already growing dim. They travelled restlessly from one to the other of the two faces at his side, and he appeared anxious to speak. Clothilde leaned down towards him, but at that moment the doctor entered to pay a final visit, and the words were left unsaid.

"He may last till the morning," was the verdict given to Winterden in the corridor a quarter of an hour later. "He is conscious now, but if there are any further requests or wishes to be attended to——"

Winterden went back to the room and whispered this report to Mrs. D'Alton. The tears rose to her eyes.

"How thankful I am that I did not delay—at least, now, I can remain with him to the end." Then she caught sight of Winterden's face. It looked almost more drawn and haggard than that upon the bed. "But you

"Good-night, John."

Winterden hesitated a moment; then laid his hand upon the feeble one that was carrying his life in its grasp. The eyes of the two men met, in quick revelation, almost mutual prayer—and Winterden gathered that Hatton knew him and still trusted to his forbearance. So he read that last look.

He turned away in silence and went to his own room. There he put the leaves of the diary upon the fire, and pressed them down among the embers, till nothing of the paper remained but a few black ashes; then he lay down upon his bed; and, after a time, fell asleep, for he was physically, as well as mentally, wearied.

About six o'clock the nurse came to his door with a message. Hatton was dead: he had passed away in sleep quite tranquilly.

A few hours later, Winterden sent a note to Clothilde to inquire if he could be of any further service. The answer was that she intended returning to town by the twelve o'clock train, but would he speak with her first? He went at once. She met him, he thought, with a little more kindness; and this he attributed to the presence of death.

Her face showed signs of tears. They spoke quietly about the needful arrangements, and she expressed a wish to put a small stone cross upon the grave. Winterden promised to give the order.

"When you return to town, will you come and see me and tell me about it?" she said.

"I am thinking of going abroad again, but I will write."

"As you will; but I wish to say that I regret having spoken so harshly last night. The irrevocableness of death makes one feel that one should be more gentle in one's judgments. Could we not be friends?"

"That is impossible. You require proofs, and I have none to give. Doubt is incompatible with friendship."

"Yet promise me that you will not leave England without communicating with me."

"I will attend to your wishes about the grave, and write to you."

Clothilde turned away.

All these months she had been learning that doubt, if incompatible with friendship, is not always incompatible with love. An hour later she had left for town; but Winterden remained to see that the last rites were decently rendered to Julius Hatton, and to arrange for the carrying-out of Clothilde's wish with regard to his grave. He told himself that he did this merely because he would have been ashamed of the heartlessness and cruelty implied by a different course.

He found that there was money in hand sufficient for the needful expenses; the balance, a very small sum, went, together

with the personal effects of the dead man, to his heir-at-law, the brother in India of whom he had spoken as his sole near relation.

So soon as he was free, John Winterden started for Algiers; he spent nearly fifteen months in wandering, but the spring of the second year after Hatton's death found him again in London.

The question of the memorial cross once settled, there had been no further intercourse between himself and Clothilde d'Alton; but he heard of her occasionally, knew that she

was still unmarried, and longed intensely to see her again. Still, he told himself that unless her heart prompted his full and unquestioned acquittal, they must meet as comparative strangers.

He had been in town about a fortnight, when he was startled to see in the papers the announcement of a new work by the author of "Tried in the Furnace." To whom could this posthumous production of Julius Hatton's writings be due? Possibly he had left MSS. in the hands of his publishers at the time of his death, which were only now given to the

world. In that case, unless the embargo of secrecy were removed, this stirring of the memory of a half-forgotten scandal was hardly likely to benefit his, John Winterden's, position.

He bought a copy of the book, and found it inferior in matter and style; it struck him as juvenile work resuscitated, and likely rather to damage the memory of the author than otherwise. The reviews were not yet out.



"HE PUT THE LEAVES OF THE DIARY UPON THE FIRE."

Within the week he met Mrs. D'Alton at dinner, their first encounter since his return. He scarcely saw her, however, until they were seated at the table. The party was a large one, and he arrived rather late. Then, however, he found that she occupied the place almost opposite his own, and that she had been assigned to the care of a man whose face seemed strangely familiar, although he could not at the moment recall the place or manner of their meeting. The stranger had the look of a soldier, recently returned from foreign service. Mrs. D'Alton seemed deeply interested in his conversation, and scarcely aware of Winterden's presence, who covertly watching the pair became gradually conscious that the haunting familiarity of the man's face was due to a certain likeness of feature and expression to Julius Hatton, oddly disguised by a long moustache.

During the second course one of those inexplicable pauses occurred which leave to one unfortunate speaker the attention of the whole table.

" by the author of 'Tried in the Furnace': who can it be?"

These were the words that fell upon the silence. Evidently the matter under discussion had been the authorship of Julius Hatton's last book. One or two persons at the table knew the subject to be an awkward one in the presence of Mrs. D'Alton, and would have rushed in to cover the mishap, but her neighbour leaned forward and spoke clearly.

"Don't you know?" he said. "Why, my brother, Julius Hatton, wrote that book; it's hard he shouldn't have some of the fame now he's dead, poor fellow. He was too modest, I suppose, in his life."

People at the other end of the table tried to talk hurriedly, the hostess turned to her neighbour with a remark upon a new play, but in the immediate group round the speaker there was still silence.

"I was in India, you know," went on Colonel Hatton, turning innocently to Mrs. D'Alton; "in fact, I should not have returned now but for being invalided, and I only discovered the poor lad's secret by some shorthand notes, verbatim of the most telling parts of the book, which I found in an old box of MSS. Then I had an interview with the publishers, who confirmed my suspicions. There is no doubt, but I wonder he did not tell *you*," he added, in a lower tone.

The buzz of general conversation had recommenced before the sentence was concluded. Winterden could scarcely catch the

last words, but Clothilde's face had grown white as the damask upon which her eyes were fixed as though she would never again dare to raise them. Fearful of adding to her embarrassment, he hardly dared again to glance in her direction during dinner, and when, later, he entered the drawing-room, she was on the point of leaving. She held out her hand to him as she passed:—

"Will you come to see me to-morrow? I shall be at home till luncheon." Her eyes were almost imploring.

"Most certainly I will."

The hours that intervened before he could carry out his promise dragged slowly for John Winterden; being spent chiefly in utterly futile speculation.

How would Clothilde receive him—what was her object in asking him to come? Would she hold him finally acquitted without further explanation, or did she want merely to question him? Surely, she could hardly suspect him of deeper complicity in this miserable affair.

He arrived at the house in Cadogan Square about noon, and on being announced found her standing near the middle of the room, evidently expectant. He guessed that she had been pacing the length of it, as was her habit when excited or restless; her impetuosity was not yet cured.

It was not, however, until they were both seated that she found words for the question uppermost in her mind.

"You heard what Colonel Hatton said last night?"

"I did."

"Was it news to you?"

"No. I had been aware of it for some time."

"Since when? Do you mind telling me?"

"Since the night on which I wrote for you to come to Brighton."

"Well, I have something to tell you. Julius Hatton asked me, that last night, if you, John Winterden, were the Jack Brownlow I used to speak of. He overheard us talking."

"Yes, and what then?"

"He became terribly agitated, evidently he had no idea of your identity. Later on, he seemed anxious to tell me something, but he could not make me understand. It was such a little while before the end. I think now that he wanted to repair the wrong he had done you, for I gather that you and he had never met, never had any intercourse, until you met at Brighton."

"Never. I had never heard of Julius

Hatton until I heard of him as engaged to you."

"How, then"—their eyes met—"how, then, did he read my letters?" she said, below her breath.

"Are you sure that he did read them?"

"Would you have me believe that the whole thing was a coincidence?"

"I cannot say what I would have you believe, except that I had nothing to do with it."

"But you know the truth?"

He shifted his position uneasily.

"You have known it ever since that night?"

Still he did not answer.

She looked at him for a moment, steadily, wonderingly; then she crossed the room and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Jack!"

He looked up at her.

"Of what use is it?" he said; "he is dead."

"How can I ever forgive myself?"

"Don't try, dear; let us forget all about it. Will you have your ring back? I have brought it in the hope——"

She let him take in his the hand that had rested upon his arm.



How Explosives are Made.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



IN writing to a Government Department for assistance in literary matters, there is a delightful uncertainty. You may be refused—let down gently, it is true—but still refused. The refusal, on the other hand, may be chilling, or even severely aggressive. If the reply is none of these, it surely contains official assent—formal, gracious, comprehensive. Such was the letter sent by Dr. W. Anderson, Her Majesty's Director-General of Ordnance Factories, in answer to our application for official permission to visit the famous Royal Gunpowder Factory, whose main gate is almost under the shadow of the ugly Norman tower of Waltham Abbey.

Here, indeed, is the most extraordinary factory in the world. Factory is quite a misnomer applied to this lovely and picturesque domain. The establishment consists of about four hundred acres of wooded land, intersected by four miles of crystal streams, which would fill the angler's heart with delight.

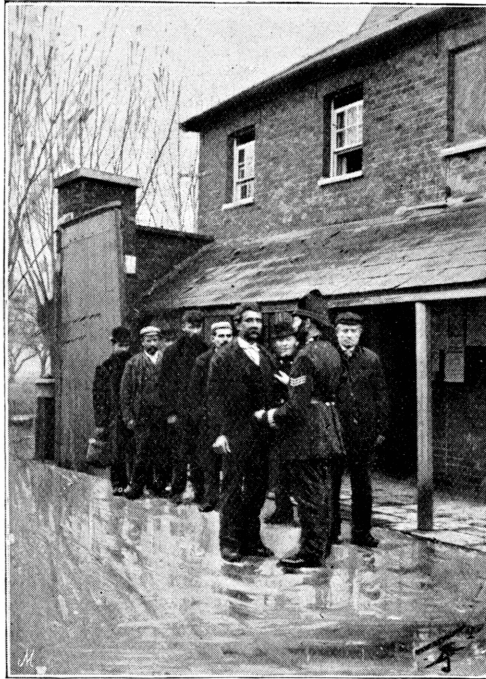
As a matter of fact, the place was bought by the Government, in 1787, from John Walton, a direct descendant of the immortal Izaak; and the name of the former may yet be seen inscribed on a sundial in the quadrangle near the office of the superintendent, Colonel Ormsby. This sundial, by the way, is robbed of much of its quaint and picturesque nature by eight big shells, which are symmetrically arranged about the base, and which, we need hardly say, are not described in any work on conchology.

It goes without saying that Waltham has its stirring and exciting moments. Quite apart from the fact that the vast powder factory is, to put it mildly, a continual menace to the local public peace, there are a surprising number of streams about the place, which overflow in winter, and occasionally compel the inhabitants to go a-punting down High Bridge Street.

Nevertheless, Waltham is a pretty town; and, as one turns off from the main street into the lane leading to the principal entrance of the factory, one cannot help admiring the pastoral scenes of woodland and meadow, which render it difficult to believe that the

most dangerous industry in the world is carried on within a few hundred yards. Passing in at the gate we beheld an avenue of stately poplars, at the end of which the Union Jack floated proudly from a flag-staff. This gave rise to a train of thought from which we were rudely aroused by a sharp challenge from the inspector of police. We were then requested to enter the police quarters, where we were plied with questions as to our business, and whether we possessed any matches, pipes, or steel implements. Then we turned out our pockets, just as Lord Sandhurst had to do when he

visited the factory for the purpose of opening the hospital. In fact, all comers, from the Prince of Wales down to the humblest factory lad, are interrogated by the police at the gate with a strict regard for duty that reminded us of certain anecdotes in our school-books. Our illustration (No. 1) shows one of the sergeants of police searching the men at the main gate.

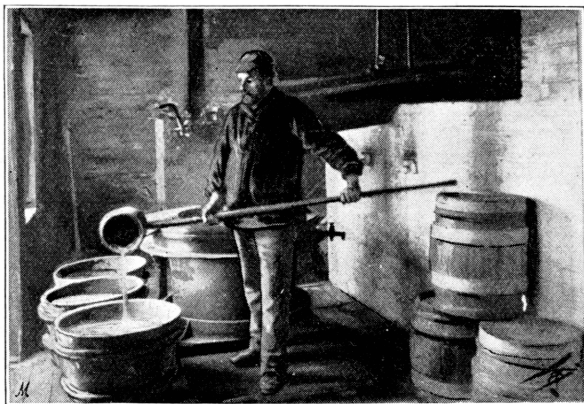


NO. 1.—“ANY MATCHES?”

The gallant colonel assured us that the way was long, and therefore it would be better for us to set off on our personally conducted tour at once. He was right. The buildings seemed to be scattered far and wide, as though it were the primary intention of the authorities to occupy every available square foot of land. We walked miles; we plunged into thickets, crossed innumerable streams, and occasionally glided from one building to another in a swift electric launch, the panting of whose screw scared the birds and rabbits that abound in this extraordinary place.

But we must commence *ab initio*. The first place we visited—and we were calm and appreciative then, not knowing the extent of the appalling task that lay before us—was the saltpetre refinery shown in No. 2. To the right in the photograph is Mr. Knowler, the “father of the factory,” as he is called from the fact of his forty-three years’ service. The saltpetre comes from Scinde in bags of 100lb., and in this state it contains about 5 per cent. of impurities. It is dissolved in large quantities in water heated to 230 degrees, and, after careful skimming, the solution is pumped into the coolers shown in No. 2. The saltpetre crystallizes in these coolers, and is then raked from the bottom in the form of wet snow, which is piled up, and subsequently undergoes a wash-

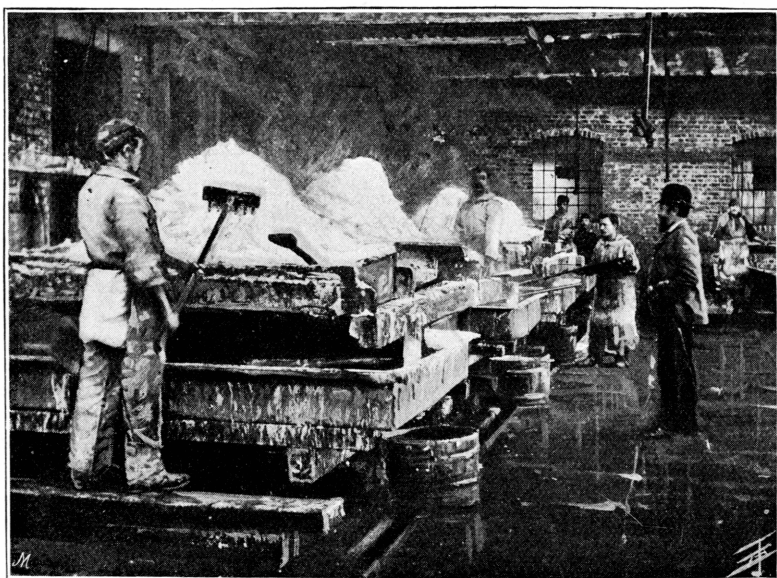
ing process by means of a continuous stream of water. There are four refining coppers and seven evaporating pots in the refining-room. The saltpetre is ultimately sent to the mixing-house in barrels, with a certificate showing that it contains between 3 and 6 per cent. of water. The saltpetre refuse is bought by farmers for from 8s. to 12s. per ton. We next called at the sulphur refinery (Illus. No. 3), but found it almost impossible to breathe within its evil-smelling precincts.



NO. 3.—THE SULPHUR REFINERY.

As regards the worthy man we found there, he was as unconcerned as though he were inhaling the ozone on Brighton Pier; more, he proceeded to give us, out of the fulness of his twenty-six years’ experience, a few details concerning his own department in quite a

graphic manner. Six hundredweight and a half of Sicilian sulphur is shot into the retort, seen to the right in the picture, and after it has remained there about three hours it passes in vapour from the retort, through cold-water jacketed pipes, into the receiving-pot, where it arrives in a treacly mass. Our friend is seen ladling this viscous matter into the casting tubs, in which it is left for about eighteen hours. Next morn-



NO. 2.—THE SALTPETRE REFINERY.

ing these tubs are emptied, and out of each comes two hundredweight of purified sulphur, which resembles a monstrous custard. This also goes to the mixing-room, after having been ground in the sulphur mill.

There remains one other constituent of powder to be investigated — namely, charcoal. Why, we asked, are there such extensive groves and forests of willow, dogwood, and alder within the boundaries of this strangest of factories? One reason is that the wood is converted into charcoal; and another, that a dense growth of trees serves to locate the effects of a possible explosion.

No. 4 is a view of the wood stacks, many of which are from three to ten years old.

Now let us see what these workmen are going to do with the seasoned branches they are loading on to the trolley.

No. 5 is a view of the charcoal-room. The wood is placed in the cylindrical

drums, and the latter are then run into furnaces shaped to receive them, by means of travelling cranes. After from three to eight hours of very great heat, during which time the very gases from the burning wood

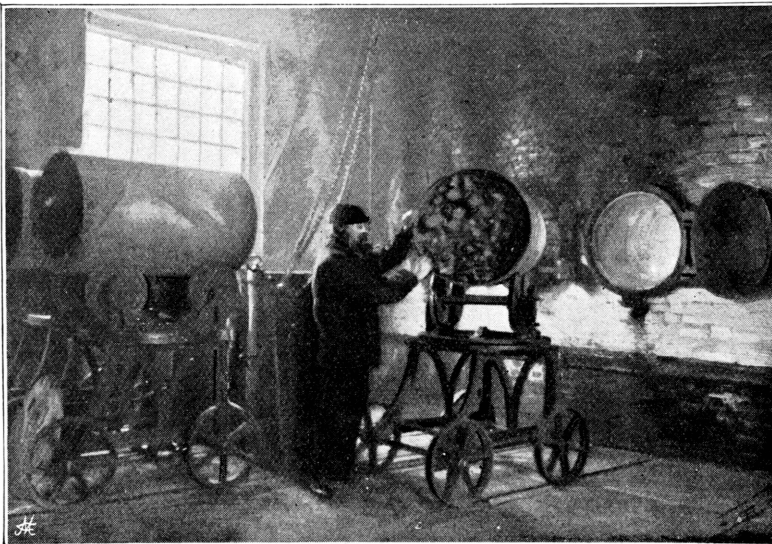


NO. 4.—THE WOOD STACKS.

are utilized as fuel in the furnace below, the drums are withdrawn and their contents shot into air-tight iron vessels to cool for four hours. The charcoal is subsequently removed to smaller coolers, where it remains another twelve hours, after which it is taken by boat to the store. Here it remains for a day or

two before being picked over by hand, in order to see that there are no nails or pieces of iron in it. The responsibility of this last-mentioned work may be judged when we state that, if the smallest particle of gritty matter of any sort is inadvertently passed over, it infallible means an awful explosion and certain loss of life.

The sulphur is ground so as to pass through a sieve having 36



NO. 5.—MAKING CHARCOAL.

openings to the square inch; the charcoal is passed through a mesh 32 to the inch. Now we are ready for the mixing-room. Of this strange place it was impossible to obtain a photograph, owing to the darkness that prevailed. Grimy men flitted through an almost tangible gloom; and in one corner an expert was weighing up the saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal in parts of

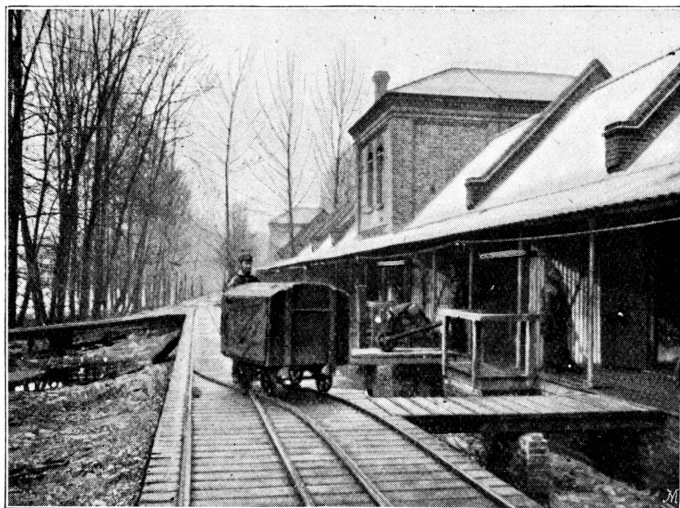
which revolve two enormous wheels, each weighing four tons.

Into this bed is shot the contents of the half-charge sack brought from the mixing-house. A wooden "plough" is then fixed from the centre, so as to keep the powder continually under the rollers, and then all is ready for starting the machinery. Even in this stage the mixture is highly inflammable,

and therein lies the *raison d'être* of the "flash-board," which is seen over the bed.

In the event of an explosion, either through the wheels meeting with gritty particles in the mixture, or from other causes, this board would be violently thrown upwards on hinges, and in its descent backwards would automatically overturn tanks of water, not merely on to its own bed, but also on the beds of its working neighbours, who might otherwise be tempted to join in the riot.

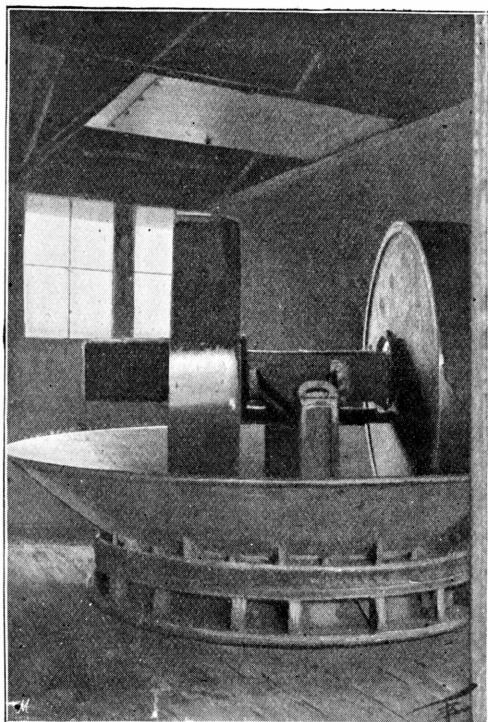
Indeed, the risk is so great, that in order to



NO. 6.—INCORPORATING MILLS: EXTERIOR VIEW.

75, 10, and 15 respectively. For powder for big guns, however, the proportions are 79, 3, and 18. These constituents were shot into a revolving drum fitted with blades inside. The mixture is afterwards packed in half-charge sacks of 60lb. and sent to the incorporating mill—the first of the "danger buildings."

In No. 6 is shown a set of incorporating mills, which are built in groups of six, and are worked by independent machinery. Except for the division walls, these mills are constructed of the flimsiest material possible, the roof being of wood, and the fronts of canvas, buttoned on to a slight iron framework; this is in order that no resistance may be offered to a possible explosion. It will be noticed that the arms of the danger signals are raised, in order to show that the mills are working; when these signals are up, no barrow or truck-load of powder, in any stage whatsoever, is allowed to pass by the mills. Yet the interior of any one of the incorporating mills is not calculated to strike awe or terror into the heart of the visitor. As will be seen from No. 7, there is nothing in the place but a big, circular iron bed, round



NO. 7.—INCORPORATING MILL: INTERIOR.

start the incorporating mill, the operator prudently draws down the flaps of his cloth helmet, puts on his gauntlets, and retires outside, as is shown in No. 8. The man is



NO. 8.—STARTING THE INCORPORATING MILL.

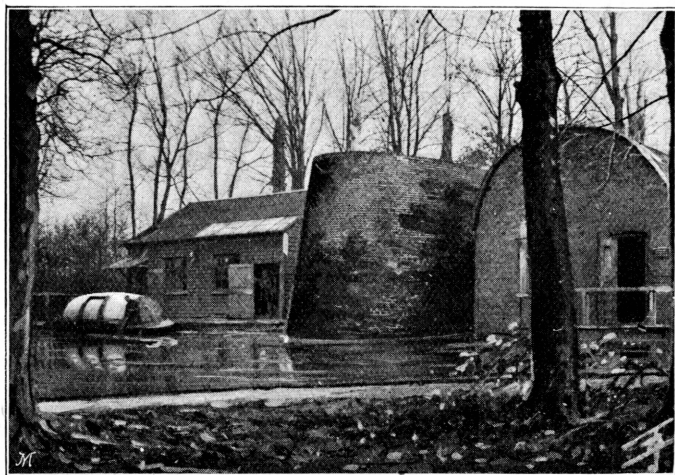
clothed in a suit of “lasting”—that curious leathery material affected by the London apprentices in the days of Queen Elizabeth. There are no pockets in this suit, and the buttons are of bone; no powder adheres to this material. The men are even forbidden to cultivate long beards, lest perhaps these hirsute appendages should contain particles of grit, harmless enough in themselves, but more deadly than cholera bacilli when introduced into a powder mill.

After being three and a half hours beneath the incorporating rollers, the mixture becomes “mill-cake,” and is removed in covered trucks to the breaking-down house. This building, in common with most of the other danger buildings, is lighted at night by electric lamps, immersed in water, and placed outside the windows. In the breaking-

down house the mill-cake is placed in a hopper, drawn up on an endless band, and crushed into meal powder by two pairs of gun-metal rollers. Only twelve charges of 120lb. each are allowed in this house at one time.

The next department is the press-house, an exterior view of which is shown in No. 9. The machine-house is on the left, and the men’s retiring-room on the right. Between these two buildings is placed the “traverse,” a mighty mass of masonry, concrete, and earth, which is intended to protect the workmen; these latter are compelled to remain in the lobbies while the machinery is in motion. In the press-house one of the most dangerous operations takes place. Copper plates are fixed in a rack in a huge iron box, and about 750lb. of meal powder is strewn between them. A hydraulic ram of from 63 to 500 tons pressure is then brought to bear upon the plates for half an hour, during which time the men are congregated in the shoe-room on the other side of the traverse. It is no exaggeration to say that there is an awful uncertainty about this operation.

A bell rings when the pressure gauge reaches a certain point, and the men then return to the machine-room and remove the “press-cake,” as it is now called, from the plates. The regulations caution the men against “undue haste” in removing the cake, and the authorities have thoughtfully provided



NO. 9.—THE PRESS-HOUSE, SHOWING “TRAVERSE.”

deep wells outside each danger building, into which men who have been badly burnt may plunge. No more than 900lb. of powder may be kept in the press-house at one

time. No. 9 also shows a covered powder boat on the left. There are thirty-six of these boats altogether, and no one is allowed to go over a bridge while one of them is passing beneath, lest any dirt or grit should fall upon the immaculate deck.

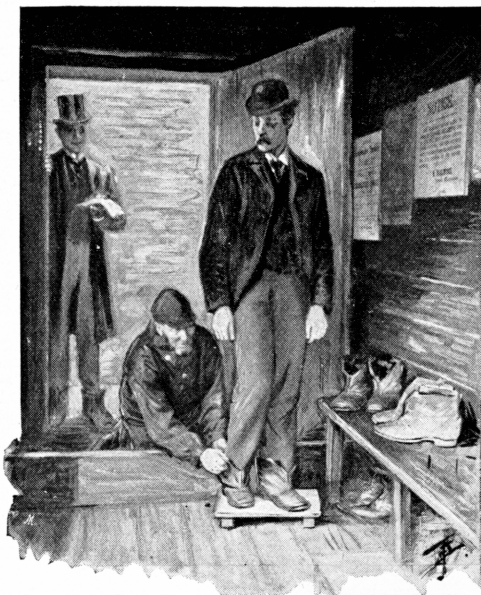
The press-house is the parting of the ways, so to speak, of the various kinds of powder, which are made from press-cake treated in different ways. For pebble powder the press-cake—which, by the way, resembles thick black slate—is cut into strips, and these strips are further cut into “ $\frac{5}{8}$ cubes.” The rest of the cake is reduced to coarse powder by three pairs of graduated rollers.

All sorts of fearsome notices and cautions abound in the retiring-room of the press-house, which is depicted in No. 10. A rigorous line of demarcation is formed by an upright board, before passing which every visitor, from the Government inspector downwards, is compelled to put on a pair of enormous boots over his own. In No. 10 the chief foreman is seen undergoing this operation. This precaution is taken in order that no gritty particles may be introduced on to the soft leather floor of the danger buildings. Having put on these boots, you shuffle shamefacedly round the traverse to the machine-room. We say shamefacedly advisedly, for we defy any man to walk a dozen yards in these safety-boots and yet maintain a semblance of dignity.

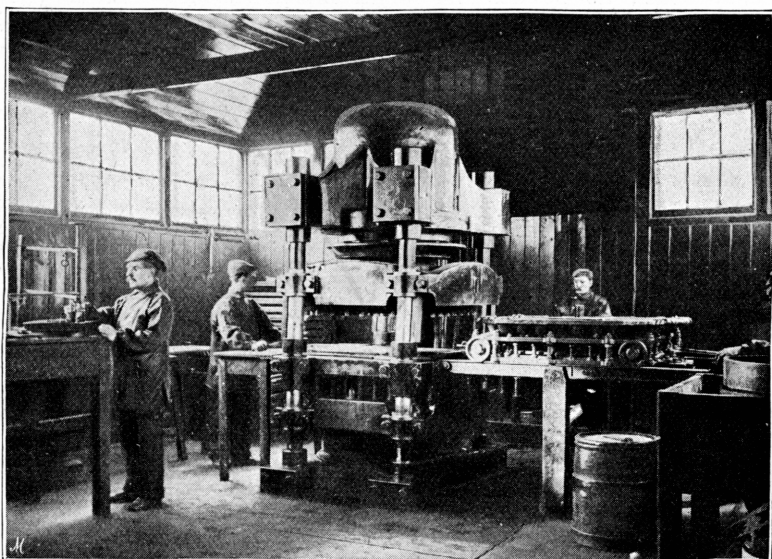
The glazed and granulated powder (the dust from which has been removed by another process and sent back to the incorporating mills) is now ready for moulding into prisms for the built-up charges used in

big guns. The interior of the moulding-room is shown in No. 11. Coarse-grained powder is fed into the compartments of the wheeled tray to the right, and it is then pushed under the hydraulic press, which has corresponding plungers. The hexagonal prisms emerge in batches of sixty-four, or 13,000 per day. To the left in our photograph (No. 11) a skilled workman is seen weighing a specimen from each batch in air and mercury. And “if the scale do turn (literally) but in the estimation of a hair,” the whole batch is rejected.

In the drying-rooms, ordinary grain powder is left for from one to three hours; pebble powder, however, takes from twenty-four to forty hours to dry, and S.B.C. (“slow burning cocoa”), for 110-ton guns, about sixty hours.



NO. 10.—ENTERING A DANGER BUILDING.



NO. 11.—THE MOULDING-ROOM.



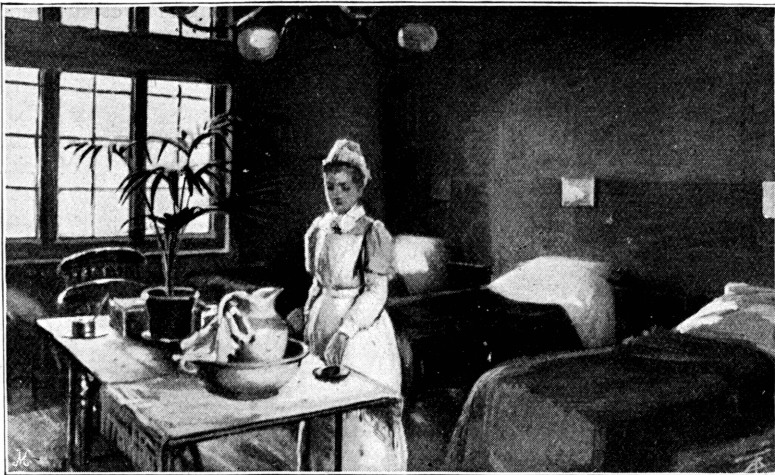
NO. 12.—A POWDER BARGE.

The last-mentioned powder is proved in 11in. guns with a charge of 360lb., and gives a muzzle velocity of from 2,010ft. to 2,050ft. per second. Finished powder of all

of each kind are blended so as to give uniformity, and the powder is then conveyed to Purfleet and Woolwich in special barges, which fly a red flag and can be sunk in five minutes. One of these craft, together with a typical view of the Waltham Abbey establishment, is shown in No. 12.

Altogether there are about 900 men employed in the factory, and the annual wages bill comes nigh unto £70,000. One thousand four hundred tons of saltpetre are stocked; 100 tons of sulphur; and enough wood to make 40,000 barrels of powder. The annual consumption of coal ranges from 8,000 to 10,000 tons. Very significant is the photograph we reproduce (No. 13). It shows the interior of the little hospital opened by Lord Sandhurst quite recently. The hospital stands close to one of the myriad streams that intersect the vast grounds of the factory, and is intended solely for the benefit of injured workmen. By the way, it seems strange that, in spite of innumerable precautions and all that science can do, frightful explosions should take place—explosions as disastrous as they are inexplicable. Truly, these grave, quiet men, who are turning out by day and by night material for the defence of our country, "know not the day nor the hour."

Let us now turn to the manufacture of cordite, that new and terrible explosive which eminent experts tell us will increase a hundredfold the carnage on the battle-field of



NO. 13.—INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

sorts is sent to the splendidly-fitted laboratory to undergo various tests; it is then proved in the guns at the butts attached to the establishment. Finally, large quantities

the next European war in which we are engaged. The following facts attest the tremendous power of this explosive: The charge of ordinary black powder for the

service rifle is 70 grains, and this gives a muzzle velocity of 1,850 ft. per second. A cordite charge of 30 grains gives a velocity of 2,000 ft. Again, the powder charge for the 12-pounder gun is 4 lb., while the cordite charge for the same weapon is 15¾ oz.; and the latter gives far better results.

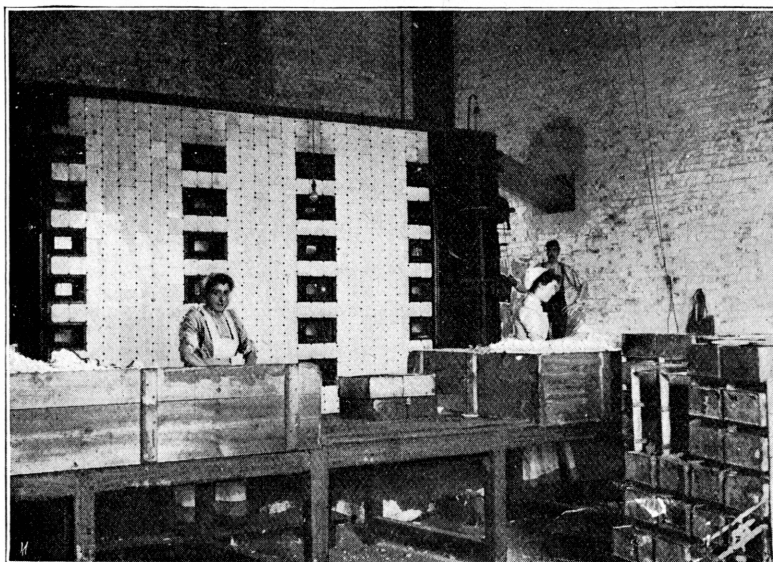
As cordite is primarily founded on gun-cotton, we first visited the picking-room, under the courteous guidance of Captain Nathan, the cordite superintendent. In No. 14 the girls are seen picking over the cotton waste, which comes from the Manchester spinning mills in hundredweight bales, and costs about £30 per ton. It will be seen that the connection between peaceful trade and this formidable explosive is as close as it is curious. The stuff is picked carefully, in order that fragments of wood, rope, wire, and rag may be removed. The cotton waste is then thrown on to a powerful teasing machine, which rends and tears its fibre; after this



NO. 14.—PICKING COTTON FOR CORDITE.

it is cut up by another machine, and then it passes on an endless band into a drying-room heated to 180 degrees. The cotton is then weighed up into lots of 1¼ lb., and each lot is placed in a tin cooling box; these operations are shown in No. 15. After twenty-four hours, the lots, or charges, are ready for dipping. Each dipping pan contains 220 lb. of mixed acid—three parts of sulphuric and one of nitric acid. The operator simply throws the dry cotton into the acid and leaves it there for about five minutes, during which time each charge of 1¼ lb. will have absorbed 13½ lb. of acid.

The workman now takes his implements from the cold water in which they are kept immersed, for fear that repeated contact with the acid should corrode them, and he proceeds to remove the saturated cotton from the bath or pan. As will be seen from No. 16, he has an



NO. 15.—THE WEIGHING AND DRYING ROOM.



NO. 16.—THE DIPPING TANKS.

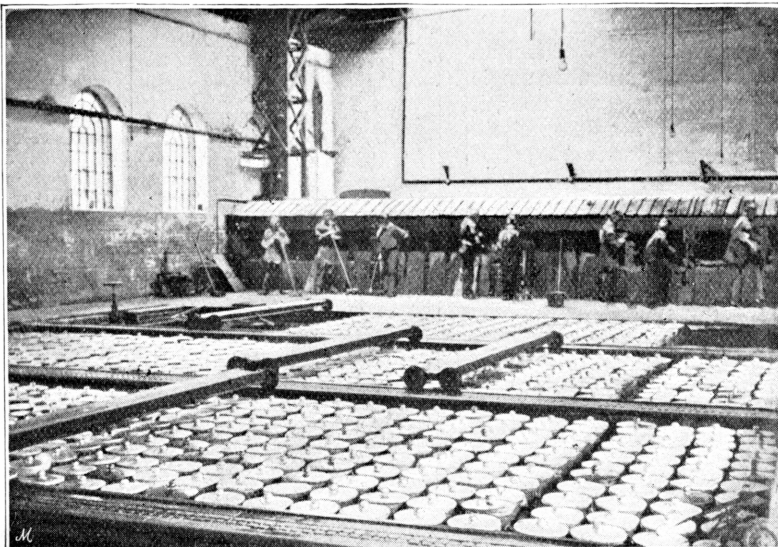
earthenware pot ready to receive the charge. The earthenware vessels containing the charges are then allowed to stand in shallow water for some little time. No. 17 is a general view of the cooling tanks, with the dipping baths in the background.

From the earthenware vessels the cotton is shot into a centrifugal machine, whirling round

at a speed of 1,200 revolutions a minute. In a very short time the cotton is comparatively dry; and the waste acid removed by the machine is allowed for by a contractor. The next operation is the washing of the cotton in a wooden tank full of water, which is agitated by a revolving bladed wheel. When the foreman thinks this washing has gone on long enough, he *tastes* the cotton, and if no flavour of acid remains, it is taken out by a man who wades in in big boots. The water is wrung out and the cotton is then removed to the vat-house, where it is boiled in monstrous vats for four or five days. Each vat holds about 18 cwt. of cotton; and the interior of this department is shown in No. 18.

From the vats the long-suffering cotton comes out like wet oatmeal; then comes more churning and washing, until at length the moulding process is reached, and the cotton is pressed into big cubes of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. These cubes are veritable gun-cotton, and when pressed flat and furnished with a dry cylinder and a fulminate of mercury detonator, they are quite ready for torpedo work. The gun-cotton press-house, depicted in No. 19, is furnished with what is called a protective rope mantelet, or wall of rope, such as is used in fortifications.

To make cordite, the dry gun-cotton is taken to the nitro-glycerine house, a wholly extraordinary building, literally buried under a mound or hill, and approached by a burrow-like, brick-lined passage in the earth. The two most dangerous nitro-glycerine houses are



NO. 17.—THE COOLING TANKS.



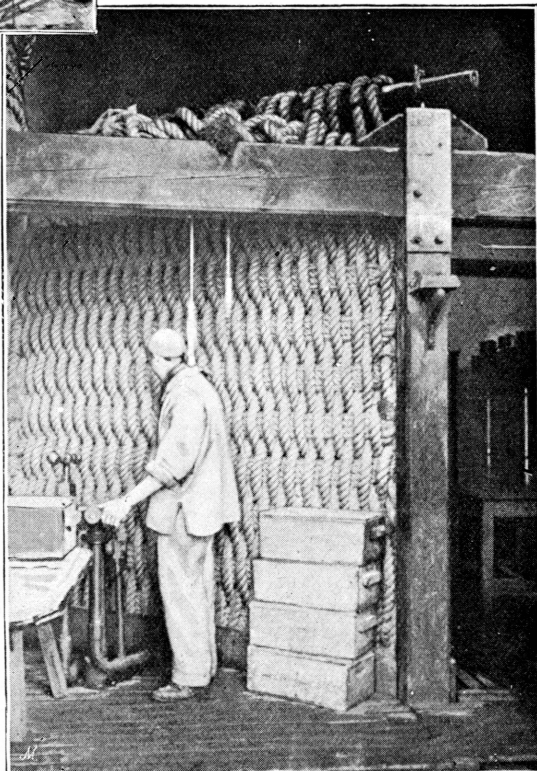
NO. 18.—THE BOILING VATS.

dough or paste has been in the incorporating machine. Acetone is also added in quantities of 15lb. 100z. to every charge of 75lb. One of the final operations takes place in the moulding-house. There $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of cordite paste is pressed and moulded; the mould and its contents are then placed in another machine, and, to the amazement of the onlooker, out comes 2,000ft. of what looks like brown twine, with a diameter of $\cdot 0375$ in. This is finished cordite, and it is wound upon a reel. For 6in. quick-firers, cordite with a diameter of $\cdot 3$ in. is turned out, and as it emerges from the machine it is cut into 14in. lengths.

No. 22 shows the interesting operation of "ten-stranding." Ten reels of cordite, just as they come from the machine, are fixed in a rack (the lad in our illustration is about to fix the tenth reel) and are wound simultaneously on to a single reel, the object being to secure uniformity of explosiveness. Furthermore, six "ten-stranded" reels are afterwards wound

shown in No. 20. Beneath the mound on the left is the washing-house; the other building to the right is the nitrating-house. The dry gun-cotton, as we have said, is taken to the nitro-glycerine house in boxes, and it is there saturated with nitro-glycerine, an almost colourless liquid. Should a single drop of this fall on the leaden floor, it is instantly wiped up with a damp cloth.

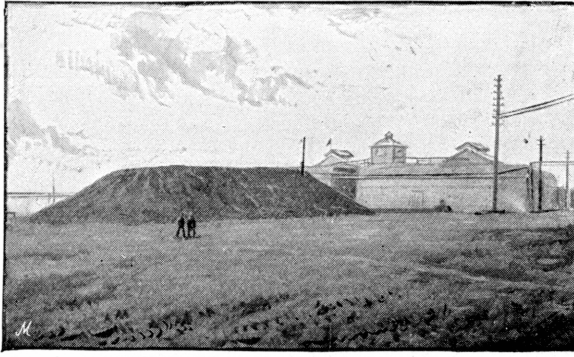
The saturated gun-cotton is now called "cordite dough," and it is taken direct to the kneading-house, which is shown in No. 21. The men, as may be seen from the photograph, wear curious respirators as they bend over the sticky mass, which gives forth nauseous and deadly fumes. When thoroughly kneaded, the dough is sent to the incorporating-house and placed in drums, which have slow revolving screw blades; this mixing process goes on for seven hours. The component parts of cordite, by the way, are as follows: nitro-glycerine 57 parts, gun-cotton 38 parts, and five parts of mineral jelly, this latter being added three and a half hours after the



NO. 19.—THE CORDITE PRESS-HOUSE.

upon one, and the "sixty-stranded" reel is then ready to be sent away. Minute details as to whose hands it has passed through accompany each reel; and the end of the thread is secured with a band of webbing. Ultimately, the cordite is cut into little bits and made into bundles for the cartridge cases, but this work is not done at Waltham.

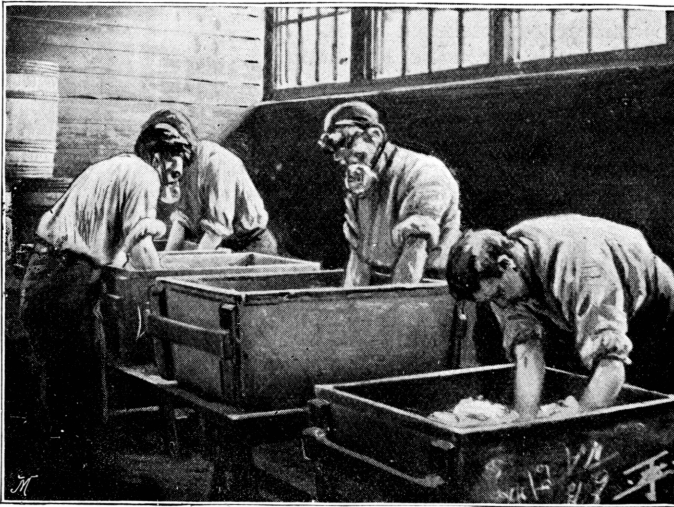
A pool adjoining the cordite works is



NO. 20.—THE NITRO-GLYCERINE WORKS.

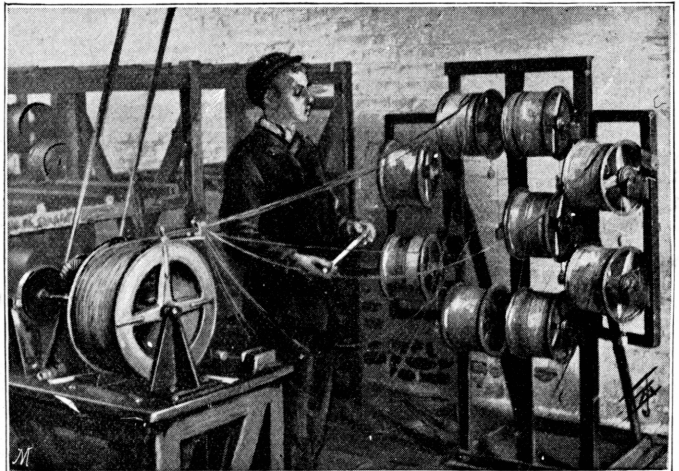
particular blowing-up. A glance will reveal the tremendous force of the explosion, which blew holes 20ft. deep around the pond.

The testing armoury and proof range are at Quinton Hill, but are within the boundaries of the factory. It is most interesting to behold the array of field artillery and naval quick-firers, all clean and bright and with a business-like appearance. On the occasion of our visit, a 6in. quick-firing gun was mounted in a sort of cave formed of earth and masonry so as to minimize danger in case of the weapon bursting. Remember, the powder is being tested, and no one knows what may happen. When the gun is ready to be fired, every person leaves the vicinity;

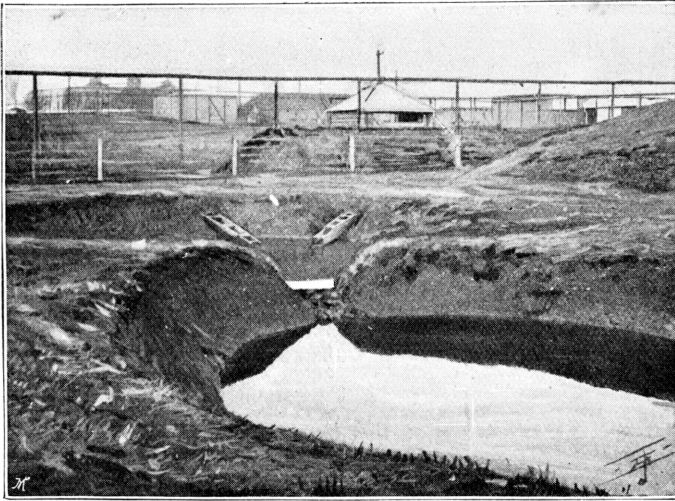


NO. 21.—MIXING CORDITE DOUGH.

shown in No. 23. Into this pool all water from the various nitro-glycerine houses is most carefully drained, since such water contains a certain quantity of nitro-glycerine. Every Saturday this extraordinary pond is blown up by means of a dynamite cartridge, in order to get rid of the explosive matter it contains. After the terrible explosion in the nitro-glycerine house, on the 7th of May, 1894, when four men were blown to pieces, such a large quantity of nitro-glycerine



NO. 22.—"TEN-STRANDING."



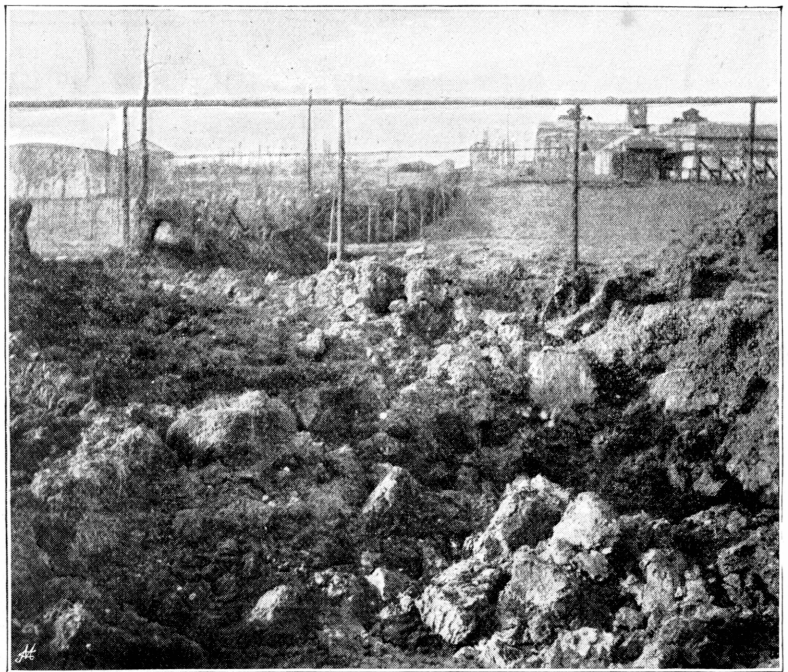
NO. 23.—THE SETTLING POND.

the electric switch is moved in the instrument-room some distance away, and with a terrific roar, accentuated by the confined space, the gun hurls its projectile 17ft. into the sand of the distant butt. A blank cartridge, by the way, is first fired so as to warm the gun. Standing here, listening to the roar of the Waltham quick-firers, which is answered by the sharp, crackling fusillade from the Maxims at the Enfield Small Arms Factory close by, it is not difficult to imagine that a modern battle is in progress.

The Royal Gunpowder Factory turns out about 500 tons of cordite and 5,000,000 lb. of black powder every year, though the output varies according to orders received. For our own part, we would far sooner work in the cordite factory than in the powder mills, for once the dough is mixed, cordite is abso-

lutely safe to handle; indeed, you might hold a piece of it to a lighted match without causing any excitement: it would simply burn.

When we had concluded our tour of inspection, twilight was falling upon the woods and streams of this strange place. Night-watchmen, armed with wonderful little electric hand lamps, flitted mysteriously here and there, and the electric lights immersed in water outside the windows of the danger buildings began to glow softly. We passed the explosive pond with a shudder of nervous apprehension, and left behind, as speedily as possible, the buried nitrating-house, wherein scarlet-clad men were manipulating the terrible liquid. The tremendous energy that lay dormant in every building oppressed us, even though that energy slept behind massive traverses and walls 10ft. thick; so we came away.



NO. 24.—THE POND AFTER AN EXPLOSION.

Journeyings of the Judges.

BY "KASOMO."



CIRCUITING is popularly supposed to be akin to junketing; but, as a matter of fact, it is often a very serious and sober business — especially for the prisoners. There is, however, much in circuit life that is curious and of interest, especially to those to whom custom

of York, and our own Prince of Wales figure on the walls in all the bravery of royal red and gold-leaf.

I do not propose to weary my readers with a learned disquisition on the origin and progress of circuits. Suffice it to say, and to say it briefly, that the circuit system, as we now know it, is much the same as that which

obtained with our ancestors from almost time immemorial; and this in spite of constant attempts at reform by the bolder spirits who would rule matters judicial. Let it be whispered that the reforms have for the most part proved abortive; and that in all probability we shall revert to the wisdom of our fathers, and to the old order of things.

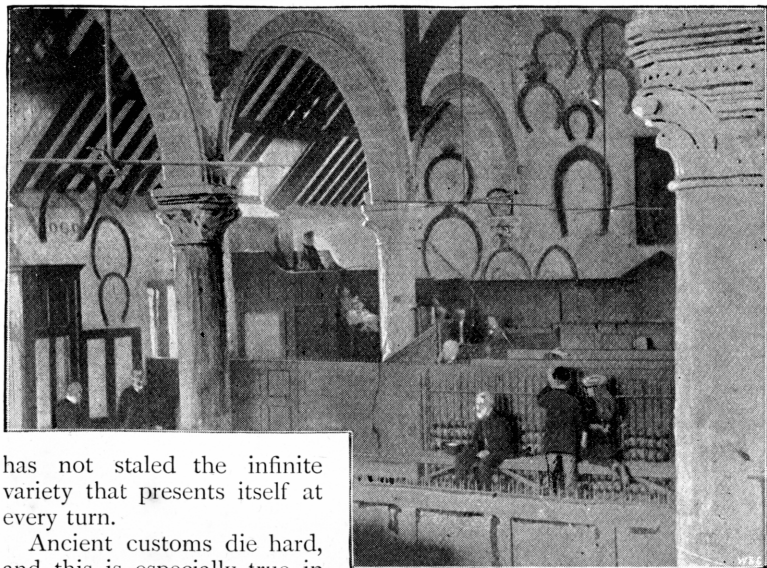
Let us start with one of Her Majesty's judges on circuit.

Needless to say, we shall travel *en*

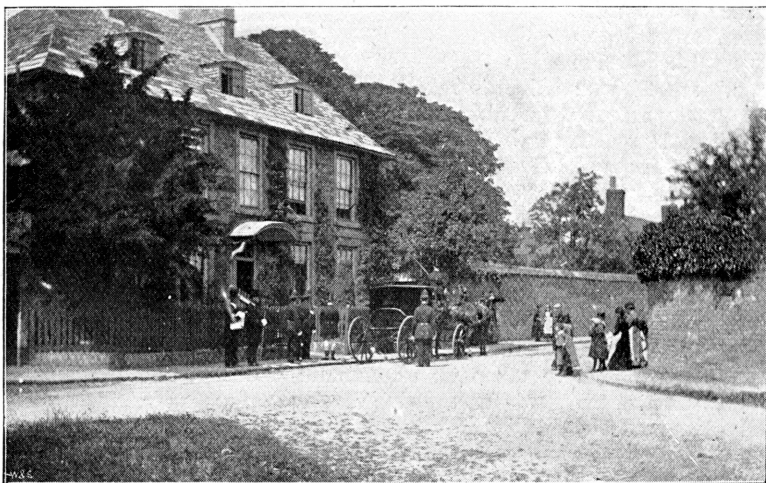
prince, for the railway companies are solicitous for the comfort of his lordship and the members of his staff, and provide reserved compartments, with a separate luggage "cupboard,"

has not staled the infinite variety that presents itself at every turn.

Ancient customs die hard, and this is especially true in the remoter corners of the kingdom. At Oakham, for instance, the lord of the manor still exercises the right to demand from every peer passing through the town the near fore-shoe of his nag; a demand that is usually liquidated by a money payment to provide for a counterfeited presentment on a large scale of the coveted shoe, which is in due course nailed on the wall of the old Shire Hall, a structure that dates back to the time of the Conquest. Even Royalty is not exempt from the toll, and the "horse-shoes" of George IV., his brother, the Duke



OAKHAM ASSIZE COURT.



OAKHAM—JUDGE'S LODGINGS.

practically a necessity on account of the enormous quantity of baggage and impedimenta required for the five or six weeks' tour.

Arrived at the first town on the circuit, the judicial campaign really begins. The judge is met at the railway station by the high sheriff of the county, who usually looks very uncomfortable and self-conscious in the *quasi*-military uniform which is insisted upon for the occasion; the sheriff's chaplain, also in like plight in the stiffest of Geneva gowns, usually the gift of the sheriff; the under-sheriff, in any costume that his fancy may lightly turn to, ranging from a Court suit down to the most unconventional of morning dress; and a *posse comitatus*, in the shape of a dozen or so of stalwart county policemen, whose faces and uniforms are mostly a harmony of red and blue. The judge introduces his marshal (an able-bodied youth from one of the Universities, or maybe a budding Templar) to the high sheriff, who bows graciously, tries not to fall over his sword, and leads the way to the State carriage, accompanied by the chaplain and under-sheriff, and escorted by the good men in blue. At one or two assize towns there is an escort of "javelin men," armed with halberds raked up from the county museum probably, and attired in a hybrid livery, half "beef-eater" and half footman; but, generally speaking, the county police constitute the escort, with occasional relief in the form of a troop of Yeomanry, if the high sheriff happens to hold Her Majesty's commission of arms in addition to one of the peace.

As soon as the little procession emerges from the railway station, a couple of trumpeters, who have taken up a commanding position in the yard for the due display of their gorgeous liveries, set up an ear-torturing performance, supposed to be in imitation of an ancient fanfare. To this "rough music" the judge takes his seat in

the State carriage, and the whole party set off at a snail's pace for the judge's lodgings, the trumpeters fanfaring with a vigour and persistence that must have inspired the bandmen of "General" Booth's lads in red. On the occasion of the trial of an election petition in a cathedral city, the mayor met the judges in a coach drawn by a couple of black horses that usually figured at funerals, and the secret of their vocation had somehow leaked out. As they were crawling along in the accustomed style, Mr. Justice Hawkins, who was one of the judges, said, with the quiet, incisive humour that has ever distinguished him: "Mr. Mayor, does not this very much remind you of following the dear departed?" *Curtain.*



LEICESTER CASTLE—OPENING THE ASSIZE.

The judge's lodgings are usually a fine old house set apart for the purpose, with occasional intervening visitations from Militia officers during the training of their merry men, and everything therein is of the stately order; though the furnishing and general fitment would probably vex the soul of a Maple or a Shoolbred. Bare walls glower on the judge, fresh from his own ornate house in Mayfair, Kensington, or Richmond; but there is an air of solid comfort about these old places, more particularly in the dining-room, where massive silver and table equipment of great antiquity make a brave show.

Arrived at his temporary home, the judge of assize forthwith arrays himself in the splendid robes of his high office, and



HERTFORD—JUDGE'S LODGINGS.

proceeds to the cathedral or parish church, as the case may be, to attend the customary assize service. This is an institution honoured by time, but usually dishonoured by the townspeople ; for there are seldom more than two or three gathered together to hear the words of wisdom and counsel that fall from the lips of the sheriff's chaplain, who has probably spent anxious weeks in the preparation of his sermon. Preachers vary as ordinary mortals vary, and so do assize sermons. Sometimes they are brilliant, forceful, and in every way worthy of a better fate than to be forgotten by the handful of people, great and small, to whom they are addressed.

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The next morning the business of the assize begins in real earnest, and the grand jury, consisting usually of magistrates of experience, are summoned from all parts of the county to consider the bills of indictment that are sent up to them by the Crown. Twenty-three is the regulation number of grand jurors for an assize, and to the credit of the squirearchy be it recorded that it seldom happens that fewer than the twenty-three put in an appearance. The roll having been called, the grand jury are sworn by the judge's marshal ; the foreman, usually a county magnate of the first rank, being sworn first. The prescribed oath is impressive, and I give it for the benefit of my lay readers :—

“ My Lord [or Sir],—

“ You as foreman of this grand inquest for our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and the body of this County of Westcumbland, shall diligently inquire and true pre-



NORWICH—JUDGE'S DINING-ROOM.



BIRMINGHAM ASSIZE COURT—BARON POLLOCK ON THE BENCH.

sentment make of all such matters, offences, and things as shall be brought to your notice touching this present service. The Queen's counsel, your fellows and your own, you shall observe and keep secret. You shall present no person out of envy, hatred, or malice; neither shall you leave any one unpresented through fear, favour, gain, reward, or the hope or promise thereof. But you shall present all things indifferently as they shall come to your knowledge, according to the best of your skill and understanding.—So help you God."

The rest of the grand jury are then sworn shortly in batches.

Now commences the charge by the judge, who touches upon the salient points of the more important or complicated cases in the calendar, for the guidance of the grand jury when they come to consider whether or not a *prima-facie* case is made out against a prisoner.

Before a man can be tried for any offence, his case is first of all investigated before a Bench of magistrates, who in their discretion can commit a prisoner for trial before a judge and jury. The witnesses are bound over to appear at the sessions or assizes, and in due course give their evidence on oath before the grand jury, who bring their considerable experience to bear in determining whether

the case should go for trial or not. If they think it should, they indorse the indictment: "A true bill," and the parchment is handed down to the Court. The prisoner is then placed in the dock, and the indictment having been read over to him more or less intelligibly by the clerk of assize, he is called upon to plead "guilty" or "not guilty," as he may elect. If the latter, the petit jury, consisting of twelve good men and true, are then sworn, and the trial proceeds. This threefold inquiry is a great safeguard to the liberty of the subject, and as a matter of fact, a miscarriage of justice seldom takes place. The "great unpaid" are perhaps the best-abused class in this country, but they do their duty as between the Crown and their fellow-subjects, and do it well, Mr. Labouchere's weekly pillory in *Truth* to the contrary notwithstanding.

If a prisoner has a good defence to the charge made against him, assuredly it will be carefully supported at the trial, Her Majesty's judges holding fast to the old maxim of our law that "every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty," and if the case against him is not proved up to the hilt, the man will go free: all this in marked contrast to the system obtaining on the Continent, where the unhappy wretch is examined and cross-examined by State



LINCOLN—WAITING FOR THE JUDGE.

officials with the express object of securing a conviction.

Englishmen have reason to be proud of their judges for their absolute integrity and impartiality, to say nothing of their ability and learning, which probably speak for themselves.

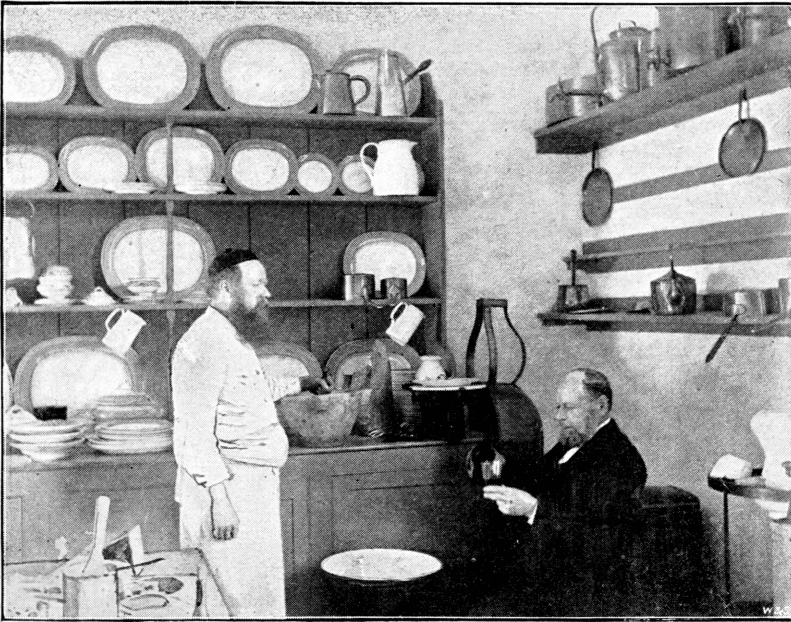
The comfort of a judge on circuit much depends on the stuff of which his staff are made. First comes his personal officer, the marshal afore-mentioned, whose duty it is to swear in the grand jury, and to attend the judge wherever he goes, sharing his meals with him in public or private, and generally making himself agreeable and useful; for the most part a pleasant office enough, but it is one that at times requires considerable tact and knowledge of the world in order to keep the path judicial from becoming too thorny.

The knight-errant, otherwise Her Majesty's judge of assize, has furthermore the constant

presence of a faithful esquire in the shape of his clerk, who, unlike the marshal, is permanently in the judge's service, both in London and on circuit. The duties of this officer are multifarious, and range from the most delicate diplomacy down to keeping the circuit accounts. Divers are the duties, and diverse are the men, probably more so than any other body in the pay of the Crown. Formerly, some few of them rose to eminence, the late Lord Justice Lush being a brilliant example; but the Inns of Court have of late years, for



MONMOUTH—JUDGE'S DRAWING-ROOM.



A KITCHEN COLLOQUY—THE CIRCUIT BUTLER.

some reason not difficult to discover, prohibited any person holding an appointment as clerk to a judge, or in the central office of the Supreme Court, from becoming a barrister-student. A hard case, probably, and one showing, moreover, that petty jealousy is not unknown even in high places.

Next in importance, if not in usefulness, comes the circuit butler, who robes and valets the judge, controls the household, and when "on the road" acts as baggage-master.

The marshal's man follows in order, and does duty as a sort of footman.

Last, but certainly not least, comes the cook. Formerly only

possessed of considerable forethought, and all-round ability as a caterer. The food supplies of many of the assize towns are often very primitive, but woe betide the unlucky *chef* if he sends up an insufficient or an unsatisfactory meal. Some of these Knights of the Black Cap rise to affluence in their profession, occasionally securing snug berths as cooks to the Inns of Court, be-

sides carrying on businesses more or less lucrative, as confectioners and restaurateurs. One, in addition to all this, has become a member of the London County Council, and in course of time may represent the people in a larger sense, and help to make the laws for the judges to administer.



LINCOLN—JUDGE'S BEDROOM.

NOTE.—My photographic readers may be interested to know that most of the illustrations to this article were taken with a "Samuels" hand camera, many of the instantaneous pictures and interior views being obtained on Messrs. Elliott and Son's "Rocket" and "Barnet" plates.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

III.—THE SILENT TONGUE.



It was a day in late October when I found myself in a train which was to convey me from Waterloo to Salisbury. I was on my way to pay a week's visit to my old friend and patient, General Romney. After retiring from active service he had bought a place in Wiltshire, and had repeatedly begged of me to come to see him there.

My multifarious duties, however, had hitherto made it impossible for me to visit High Court; but the present occasion was of such special moment that I determined to make a great effort to gratify my old friend, and do myself a pleasure at the same time.

I was to arrive at High Court on Thursday afternoon, and on the following Tuesday, Iris Romney, the General's beautiful and only daughter, was to be married to a young man of the name of Vane, a captain in the —th Lancers. I had known Iris from her childhood, and was prepared to congratulate her now on a most suitable match. From the letters which I had received from General Romney, Captain Vane was all that was desirable: an upright, good, honourable fellow. His position in society was well assured, and he had ample means.

"It is not only that Vane is all that her mother and I could desire," continued the General, in his last letter to me, "but there is another reason which makes this marriage a relief to our minds. Our poor Iris, whose beauty, as you know, is much above the average, has been persecuted for many months past by the unwelcome and, I may almost add, the

unscrupulous attentions of our next-door neighbour, the squire of this place, an ungentlemanly boor of the name of Ransome. The fellow won't take 'No' for an answer, and things have come to such a pass that Iris is quite afraid to go out alone, as Ransome is sure to waylay her, and renew his unwelcome protestations and demands. Indeed, were it not for this happy marriage, we should have been obliged, for our child's sake, to leave High Court."

I paid little heed to this part of my friend's letter when reading it, but it was destined to be brought very vividly before my mind later on.



"AN UNGENTLEMANLY BOOR OF THE NAME OF RANSOME."

I arrived at High Court about three o'clock in the afternoon, and found Iris standing in the square entrance-hall. She was surrounded by dogs, and was pulling on a pair of gauntlet gloves; she wore a hat, and was, evidently, in the act of going out. On hearing my steps, she turned quickly and came eagerly to meet me.

"Here you are," she exclaimed, holding out both her hands. "How nice! how delightful! Am I much altered, Dr. Halifax—would you recognise me?"

"Yes, I should recognise you," I answered, looking with admiration at the lovely girl. "You have changed, of course. How tall you are! You were only a child when I saw you last."

"I was fifteen," answered Iris; "the most troublesome monkey in

existence. Now I am eighteen—quite grown up. Well, it is a real pleasure to see you again. Let me take you to father: he has been talking of nothing but your arrival all day."

I accompanied Miss Romney to her

father's study. To her surprise it was empty.

"Where can father be?" she exclaimed. "He knew you would arrive about now. Perhaps he has gone to lie down—he has not been quite well. We won't disturb him, unless you particularly wish it, Dr. Halifax?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Mother is out—she had to go to Salisbury on business. May I have the pleasure of your society all to myself for a little? I am just going out to meet Captain Vane—will you come with me? I should much like to introduce him to you."

"And I should like to know him," I replied. "Let us come for a walk, by all means—there is nothing I should enjoy more."

We went out together. Miss Romney's step was full of the light spring of youth. She entertained me with many animated remarks, and took me to several points of interest in the beautiful grounds. From a place called "The Mound" we could see the long, evening shadows falling across Salisbury Plain; turning to our right we got a peep, in the dim distance, of the far-famed Cathedral.

"Yes, yes, it is all lovely," she cried, "and I am in the mood to enjoy it to-day—I am very happy. I do not mind telling you how happy I am, for you are such an old friend."

"You may be sure I rejoice to hear of your happiness," I replied. I looked at her as I spoke. She was standing at a little distance from me, very upright. The dogs had followed us, and a great mastiff stood near her. She rested her white hand on his head. Some rays from the evening sun sparkled in her hair, which was very bright in hue, and looked now like burnished gold. Her eyes, full of happiness, looked frankly into mine. They were lovely eyes, with a tender, womanly expression in them. I thought what a happy fellow Vane would be.

As we were standing together the silence was suddenly broken by the sharp report of a gun.

"Who can possibly be shooting in our grounds?" exclaimed Miss Romney.

"The report came from that copse," I answered her—"down there to our left. Perhaps Captain Vane is amusing himself having a shot or two."

"He did not take his gun with him," she answered; "I saw it in the hall as we passed through just now. No, I am afraid I guess who did fire the shot"; she paused suddenly, and a hot flush of annoyance swept over her

face. It passed almost as quickly as it came.

"There is David," she said, in a glad voice. "Do you see him? He is just coming up that path through the trees. Let us go to meet him."

We soon reached the bottom of the mound, and Captain Vane came quickly up to us. He was a tall, well-made man, of about twenty-eight years of age. His face was moulded in strong lines. He was somewhat dark in complexion, and had resolute eyes.

"David, this is our old friend, Doctor Halifax," said Miss Romney.

"I am glad to meet you," said Vane to me. He made one or two further remarks of an indifferent character.

We turned presently to go back to the house. We had only gone about half the distance when Iris uttered a horrified exclamation.

"What is that on your handkerchief?" she cried to her lover.

He had pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket. He looked at it when she spoke, started, and turned pale.

"I must apologize to you both," he exclaimed. "How stupid of me; I forgot all about it."

"Your handkerchief is all over blood. Have you hurt yourself?" asked Iris.

"No, not a bit of it!" He thrust the handkerchief out of sight. "The fact is simply this. That brute of a Ransome has been shooting round the premises this morning, and, like the cur he is, has only half done his work. This handkerchief is stained because I have been putting a pheasant out of his misery. It was a horrid sight. Don't let us talk about it any more."

"I had a premonition that Mr. Ransome was somewhere near," said Iris. "The mere thought of that man affects me disagreeably."

She shivered as she spoke. Vane looked at her, but did not reply. Their eyes met—he gave her a quick smile, but I could not help noticing that he looked pale and worried.

We reached the house, where Mrs. Romney came out to meet us. She gave me a hearty welcome, and asked me to go with her at once to her husband.

"The General is lying down in his study, Dr. Halifax, or he would come to you," she explained. "The fact is, he has not been well for some days, and just now I found him trembling violently, and scarcely able to stand. Oh, I do not think there is much the matter—he will be all right by-and-by, and

nothing will do him more good than a quiet chat with you."

I followed Mrs. Romney to the study. The General was lying on a sofa, but when we approached, he rose quickly, and came to meet us. He was a tall, largely-made man, somewhat full in habit, and with a fresh-coloured face. That face now was flushed, and his eyes looked suspiciously bright.

"Welcome," he exclaimed, holding out both his hands to me. "Here I am, and nothing whatever the matter with me. I had an attack of giddiness, but it has passed off. Has my wife been making out that I am an invalid, eh? Well, I never felt better in my life. It would be a shabby trick to play on you, Halifax, to bring you down here, and then give you doctoring work to do."

"I am always prepared for doctoring work," I answered, "but I am delighted to see you so fit, General."

"You can leave us now, Mary," said the General, turning to his wife, and giving her an affectionate glance. "The giddiness has quite passed, my love, and a chat with Halifax will do me more good than anything else."

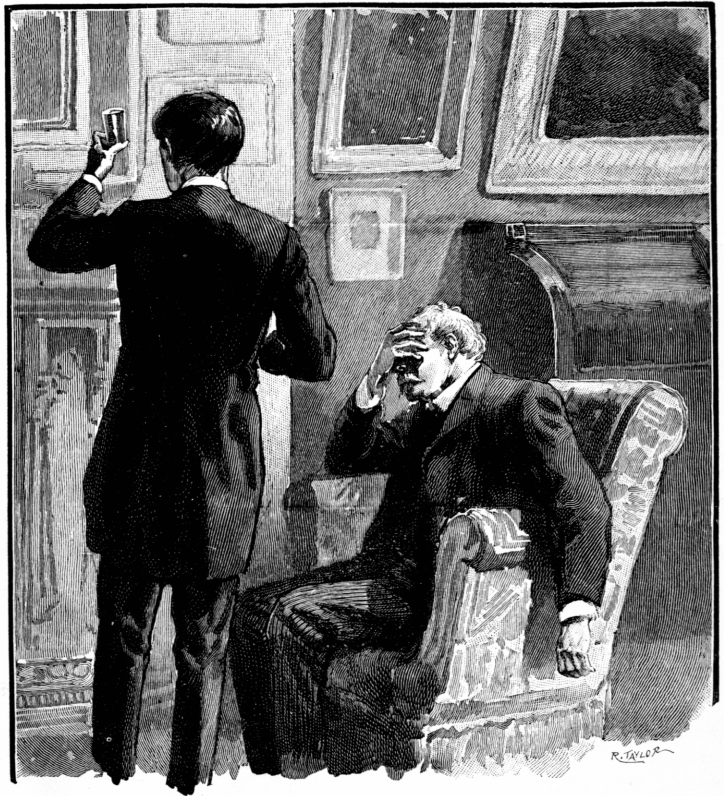
Mrs. Romney went immediately away. The moment she did so, the General sank into an arm-chair, and covered his eyes with one of his hands. I noticed that his big hand shook.

"The fact is," he said, in an altered tone, "I am *not* quite the thing. I did not want the wife to know, nor Iris, bless her. You are aware, or perhaps you are not, that there is to be a dance here to-night, Halifax—it would never do for an old chap like me to spoil sport. You have just come in the nick of time. Give me something to steady my nerves."

I prescribed a simple dose, the ingredients for which were fortunately close at hand. I mixed it, and General Romney took the glass from my hand and quickly drained off the contents.

"It takes a good bit out of a man to part with his only child," he said. "I consider myself, however, the luckiest father in existence. There never was a better fellow than Vane. You have seen him. What do you make of him, eh?"

"I have scarcely spoken two dozen words to Captain Vane," I said.



"I MIXED IT."

"What does that signify? You are a keen observer of character. What do you make of the lad?"

"I like what I have seen of him," I replied.

"I am delighted to hear you say that," exclaimed the General. "When I tell you that I consider Vane worthy of Iris, you will understand that I cannot give him higher praise. They are devoted to one another, and as happy as children. We shall have a gay time until the wedding is over. To-night

there is to be a dance ; to-morrow we go to the Sinclairs', for a farewell dinner ; the next day—but I need not recount all our gaieties to you, Halifax. Your dose has done me good—I feel as well as ever I did in my life at the present moment."

The General certainly looked more like himself. The violent colour on his face had subsided ; his eyes were still too excited, though, to please me, and I purposely led the conversation to every-day subjects.

There was a large dinner party at High Court that evening. This was to be followed by a dance, to which a number of guests had been invited.

Iris sat near me at dinner—she wore white, which suited her well. Her face was so vivacious, her hair so bright, the sparkle in her flashing eyes gave so much light and movement to her expression, that no vivid colour was needed to set off her remarkable beauty. Vane sat opposite to the bride-elect, and I found myself looking at him several times during dinner with much interest. He was on the whole the most silent of the party, and I guessed him to be a man of few words, but I felt certain by the thoughtful gleam in his eyes and the firm cut of his lips that he was one to be relied on and rested upon in the battle of life.

Immediately after dinner, the ladies went upstairs to rearrange their dresses for the coming ball, and General Romney motioned me up to his end of the table. He resumed the conversation we had had before dinner, and assured me several times in a low voice that the medicine I had given him had completely removed the nervous attack from which he had been suffering when I first saw him.

"Not that I have been at all the thing for some time," he added ; "but we'll talk of my ailments when the ball is over. Nothing must interfere with Iris's bridal ball, bless her."

We did not stay long over wine, and I presently found myself standing in the great central hall. A footman came up to place some fresh logs on the glowing fire. As he did so he glanced at me once or twice in a queer, nervous sort of manner. Suddenly he looked behind him, found that we were alone, and said, in a hurried, eager voice :—

"You are the doctor from London, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, in some surprise.

"Might I speak to you for a moment, sir? I have something to say—something that must be told. Might I see you by yourself, doctor—I won't keep you a minute?"

"Certainly," I replied ; "say what you have got to say at once."

The man's manner alarmed me, he was shaking all over.

"On this night, of all nights," he said. "Twill upset the General, for certain. Oh, sir, what is to be done?"

"If you will tell me what the news is, I can, perhaps, answer your question," I replied. "Now, pull yourself together, man, and tell me what is the matter."

The man stood up.

"It's a tragedy," he began, "and has happened, so to speak, at our gates. It's this :



"MIGHT I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?"

Squire Ransome was found dead in the copse at the back of the house, not an hour ago. He was lying on his face and hands with his skull smashed in, and his gun lying by his side. They have took him home, and they say there's to be a warrant took out immediately for the arrest of the murderer. Who could have done it? I wouldn't have the General know this for £500."

Some people came into the hall; I turned quickly to the man.

"Hush," I said, in a peremptory voice; "keep your information to yourself for the present. If this thing is kept from the family until after the ball, so much the better. You were right to tell me, and we must trust that nothing will be known here until to-morrow."

The man nodded and walked away. Vane approached me at that moment, and taking my arm led me to the ball-room.

"The band has just struck up," he said. "Iris and I are going to open the ball, as a matter of course, but no doubt she will want you to be her partner in one or two dances later on."

"I hope she will," I replied.

"There she is; let us go to her," said Vane.

We walked up a long and splendidly decorated ball-room. Iris was standing beside her father and mother, near the principal entrance. They were busily engaged receiving guest after guest, who arrived continuously. In a few moments the great room was full of animated couples whirling round to the music of a splendid string band, which had been brought from London for the occasion. Vane and Iris opened the dance together. All eyes followed the graceful pair as they flew round in the giddy mazes of the waltz. Iris's face looked so animated, and there was such a flashing brilliancy about her eyes, that I began to compare her to her quaint name, and to think that she had some of the many lights of the rainbow, in its shifting, changing colours, about her.

One dance was quickly followed by another. General Romney and his wife still stood near the entrance. I noticed to my dismay that the deep, crimson flush which had somewhat alarmed me in the General's appearance before dinner had again returned. He was a man of full habit, and I did not like the glittering light in his eyes. I sincerely hoped, for every reason, that the terrible tragedy which had taken place in the copse before dinner would not reach his ears until the evening's amusement was over.

For a time I stood rather apart from the gay and brilliant throng. Iris had promised to give me one or two dances, but our turn had not come yet.

As I stood and waited, I recalled the sound I had heard when I stood with Miss Romney on the mound. "At that moment, in all probability, the murder was being committed," I said to myself. "But, no, that could not have been the case, for the unfortunate Squire was found with his skull broken in; he could not have come by his death from a gunshot wound."

At that moment Miss Romney made her way to my side.

"Ours is the next dance," she said, looking into my face, "but——" she hesitated.

"What is it?" I asked, smiling at her.

"I am tired, I do not want to dance," she said. "Shall we sit this waltz out? Will you come with me to the conservatory, it is so hot here?"

"With pleasure," I replied.

She put her slim hand on my arm, and we left the ball-room. We had to cross the great hall to reach a large conservatory at the further end.

"I am anxious to have a talk with you," said the young girl, almost in a whisper, as we pushed our way through the throngs of guests. "I have known you since I was a child, and I am anxious——"

We had almost reached the conservatory now, but before we entered, Iris Romney turned and faced me.

"Dr. Halifax," she said, "is my father well?"

I was about to answer her, when a commotion behind caused us both to turn our heads. A man who was neither a guest nor a servant had pushed his way into the hall. He was a dark man, plainly dressed. Two of the powdered footmen had come up and were speaking to him. They seemed to be expostulating with him, and he appeared to be resisting them. One of the servants put his hand on the man's arm; he pushed him impatiently aside, and came farther into the hall.

The guests were everywhere—in the hall, on the stairs, trooping in and out of the ball-room. They all stood still now, as if moved by a common impulse. Every eye was fixed on the stranger. I suddenly felt that the moment had come for me to interfere. I cannot say what premonition seized me, but I knew beyond the possibility of doubt that that strange, queer-looking man had pushed his way into this festive scene on some terrible errand.

"Pardon me," I said to Iris, "I will just go and speak to that fellow, and be back with you in a minute."

"What can the man want?" exclaimed Iris.

"I will tell you in a moment," I said; "pray stay where you are."

To my annoyance, I found that she was following me.

The servant, Henry by name, who had given me the news of Ransome's death, came eagerly up when he saw me approaching.

"I am glad you are here, Dr. Halifax," he said. "Perhaps you can get Constable Morris to go away. I keep on telling him that he can come back later on."

The footman spoke in a hoarse whisper; agitation had pale his face; he clutched hold of my coat in a sort of nervous frenzy.

"Keep quiet," I said to him, sharply—then I turned to the policeman: "If you have any business here, you had better come into this room," I said.

The room in question was a small smoking-room, the door of which happened to stand open.

"Yes, sir, it would be best," said the man, in a perfectly civil tone. He stepped across the hall immediately—I followed him—Miss Romney did the same.

"Had you not better go away?" I said to her.

"No," she answered, "I prefer to stay and hear the matter out. Why, this is Constable Morris—I know him perfectly well. What do you want here to-night, Morris? You see we are all busy; if you have anything important to say, we can see you at any hour you like to arrange in the morning."

"I must do my work to-night, miss," he answered. "I'd rather cut off my right hand than give you pain, miss," he continued—"but, there, business is business. A constable's life ain't none too pleasant at times—no, that it ain't."

Here he drew himself up and, taking a red pocket-handkerchief out of

his pocket, wiped the moisture from his brow. His eyes travelled quickly from Iris, in her white dress, to me and then back again to Iris.

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "can't you get Miss Romney to leave the room?"

"I'm afraid I can't," I replied.

"Well, I suppose I must go on with the whole black business afore the young lady. If the thing is done quickly, there's no call for anyone to know, except the family. I beg a thousand pardons for coming into the hall as I've done, but I could not get a servant to hear me in the back premises. My colleague is outside with the trap, and we can take the young gent away as quiet as possible, and no one need know. Lor'! it's sure to turn out a big mistake, but duty is duty."

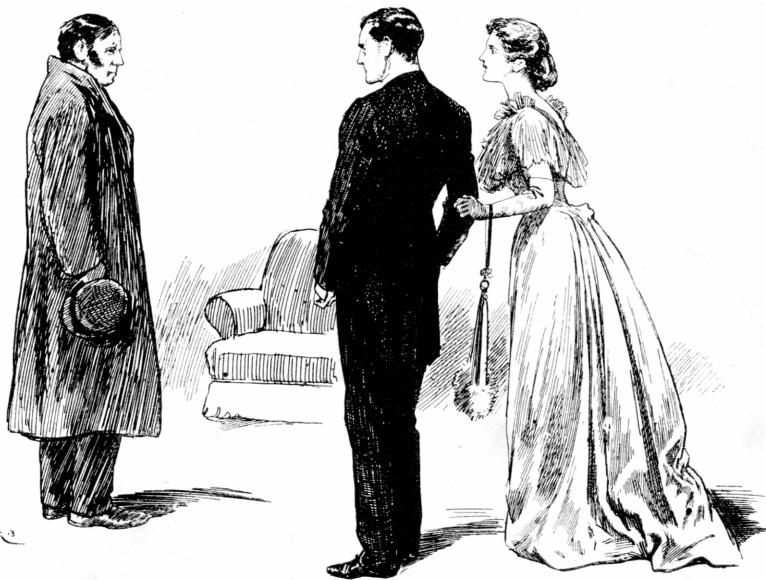
"What gentleman do you want to take away?" asked Iris, going up and standing opposite to the man. "Is it one of our guests?—which?"

"God Almighty knows, miss, that I don't want to trouble you."

"Speak out, man," I said. "Tell us your business, good or bad, immediately. Can't you see that this suspense is very bad for Miss Romney?"

The man glanced at Iris, but immediately looked down again.

"Well, sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "it's an ugly job, but here is the long and short of it. There has been a murder committed in these grounds. Squire Ransome, of Ransome Heights, was found



"SPEAK OUT, MAN," I SAID.

dead in the copse not three hundred yards from the house. The gamekeeper here and a labourer from the village found him and gave the alarm. He was took home, and I hold a warrant now for the arrest of Captain David Vane on a charge of having murdered him."

"On a charge of what?" said Iris. She had been very pale—as white as death, until the man had finally delivered himself of his cruel errand—then a great wave of brilliant colour flooded her face, and restored the dancing light to her eyes.

"This is such utter folly, that I am not even afraid about it," she said. "Oblige me, Dr. Halifax, by remaining with this man for a few minutes while I go to fetch David. It needs but a word or two to clear him of this monstrous charge."

She drew herself up to her full stately height, and left the room with the air of a queen.

Morris looked after her with a red face and troubled eyes.

"Ef you'll believe me, sir," he said, "I'd rayther than five hundred pounds that I was out of this job—it's a bad business altogether"—here he shook his head ominously.

The constable had scarcely said the words before Iris returned, accompanied by Vane.

"What is all this about?" said Vane. He looked full at the man, then at me.

Iris must have prepared him. He came into the room holding her hand. As he stood and faced the police-constable, he still kept it in a tight grip.

"Is it true," he said, "that I am charged with murder; and that you have a warrant to arrest me?"

"Are you Captain Vane, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then that is what I've got to do, I am sorry to say, sir. I've a trap outside, and my colleague is there, and the best thing we can do is to go off quietly at once. If you'll give me your word as you'll not try to escape, Captain Vane, I won't use the handcuffs. It's only to look at you, sir, to know that you're a gent of your word."

"Had you not better leave us, Iris?" said Vane, looking down for the first time at the girl's white face.

"No, I'll see it out to the end," she answered. "But can't you say something, David? Can't you clear yourself? Can't you put this dreadful thing straight?"

"I can and will, dearest," he replied, in a low tone; "but I'm afraid I must go with this man to-night."

"There's no help for it, sir. The warrant must be carried out. The inquest is to be held at the poor gentleman's own place to-morrow, and, as sure as sure, you'll be cleared; but now it's my duty to take you with me, Captain Vane."

"Cheer up, Iris," said Vane. "It is sure to be all right." He gave her a smile with his eyes. It was a queer, strong sort of smile, and it never reached his lips.

For the first time poor Iris broke down—she gave a low, heart-broken sob, and covered her face with her trembling hands.

"Take care of her," said Vane to me. "Keep it up if you can until the dance is over, and, above all things, try to conceal this horrid business from General Romney until after the guests have gone."

Here he turned to the policeman.

"I am ready to accompany you," he said. "Will you allow me to fetch my overcoat?"

"I'm afraid, sir, it's my duty not to let you out of my sight—perhaps the other gentleman would bring the coat."

"No, I'll fetch it," said Iris, recovering herself like a flash. "Yes, I wish to fetch it—I know where it is."

She ran out of the room, but had scarcely done so when the door was suddenly flung open and General Romney, holding one hand to his head and stretching the other out before him as though he were groping blindly in the dark, tottered into our midst.

"What in the name of Heaven is all this about?" he exclaimed. "Vane, what are you doing here? Is not that man Constable Morris? Morris, what is your business in my house at this hour?"

Iris had now returned with the coat. She gave it to Vane, who began to put it on, and then went up to her father.

"Come away, father, do," she said.

"Folly, Iris," he replied; "keep your hand off me. I am not a baby to be coerced in this style. Ah, Halifax, so you are here, too! Now, what's the mischief? Vane, can't you speak? Are you all struck dumb?"

"It's a bad business, sir," said the policeman. "I've a warrant here to arrest this young gentleman, Captain David Vane, on a charge of murder."

"A charge of *murder*?" shouted the General.

"Yes, sir. Squire Ransome has been found in the copse close to this house with his skull knocked in, and there's circumstantial evidence of a grave nature which points to Captain Vane as his murderer. It is my business to arrest him, and——"



"GENERAL ROMNEY TOTTERED."

"And I will come with you," said Vane. He turned to the General as he spoke. "I beg of you, General," he said, "to take Iris away from here. This matter is very horrible, but it can have only one termination. I am innocent, and my innocence can be easily proved. In all probability I shall be back here to-morrow, none the worse for this experience. Think of Iris, General, and for Heaven's sake take her out of this."

Iris tried again to lay her hand on her father's arm.

He shook her off as if she had struck him. His red face was no longer red—it was purple. The veins stood out in great knots on his neck and temples.

"You are charged with murder?" he said, turning to his future son-in-law. "And you have come here to arrest him," he continued, facing about and staring at the policeman—"then let me—" he broke off abruptly. A groan came from his lips, he stretched out both hands wildly as though to clutch at something.

"My God, I am blind and deaf!" he panted. "There is a roaring of water in my ears, I—" He stumbled forward, and fell in an unconscious heap on the floor.

The confusion which followed can scarcely be described. It was my duty to attend to General Romney. I knelt by him, raised his

head, loosened his collar and necktie, and desired someone to fetch Mrs. Romney. Figures kept passing to and fro. I knelt on by the side of the unconscious man. Presently Mrs. Romney came hurrying in. Two or three footmen also appeared. We raised General Romney with great care, and carried him through the hall full of guests, up the broad staircase, and into his own spacious bedroom on the first floor. There he was undressed and laid in his bed. There was no doubt with regard to the nature of his illness. General Romney had been smitten down with a severe attack of paralysis. I asked Mrs. Romney to send for the family physician, Dr. Haynes. He arrived on the scene in an incredibly short space of time. We had a hurried consultation over the case. Dr. Haynes arranged to sit up for the night with the unconscious man, and then for the first time I had a moment to think of others. What had become of Vane? Where was Iris?

Absorbed in anxiety about them, I ran hastily downstairs. The lights were still burning all over the house, but every guest had vanished: the place wore a neglected aspect. Some flowers were scattered about on the marble floor of the great hall. The fire on the hearth was reduced to ashes. All the doors leading into the hall stood open.

A girl in a white dress stood motionless by the empty hearth. Two or three dogs crouched at her feet. On hearing my steps she raised her head with a start. Her face, which had been dull and almost vacant in expression, lit up into full light. She sprang to meet me and stretched out her hands.

"I'm so glad you have come," she exclaimed. "How is father?"

"I am sorry to say he is very ill," I replied. "He is suffering from a severe stroke of paralysis."

Iris put her hand to her forehead.

"Is he in danger, Dr. Halifax?" she asked.

"I would rather not give any opinion about him to-night," I replied.

"I ought to be with him," she said. "I will go to him in a moment—after—after I have spoken to you."

"You cannot possibly do him any good by going to him now," I replied. "He is quite unconscious, and would not know you. He knows no one. Your mother is with him, and also Dr. Haynes. He wants for nothing at the present moment—nothing, I mean, that man can do. His life is in Higher Hands.

All we have to do is patiently to await results. Now, do you know that it is past two o'clock? You ought to be in bed."

Iris shuddered.

"I could not sleep if I went," she said.

"Dr. Halifax, I want to tell you something."

"What is that?" I asked.

She looked full up at me—her eyes were bright again.

"Do you know why I fetched David's overcoat?" she said.

"I cannot say—you probably knew where it was to be found."

"I did—but I had another reason. I wanted to take the handkerchief away."

"What handkerchief?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"Have you such a short memory?" she asked, looking at me with a puzzled expression. "Don't you remember the handkerchief which David pulled out of his pocket this afternoon as we were coming up the avenue? It was blood-stained. Don't you recall the circumstances?"

"Yes," I replied, gravely, "I do—I had forgotten it when you first spoke of a handkerchief."

"Well, I remembered it," she replied; "it flashed suddenly across my memory when David asked for his coat. I knew that the handkerchief would be found there, and that they would use the blood-stains against him. That was why I was in such a hurry to fetch it. I removed the handkerchief and——"

"Yes," I said, when she paused, "and what did you do with it?"

"I burnt it—here, on this hearth. *That* horrible witness is, at least, reduced to ashes. Why, what is the matter, Dr. Halifax? How grave you look."

I felt grave. I knew that Iris had done wrong in burning the handkerchief. It might have been an important witness in *favour* of the accused. There was no use, however, in adding to her misery now.

"I wish you would go to bed," I said. "You are looking very ill."

She did not reply at once; she kept staring at me—her quick intuition read disapproval on my face.

"Have I done wrong?" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror.

"I sincerely hope not," I answered, as soothingly as I could speak. "Perhaps nothing will be said about the handkerchief."

"But why are you so grave? Are you not glad that it is gone?"

I gave her a quick glance—she was the sort of girl who could bear the truth.

"You acted with natural, but mistaken, impulse," I said. "It would have been possible to prove that the stains on the handkerchief were caused by pheasant's blood, which differs in essential particulars from man's—but doubtless," I continued, raising my voice to a cheerful key, "the monstrous charge against Captain Vane will be shattered without the least difficulty at the examination before the magistrate to-morrow morning."

"David is the noblest fellow in the world," said Iris, with shining eyes. "But," she added, suddenly, and as if the words were wrung from her, "he *did* hate Mr. Ransome, and he had good cause."

The next day Vane was brought before a magistrate at Salisbury. General Romney was lying in a prostrate condition, and Haynes decided to remain with him until the nurse from London arrived. I was, therefore, free to accompany Mrs. Romney and Iris to the police-court at Salisbury. I have no space here to go into full particulars of the examination. The case against Vane was as follows:—

His dislike to Ransome was well known. On the day of the murder Vane had gone out early—during the time of his absence Ransome undoubtedly met his death. This fact alone could not have incriminated the young man, but, unfortunately, he had been seen by two labourers, returning from their work, having high words with Ransome. Ransome was seated on the gate in the fence which divided General Romney's grounds from those of Ransome Heights. When the labourers passed, Ransome was using excited words, and Vane was replying to them with a degree of heat and intemperance quite foreign to his usual character. The men lingered near as long as they decently could, but seeing that Ransome noticed them they slunk off. They had reached the road and were walking rapidly towards their homes, when they heard a shot fired. They remarked on the circumstance to each other, and wondered, as they expressed it, "if the young gents were up to mischief." That evening, on repairing to the village tap-room, the first news that reached them was that of the murder of Squire Ransome. On their evidence a warrant was taken out for the arrest of Vane.

The magistrate listened gravely to all that was said, and then stated that there was no course open to him but to remand Captain Vane until the result of the coroner's inquest was known.

As Mrs. Romney, poor Iris, and I were

leaving the police-court, the lawyer who was employed in Vane's defence, one of the leading men in his profession at Salisbury, came up and asked to speak to me alone. I conducted the ladies to their carriage, and then went into a small room with him.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This is a grave business," he replied. "Of course, I hope to get my client off, but I must own that circumstantial evidence points strongly against him. His own story is as follows: He frankly admits that he quarrelled with Ransome yesterday. He was walking across a field in General Romney's grounds when he came across a wounded pheasant lying on the path. He took his handkerchief out and strangled the bird. While doing so he heard a loud, mocking laugh, and looking up he saw Ransome astride of the gate in the fence. Vane called out to him with, as he acknowledged, considerable temper in his tones. His words were as follows:—

"I should think, if you are cad enough to shoot another man's game, you would at least have the decency to kill it, and not leave it maimed."

"He says that he finished this speech by flinging the pheasant at Ransome's feet.

"The Squire got into a towering passion, and broke immediately into a volley of oaths. Vane says that Ransome took good care to drag in Miss Romney's name in the most offensive manner.

"He acknowledged that he had some difficulty in keeping himself in control, and presently thought the most prudent course was to turn on his heel and walk away. He had only gone a little distance when he heard the report of a gun. He says he thought nothing of the circumstance beyond concluding that Ransome was continuing his sport. This is his tale," concluded the lawyer, "and a very lame one it will appear if there is no testimony to support it. Vane speaks of having stained his handkerchief with the pheasant's blood. He says he left it in his overcoat. Now, I cannot find it there. Would it be possible, Dr. Halifax, for you to get it for me?"

"I am afraid not," I replied, gravely.

I then told Mr. Selwyn of poor Iris's rash act of the previous night.

The lawyer looked very grave.

"What mad creatures women are," he said, after a pause. "The mere fact of the handkerchief being destroyed will incriminate the unfortunate young man."

We spoke together for a little longer, and then I was obliged to leave Selwyn to accompany Mrs. Romney and Iris to High Court.

I made a strong effort for their sakes to overcome the gloomy forebodings which seized me, and resolved that Iris should hear nothing more of her own rash act, unless circumstances made it impossible to keep it from her.

In the course of the afternoon, a



"HE SAW RANSOME ASTRIDE OF THE GATE IN THE FENCE."

messenger from Ransome Heights brought me a brief note to say that the coroner had returned a verdict of wilful murder against Captain David Vane. I can scarcely explain the emotion which overcame me when I read this brief note. I crushed it in my hand, pushed it into my pocket, and went out for a long walk.

That evening I was sitting alone in General Romney's study, when my thoughts were interrupted by a message from Mrs. Romney desiring my presence in the sick room.

I went upstairs at once. The General was lying on his back, breathing stertorously; the flush on his face was not so marked as it had been when first the seizure had taken him; his lips were slightly open, and occasionally he moved his eyelids very faintly.

"He has looked at me once or twice," said Mrs. Romney, who was standing by the bedside; "and," she added, "his eyes have had a question in them."

"He doubtless has much he wants to tell you," I said, in a soothing voice. "This is a good sign of his returning intelligence."

"But I fear you do not think well of him, Dr. Halifax."

"The case is a very grave one," I replied.

Mrs. Romney was silent for a moment—then she laid her hand on my arm and drew me to a distant part of the room.

"Do you think," she said, looking full up at me as she spoke—"do you think that my husband knows anything of the murder?"

Her words startled me.

"How could he?" I answered. "General Romney has not been out for some days—"

"That is true," she replied, "he has not been well—not quite himself. Still, what does the strange, anguished look in his eyes mean? Oh, I know he wants to tell me something very badly. See, doctor, his eyes are open now. Come to him: he would beckon us if he could."

I approached the bed where the stricken man lay. He gazed at me fixedly—his eyes were bloodshot and dull; nevertheless, beneath the dulness, beneath the ebbing powers of life, I thought I caught a glimpse of a tortured soul. The look in the General's eyes startled me. I laid my hand gently over them to close them.

"Do not think—sleep," I said to him.

Perhaps he did not understand me—perhaps he did.

Soon afterwards I left the room. I returned once more to the study. My mind was now filled by a very anxious thought. Suppose Mrs. Romney was right? Suppose

the dying man did know some fact which might clear David Vane? The feeling that this might possibly be so, and the knowledge also that the dull brain would in all probability never have the power of expressing its thoughts again—that the man who was so soon to leave the world would most likely carry his secret in darkness and silence to his long home—gave me a feeling of intense pain. I felt absolutely powerless to do anything in the matter, and in order to while away the wretched moments, I looked around me to see if I could find something to read.

The General was not a reading man, and, with the exception of a few sporting journals, there were no books to be found in his study. I was about to leave the room to seek for some literature further a-field, when a cabinet of old-fashioned make, which occupied a niche in one corner, attracted my attention. The cabinet was of oak, old, and beautifully carved; it had doors which could be shut or opened by the turning of brass handles. It was possible that I might find something to read in this cabinet. I went to it and opened the doors. I saw at a glance that it did not contain what I had come to seek. Some guns, one or two rusty pistols, a few old files and bottles, were scattered about on the different shelves; but what particularly attracted my attention was a battered-looking hat, which seemed from the way it had been pushed in on the top of bottles and various other debris, to have found a hasty hiding-place in the cabinet. I took it into my hands and looked at it—at first without any special interest. Then the faint smell of singeing attracted my attention. I held the hat between me and the light, and noticed that it had been considerably injured. On close examination I saw that it had been shot through. There were holes apparent in the crown; one round hole about the size of a shilling, and three or four smaller ones. These holes must have been caused by a charge of shot. For what possible reason had anyone made a shooting target of the old hat?

I put it back again in its place, shut the cabinet doors, and returned to my place by the fireside. I felt excited, and no longer cared to divert my thoughts by reading. Why was the hat in the cabinet, and why had it been riddled with shot?

"Suppose," I said to myself, "General Romney really knows all about this affair—and suppose Vane is hanged for it."

I began to think hard. I had scarcely

time, however, to arrange my thoughts before the study door was opened, and Iris came in. There were red rims round her eyes as if she had been crying—otherwise she was quite calm. I looked at her attentively, and it occurred to me that she might help me to throw light on the mystery which was now occupying all my thoughts.

"Sit down," I said to her; "I want to talk to you about your father."

"How is he?" she asked.

"Very ill indeed," I replied.

Her face grew a shade paler.

"Is he dying?" she asked of me.

"I have grave fears for him," I answered; "but you know the old saying, that 'while there is life there is hope.' It is important that I should know the symptoms which preceded this sudden attack, and it has occurred to me that you can possibly help me. What did your father do, for instance, yesterday?"

Iris's brow contracted with a certain impatience.

"My father has not been well for some days," she said.

"He spent yesterday as he has spent most days lately, in his study."

"He did not go out, then?"

"Go out!—no, he has not been out for a fortnight."

"Are you certain on that point?" I asked.

"Yes—what do you mean? Even if he did go out, it does not greatly matter, does it? But I know that he did not."

"In the state he was in," I said, "exercise would have been extremely injurious to him, and if he took it, it might have hastened the attack."

"He was not out, Dr. Halifax," said Iris, "and," she continued, eagerly, "it so happens that I can prove it. Father would never stir

a yard without a certain old hat which he had a fancy for. That hat has been hanging in the hall for the last fortnight. I will fetch it for you."

"Do," I said; "I am sorry to trouble you, but it is important that I should know if the attack was in any way caused by unwonted exercise."



"THERE WERE HOLES APPARENT IN THE CROWN."

Iris quickly left the room; she came back in a moment with empty hands.

"The hat is not there," she exclaimed. "It was on the stand yesterday morning. I saw it; perhaps one of the servants has removed it."

"Is this it?" I asked, going suddenly to the cabinet, flinging it open, and producing the hat. I held it high, for I did not wish Iris to notice the holes made by the shot.

She came eagerly to my side.

"That is certainly the hat," she replied.

"I wonder why father hid it in the cabinet?"

"Finding the hat here points to the conclusion that he went out yesterday," I said. "He perhaps put it in this cabinet to avoid the

trouble of returning it to its place in the hall."

"Perhaps so," replied Iris. "And you think he injured himself by going out?"

"He certainly did," I said, in a grave voice. I did not add any more. My suspicions were confirmed.

"You are looking tired," I said to Iris. "You had better go to bed. Rest assured that I mean to take this matter up, but you mustn't question me. If I fail, I fail, but I may succeed. Go to bed and sleep. Rest in the knowledge that I will do my best."

Iris suddenly seized my hand.

"You are good, you comfort me," she said; "you strengthen me."

She ran out of the room.

I sat down again by the fire. I was now concentrating my thoughts on one object, and one only. Having clearly made up my mind that General Romney possessed a secret, it was my mission to restore to him the power of divulging it. How could I do that?

The General was suffering from embolism—there was little doubt, also, that there was progressive paralysis of the brain. The case was a bad one, and under ordinary circumstances the doomed man would go down into his grave in unbroken silence. In this case the silence must be broken. How?

Suddenly, an idea came to me—the shadow of a hope possessed me. Thin and poor as this hope was, I determined to act upon it. I went up to General Romney's bedroom. Haynes was there, seated by the bedside; a trained nurse, who had arrived from town, was also present, and Mrs. Romney was lying on a sofa in a distant part of the room. The General lay as motionless as of old. I went over and sat by the bedside—the pallor was deepening over the sick man's face, the shadow of death was on it; his eyes, however, were wide open: they looked at me now, full of speech, but of speech which I had no power to interpret. I took his hand in mine, and felt his pulse, it was weak and fluttering; I bent down and listened to his breathing, then I asked Haynes to come into the next room for a moment.

"What do you think of the case?" I said to him.

"Quite hopeless," he answered. "I do not think our patient will be alive in the morning."

"He is certainly very ill," I replied. "His respiratory centres are affected, out of proportion to the severity of the attack of paralysis; in short, even if the hemorrhage on the brain does not proceed, he is likely to die of asphyxia."

"I have noticed the affection of the lungs," said Haynes. "Can nothing be done to relieve the breathing?"

"I am inclined to try the inhalation of oxygen gas," I answered. "I propose that we send immediately to Salisbury for some bags of the gas, and give it to the patient to inhale."

Haynes looked at me in doubtful surprise.

"Where so much is wrong," he said, "what is the use of trying what may only prolong life to cause further suffering? The patient is almost unconscious."

"He is not unconscious," I replied. "He knows us. Have you not noticed the expression in his eyes?"

"I have," said Haynes. "To tell the truth, I do not like their look. They give me a sense of being haunted."

"The inhalation of the gas can do no harm," I said, almost cheerfully. "I am quite aware that it is not usually tried in such cases, but I have a special reason for wishing not to leave a stone unturned to give the General a chance of even partial revivement. Now, can we get a messenger to go to Salisbury at once?"

Haynes looked dubious and disturbed.

"I will go, if anybody must," he answered; "but in addition to not feeling sanguine as to the success of your remedy, I am quite certain that we cannot get the oxygen gas in Salisbury."

"We'll make it, then," I replied. "Such a trivial obstacle must not baffle us at a crucial moment like the present. Will you go for me immediately to Salisbury, Haynes, and get two nitrous oxide bags from any dentist you happen to know? Then get from the chemist a retort and a spirit-lamp, some chlorate of potash, some peroxide of manganese, some caustic potash, some rubber tubing, and two big glass jars. Bring these back with you as fast as ever you can. I believe in the remedy, but there is not a moment to lose in preparing the oxygen gas."

Haynes left me, and I returned to the sick room. I shall not soon forget those weary hours of watching. I knew that with all possible speed Haynes would not be back with the necessary materials for preparing the gas under a couple of hours. Meanwhile, the patient's strength was ebbing fast. Any moment that fluttering pulse might cease. I administered restoratives at intervals, and held the limp hand in mine. Shortly before Haynes returned, Mrs. Romney stirred on her sofa, rose, and motioned to me to follow her into the next room. When I did so, she spoke, eagerly.

"How is my husband?" she asked.

I looked at her.

"You must know the truth," I said. "You are brave—you will bear up—General Romney is dying—nothing can be done to save his life, but I have sent to Salisbury for a special remedy which will, in all probability, relieve the breathing, and it is quite possible give him the opportunity of communicating to us that thought which haunts his dying bed."

"Yes, yes, he wants to tell us something," said Mrs. Romney. She turned white, and trembled so excessively that I made her sit down on the nearest chair.



"THE PATIENT'S STRENGTH WAS EBBING FAST."

At this moment I heard steps on the stairs, and Haynes arrived with all the necessary materials for making the gas.

There was not a moment to waste. I got the apparatus quickly into order, mixed the chemicals, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the bag slowly fill with pure oxygen gas. Haynes and I then hurried into the sick room. I directed the nurse to place a lamp in such a position that the light should fall on the patient. My object now was to revive him—in short, to untie, if possible, that silent tongue. Mrs. Romney followed me into the room. The gas was quickly applied, and the effect of even the first few whiffs was marvellous. The death-like pallor on the sick man's face left it. The returning colour first stole into the tips of the ears, then to the lips, then the eyes grew bright. The General heaved a deep sigh, as though an awful weight had been lifted from him. I removed the rubber tubing which I had introduced into one of his nostrils, and noticed the quick, strong respirations which now proceeded from the relieved lungs. This relief did not last long; but when I administered the gas again, the effect was in every way satisfactory. At the third application General Romney sat up in bed. His mouth twitched, he tried to speak, but no intelligent words would come to him. He was now, however, fully conscious, and I knew that the moment had arrived for me to speak to him.

"I want to tell you something, General," I said. "Captain David Vane——"

"Oh, don't, I beg of you," interrupted Mrs. Romney.

I pushed her aside.

"Do not interrupt me," I said; "look at his face."

That face was, indeed, eloquent with suppressed speech. The General moved his arms impatiently. I turned to him and began to speak again in a low, distinct voice.

"Captain David Vane," I said, "has been arrested for the murder of Mr. Ransome, of Ransome Heights. It is very probable that a verdict of wilful murder may be returned against him, unless you, General Romney, you who are a dying man, can throw light on the mystery."

His face worked; a hopeless jumble of unintelligible sounds proceeded from his lips.

I held the gas again to his nostrils and he revived. Making an effort, he suddenly threw out his right arm and hand and pointed with one finger to some writing materials which lay on a table not far distant. I went to the table, secured blotting-pad and paper and a sharply pointed pencil. I brought them back with me, placed the pencil in the dying hand, and supported the old man in such a way that he was able to write without much difficulty.

"Quick," I whispered to him, "a life depends on what you want to say."

His fingers immediately began to move across the paper. I looked over his shoulders, as he wrote.

These were the words which I read:—

"David Vane is innocent. I am the person who killed Thomas Ransome. This is how the deed was done. On the day you arrived I went out, contrary to my doctor's advice, for a short walk. I went into the copse. I saw Ransome sitting on the fence which divides his property from ours. He was in the act of aiming at a pheasant in my copse when I saw him. I called to him in a loud voice to abstain. I called him what he was—a scoundrel. He raised his eyes—

looked at me and burst out laughing. I saw that he was the worse for drink. I came close up to him.

"‘It isn't pheasants alone I have come to knock down,' he said, with a jeer. ‘I'm looking for bigger game.'"

"The next instant I heard a noise and felt some heat. The fellow had presented his gun at me at near quarters. I closed with him, and we had a terrible tussle. I seized the gun, and gave him one blow on the head—only one. I thought I had stunned him—he rolled into the ditch and lay quiet. I came back to the house and saw that the full charge of the gun had entered my hat. I regarded my life as a miracle, and put the hat away—not to alarm my family. I felt ill and shaken—I had been unwell for some time. I had no idea that I had killed Ransome. You came in and gave me a restorative, and I felt better. I was in the ball-room receiving my visitors when someone rushed up and told me that Ransome was dead, and that a police-officer had arrived for the purpose of arresting Vane. I ran, as if the Evil One were behind me, to find Vane, and tell the truth. Before I could do so, I was stricken down."

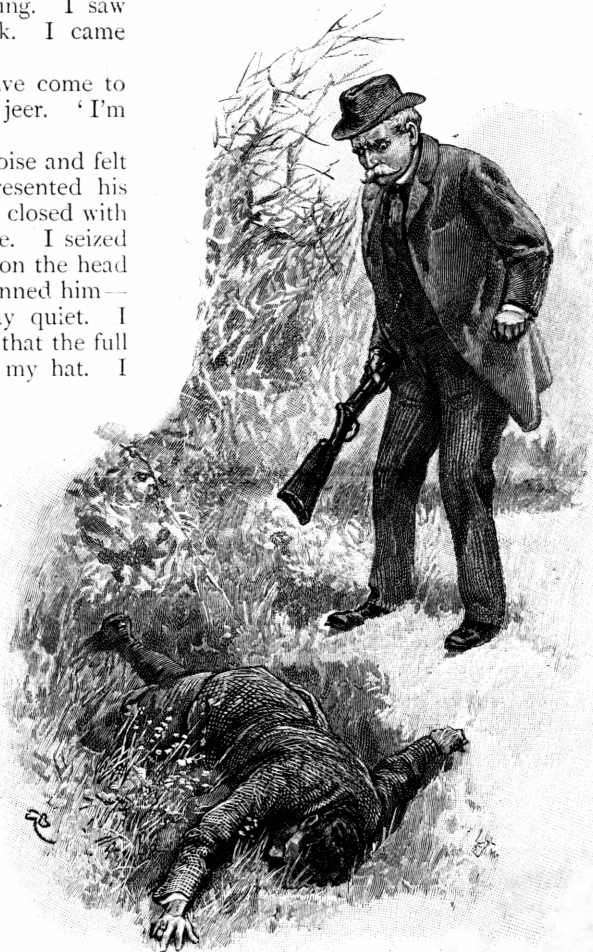
Having written so far, the General paused. The pencil fluttered out of his feeble fingers. I applied the gas once again—his respiration grew easier, but I saw that the last flicker of strength was leaving him, and that soon even the revivifying gas would fail in its effects.

"For God's sake, rouse yourself, General," I cried to him. "Sign the statement you have just made. Sign it quickly."

Haynes, Mrs. Romney, and the nurse were all standing round—the General took the pencil in his hand.

"Sign, sign," I said.

I held him up, and he managed with the last flicker of strength to put his name in full at the bottom of the paper. I handed the paper to Mrs. Romney, with an expressive look. She took it and laid it on the table. I put General Romney once more back on his pillows,



"I THOUGHT I HAD STUNNED HIM."

"You have done bravely," I said to him. "This paper will completely clear Vane. Your girl will be happy yet—you may die in peace."

He looked up at me, and I saw that the question and the agony had left his dying eyes for ever. Iris was hurriedly sent for, but before she arrived the old man was unconscious. She sat by his side, and took his hand in hers. As she sat so, I read over to her the words which her father had just put on paper. She burst into tears, and fell forward on his breast.

Perhaps he knew she was there, for the eyelids seemed to flutter, but gradually and surely the laboured breath quieted down, and before the morning dawned General Romney died.

ECCENTRIC IDEAS

BY
James Scott.



ANY people labour under the false impression that an *idea* is an *invention*, and with assurance in this connection submit ideas to editors, and other great men, seeking information regarding the remuneration they may expect from the said great men in the event of the latter piloting their ideas through perfection, and the Patent Office. Every practical inventor knows that *ideas* are common to nearly everybody who will exercise their minds a little; and that an inventive man has suggested mentally scores of ideas, of which he perceives the impracticability, and which he discards at once. Some apparently impossible suggestions *are* realized, by men such as Edison. But there are many ideas which even the wizard Edison could not lick into proper shape—ideas that I have culled from the many sources open to all—ideas of cranks and addle-pated men who have imaginative minds, but are quite devoid of practical sense. I have illustrated them in order the better to convey their absurdity.

Take the ridiculous notion for preventing collisions on the railway (Fig. 1). It is

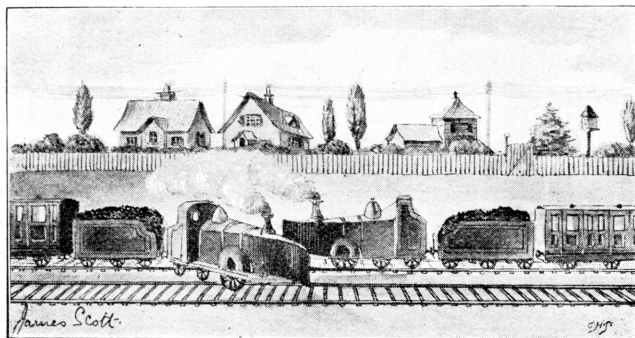


FIG. 1.

suggested that the fronts of the engines shall be wedge-shaped, somewhat after the manner of a ship, the first of the claims for such a contrivance being more feasible and credit-

able than the second. The first is based on the supposition that less resistance would thereupon be offered to the wind than is now manifested; and that, therefore, the train would proceed at an easier and quicker pace, with a less expenditure of energy. Here I am of the same opinion as the inventor; but when it is asserted that if the front edges of these engines were slightly curved outwards, the effect of a collision would be the pushing off the line of one train by the stronger of the two, I am inclined to believe that the remedy would prove as disastrous as, if not more destructive than, the evil it aimed to avoid. As soon as one engine was pushed off the line, its opposing companion would crash through the carriages which were being dragged off the metals. All inventions need to be tested before final pronouncement of their value can be candidly given; but in such a case as that now before us, the difficulty of forming a pronouncement is formidably obstructed by the danger attending actual experiment. If the inventor's claims are sincerely believed in by him, he should have every inducement to test the matter, and should feel convinced that a purposely-

contrived collision would not produce dire results. But, notwithstanding his assertions, I imagine that he would feel qualms of conscience were a test about to be applied to the peculiar engines.

Still keeping our attention attached to locomotives, I will acquaint the reader with a more sensible, albeit impracticable, suggestion for minimizing the risk accruing from another form of collision. In this case, the object in view is to provide against the danger incident

upon the meeting of one train with the back of a forerunner. It is intended that all locomotives should have the last van shaped in a sloping manner, so that a

train following too closely behind it would be enabled to run up the slanting surface, and eventually mount to the top of it (Fig. 2). Lines are to be laid along the

After all, it would appear that the safest plan to adopt in these matters is to *prevent* the collisions.

Are we getting lazy, or are our business demands so urgent that great haste in our personal locomotion is absolutely necessary? I am prompted to ask this question because one enthusiast has suggested the peculiar sloping roadways illustrated in Fig. 3. The idea is that by constructing the roads in this rather tantalizing manner, pedestrians could, when they desired, leave the pavement, and after having applied roller-skates to their feet, just stand erect at the top of the slope, and allow themselves to travel down without further effort—

unless it be to maintain their equilibrium or to avoid violent contact with fellow-skaters. Arrived at the bottom of a slope, steps would have to be climbed—a difficult matter, by the way, whilst one's feet are encased in skates—before other slopes could be reached. Certainly, if a very long street were so formed, speed would be assured. But how about vehicles? Where would *they* be accom-

slopes and the tops of the carriages, and it is supposed that the driver of the topmost train would have sufficient time allowed him thereby to shut off steam and bring his locomotive to a standstill. I am wondering how the upper one would fare in the event of the meeting happening near a tunnel, as I have depicted in my illustration; supposing that the under one had not been crushed to pieces by the weight and commotion above it.

Practical inventors will at once detect many obvious and almost insurmountable points calculated to deprive this invention of a claim to meritorious qualification. In the first place, unless the sloping portion of the train dragged along directly in contact with the ground, and the rails upon it were tapered to a nicety at the bottom, the back engine would not act as desired, for the alternate course would entail the use of wheels, whereupon the extreme end edge of the train would be raised to an elevation of several inches above the ground, and would form a kind of step up which the following train could not spring. The second futile point is that, even supposing that the front locomotive *did* slope accurately, and permit surmounting, the great gaps between the carriages which would *necessarily* exist would form gulfs into which the wheels of the upper train would slip, and cause dreadful destruction.

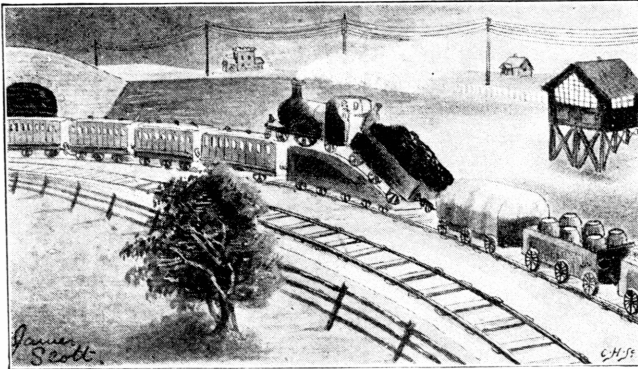


FIG. 2.

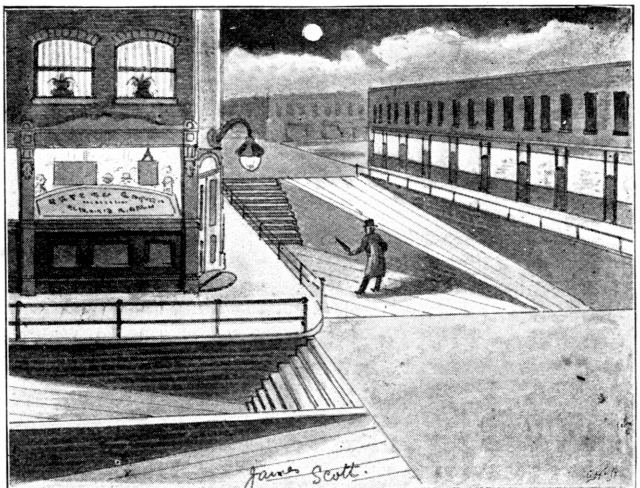


FIG. 3.

modated? I suppose that they would take to the pavements, crossing from one to another by means of the square levels at the street ends. As a pastime, perhaps, this means of progress might be amusing; but it is too ludicrous to commend itself as a serious invention, calculated to be popular

in our busy centres of commerce, or, for the matter of that, anywhere within our realms.

Burglars! What sneaking, cunning, clever rogues burglars are, for the most part! They defy householders who adopt various suggestions that apparently offer effective opposition to their enterprising tactics. Locks and bars, bells and dogs, shutters and steel-plates—all are sooner or later rendered preg-

The invention seems feasible and useful; but it is surrounded with disadvantages. Highway robberies would undoubtedly increase largely, owing to the convenient means ready at hand wherewith to dispose of the unfortunate victims' lives. The constant presence of the water would be responsible for the appearance of diseases, and would tend to destroy the foundations of the houses. And in addition to all this, we have the unfortunate fact that to the very class of buildings that mostly need protection, viz., uninhabited warehouses, the idea would not be applicable, for the very substantial reason that if it were impossible for a burglar to open the door when the trap-pavement was elevated, it would be an equally impossible job for the last man leaving a City house to raise the pavement and secure it. And, of course, if fitted outside houses in which dwelt inmates, its value and efficiency would be diminished by the fact of their presence. How quickly the utility of bold and huge ideas is destroyed!

Many readers may have heard of crawling books—to wit: live snakes with records and sayings tattooed on their skins; but I daresay few have heard of the suggested travelling roadway. Think of it! A cart to

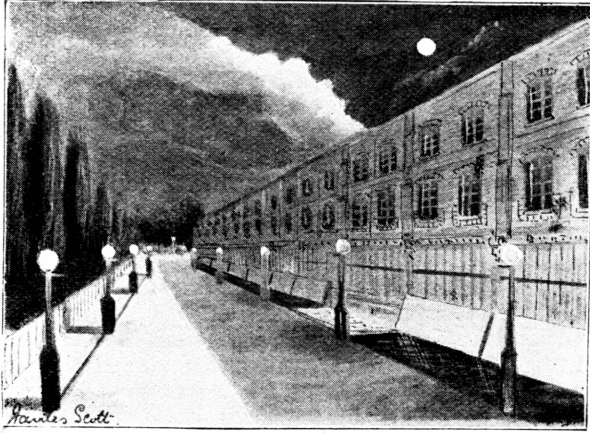


FIG. 4.

nable by the undoubted, yet unadmired, skill of the genuine professional burglar. Whether he would approve or disapprove of the practical application of the scheme depicted in Fig. 4 is a matter likely to arouse dispute. He might not consider it very formidable: he might even regard it with a friendly eye, and ask for its extensive adoption. This is the idea: The pavement in front of each shop and warehouse should be so constructed as to be capable of being lifted bodily like a trap-door, and secured by mechanical means to the house-front, at night. Beneath the wide pavements would be a very deep trench, either permanently filled with water, or so arranged that sufficient water would enter it every evening at a particular hour. The object of this device is to form a barrier which, it is supposed, would baffle the burglar. He could not step across the ditch on to any convenient ledge; nor could he stand in the water, as its depth would prevent recourse to such a tactic. But, if he did manage to stand by some artful means in the water, his consequent damp condition would assuredly attract the notice of stray policemen, whose inquiry and activity might result disastrously to the busy B. Gentlemen with planks to be used as bridges at midnight would also draw 'cute attention towards their movements.

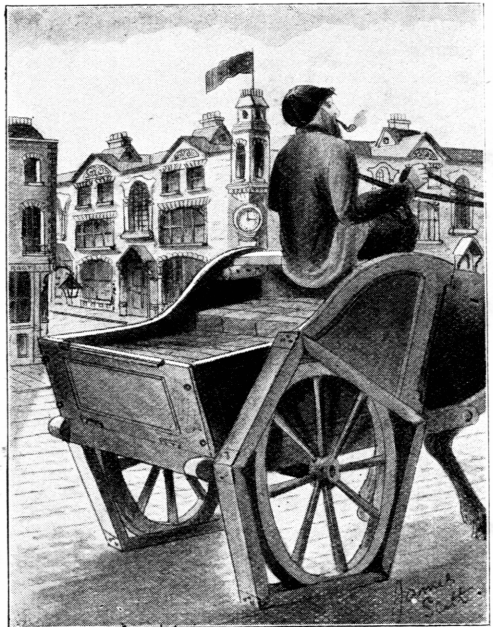


FIG. 5.

carry its own road with it! The illustration (Fig. 5) explains to the ordinary eye as much as is requisite to understand it. Five narrow troughs are to be hinged together and placed outside each cart-wheel, in such a way as to be incapable of accidental release. As the cart proceeded, first one then another trough would gradually lie along the thoroughfare and afford a footing for the wheel.

The idea is that, by this means, a level path would be available for travelling over sandy, muddy, stony, or slippery ground. Of course the result in practice would be exactly the same as if the wheel itself had been made in the shape of the five-sided frame to start with, instead of round.

In the highly entertaining article on the "Evolution of the Cycle," appearing in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* for July, 1892, many eccentric ideas were manifested; but few are more curious than the suggested foot-cycle portrayed in Fig. 6. The belief of its inventor is that many would adopt its use because thereby it would be

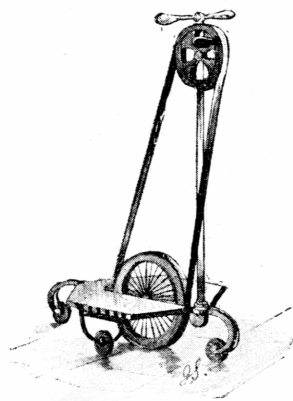


FIG. 6.

possible to travel on the pavement, and be free from the dangers to which cyclists are now exposed in the roadway. Moreover, the machine would be portable when not in actual use, but in this direction I cannot enlighten my readers. It is advised that two wheels should be connected to a belt, and that motion should be gained by turning a handle. It would have steering apparatus, but could only travel over comparatively smooth pavements or roads.

I have heard sailors declare that they would much prefer to be at sea during stormy or windy weather than be wandering through the streets of a town. They say, truthfully, that no dislodged chimney-pots or bricks can surprise and injure them by falling on their tender heads. In their innocent way, they forget the existence of equally severe dangers beneath their feet. I daresay, however, that even if they could be persuaded to don the wonderful tall hat depicted in the adjoining illustration (Fig. 7), sufficient faith in its efficiency would not be forthcoming to induce



FIG. 7.

them to wander about so dressed, and they would still hanker for the ocean. Moreover, the spectacle of a sailor with a tall hat would provoke so much mirth on the part of land-lubbers generally, as to make Jack feel too uncomfortable for his own happiness.

Gentlemen are *not* advised to wear this hat, although it is supposed that immediately a brick or other obtrusive article fell upon it, a spring would be thereby released, and cause an interior cylinder to pop up and eject the objectionable material. I will not ask any questions concerning the details of this contrivance, although I feel annoyed that certain mysterious points are still unfathomable.

How many ladies will be fascinated with the fan-umbrella hat shown in Fig. 8? I shall

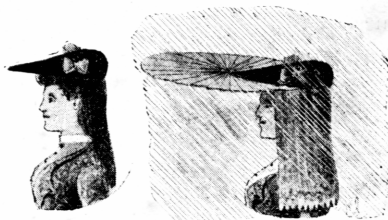


FIG. 8.

keep a sharp eye on the tender sex when I am out-doors during the wet weather, although I must confess that I anticipate but little prospect of encountering any of them parading with this contrivance above their devoted heads. Perhaps the inventor thought that as the only purposes for which a fan at present serves is either to cool a heated cheek or hide a blush, it ought in justice to itself to be known that it can be made to act as a serviceable umbrella. The closed fan is to occupy a position within the hat, when not required for the queer use referred to; and be capable of being opened entirely in

the form of a circle as shown, and have the additional attraction of an accompanying curtain to shield the back hair. How the surplus rain, which would assuredly accumulate thereon, is to be disposed of I know not, so pray do not press me for further particulars. Ladies will perhaps be satisfied by uttering: "Fancy that! See that fan?" and pass on to the gentleman's umbrella-hat, which, however, is hardly so charming an appendage as its companion.

This particular covering (Fig. 9) assumes the shape of the ordinary college cap when in its closed condition, but may be opened as shown during times of elemental disturbance. It is to be unfolded and folded in a similar way possible with ungummed envelopes. By what manner of means it is to sustain its four unfolded corners, no man (even the inventor himself) knoweth. What a delightfully picturesque pair a lady and gentleman carrying these last forms of headgear would

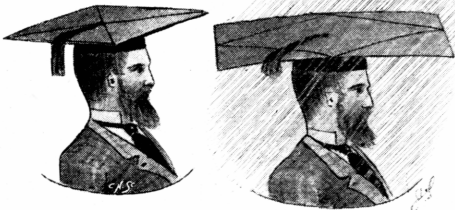


FIG. 9.

present! It must be acknowledged, though, that the position of the caps is too elevated to be of effective utility, and it would be desirable, therefore—in the interests of utility, if not of the individuals—to compress the heads of the wearers to such an extent that the combination umbrellas would be better adapted for sheltering the shoulders.

Fig. 10 represents a more formidable notion, and one of quite another category. It has been suggested that to the ordinary wheels of tram-cars should be attached cog-wheels of a larger diameter; and that these cog-wheels should engage with notched rails situated beneath the ordinary tram-lines. The under-sides of the notched rails are to communicate with a shallow tunnel, and to them may be suspended parcels and boxes, bags and sacks, and any other class of article the carriage of which people are in the habit of

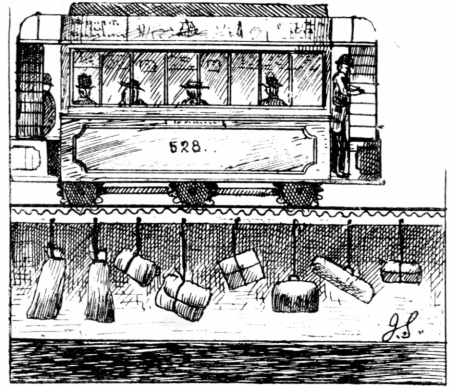


FIG. 10.

deputing to carmen and railway trucks. It is supposed—and the idea is a charmingly deceptive one—that the cog-wheels of a travelling tram would by such means propel the notched rails (in an opposite direction to that followed by the tram), which in turn would convey the goods. Such a proceeding *might* ensue, were the tram-wheels fixtures in the proper sense of the word—*i.e.*, deprived of a forward motion, and only permitted to revolve; but as affairs are proposed, there would happen but one thing—the goods would not move. The cog-wheels would only fit in and out of the notches in the rails beneath them, and fail to act as anticipated, for the simple reason that in travelling forward they could exert no leverage, and, consequently, create no motion.

The gentleman who is comfortably dreaming beneath a huge trumpet (Fig. 11) would undoubtedly regret having followed an eccentric inventor's suggestion, in the event of a mishap taking place with the suspending rope. The idea is that by adopting this form

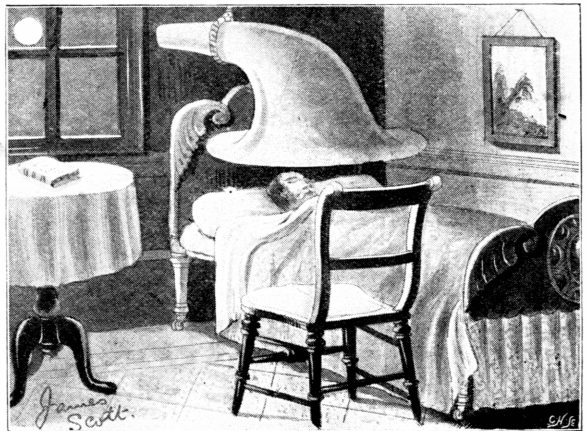


FIG. 11.

of contrivance (which is to communicate with the outer air) an abundance of refreshing, stimulating air could be secured during sleep, without providing facilities for burglarious entrance into the chamber, as is now provided when the window is left open for the admission of the atmosphere. Properly speaking, this slumberer's window should be well shuttered; but as he would then be in total darkness, I cannot see how I could have portrayed him and his precious air-trumpet.

I can safely predict that, in the event of anyone addicted to snoring foolishly availing himself of the practical application of this idea, such strenuous complaints by the neighbours would be made relative to the magnified sounds audible, as to render the availer's life unbearable. How the poor man is to make his bed, or enter it after it has been made, whilst so formidable a preventive remains in evidence, are a couple of minor questions that should not, perhaps, have been mooted.

I have purposely left until last the most sensible of the curious proposed schemes collected by me. Yet

it, too, has its many impossibilities, or, at least, colossal disadvantages. The project concerns the lighting of our towns and cities, and the inventor claims that, by stationing men on platforms above the reflectors, and by furnishing telegraphic communication between all captive balloons and ground stations, people in the street would be so conspicuously under observation that any suspicious persons could be tracked completely through the maze of thoroughfares. If my fear that, in the course of time, the balloons would carry to the heavens the houses to which they are secured by ropes is unfounded, there still remains the difficulty of relieving the watchers daily, weekly, or monthly, unless the matter be overcome by the costly method of lowering and raising the balloons on every occasion. However, there's the idea. Use it if you can (Fig. 12).

Having now explained as fully as is desirable a few of the eccentric ideas of man, I will sum up by stating that eccentric ideas are like mushrooms — all top and no bottom; and — like soda-water bottles — cannot stand.

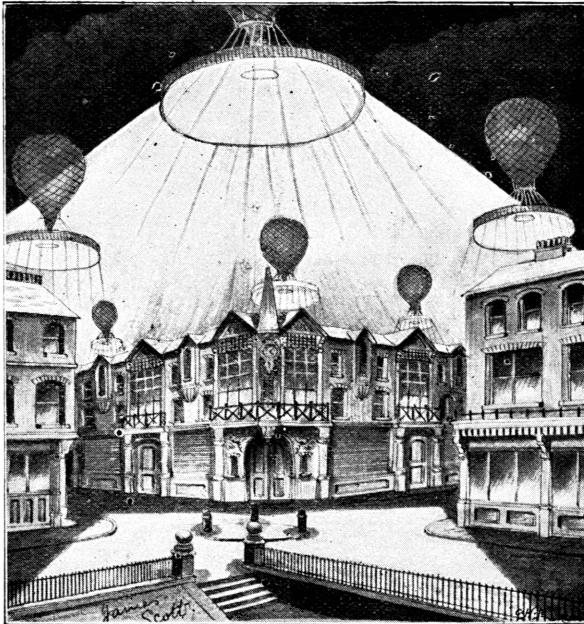
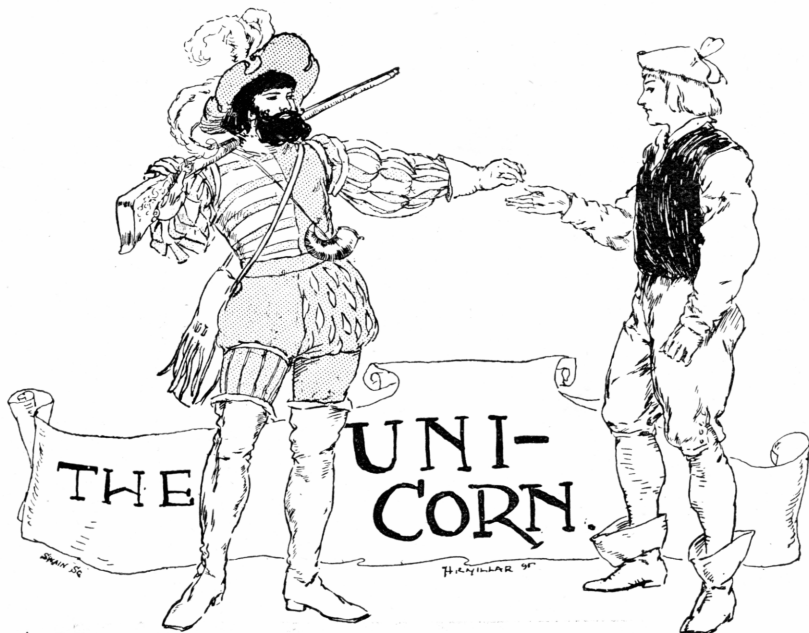


FIG. 12.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN

BY E. P. LARKEN.



FRTZ, Franz, and Hans were charcoal-burners. They lived with their mother in the depths of a forest, where they very seldom saw the face of another human being. Hans, the youngest, did not remember ever having lived anywhere else, but Fritz and Franz could just call to mind sunny meadows, in which they played as little children, plucking the flowers and chasing the butterflies. Indeed, Fritz was able to compare the present state of miserable poverty in which they lived with the ease and comfort they enjoyed in years gone by.

Once upon a time they were well off. They had enough to eat every day, they lived in a comfortable house, surrounded by a nice garden, and with plenty of kind neighbours round them. Then came a change. Their father lost his money, and was forced to leave this pleasant home, and to earn bread for his family by becoming a charcoal-burner. Everything now became different. Their house was a poor hut, composed of a few logs of wood knocked roughly together. Dry black bread with, occasionally, a few potatoes and lentils, and now and then, as a great treat, a little porridge, formed their food. And to secure even this they had to work hard from morning till night at their grimy trade. But their father was brave and patient, and, while he was alive,

the wolf was kept some distance from the door. Besides, he could always put some heart into the boys, when they began to flag, by a joke or a pleasant story. But he had died a year ago, owing to an accident he met with while chopping wood for the furnace, and since his death matters had been going from bad to worse with the family.

Fritz and Franz were, unfortunately, selfish, ill-conditioned lads, who made the worst instead of the best of their troubles, and who even grudged their mother and brother their share of the food. Hans, on the other hand, was a capital fellow. He always had a cheerful smile or word, and did all in his power to help his mother to keep in good spirits. One day at dinner time they were startled by a knock at the door. A knock at the door does not sound to us, perhaps, to be a very startling thing, but they, as I said, so seldom saw a strange face near their home that this knock at the door quite took away their breath. When it came, Fritz and Franz were sitting over the fire munching their last piece of black bread, and grumbling to one another as was their custom, while Hans, seated on the bed beside his mother, was telling her about what he saw and what he fancied when he was in the forest. Fritz was the first to recover himself, and he growled out, in his usual surly tone, "Come in." The door opened, and a gentleman entered. From his green dress, the gun that he carried in his

hand, and the game-bag slung by his side, they saw that he was a huntsman who had been amusing himself with shooting the game with which the forest abounded.

"Good morning, good friends," he said, in a cheerful tone. "Could you provide me with a cup of water and a mouthful of something to eat? I have forgotten to bring anything with me, and am ravenously hungry and far from home."

Fritz and Franz first threw a scowling glance from under their eyebrows at the stranger, by way of reply, gave a grunt, and continued munching at their hunks of bread. Hans, however, was more polite. The only seats in the hut were occupied by Fritz and Franz, and, as they showed no disposition to move, Hans dragged a log of wood from a corner and placed it before the visitor and invited him to sit down. Then he produced a cup, scrupulously clean, indeed, but sadly cracked and chipped, and, running outside, he filled it from a spring of delicious cool water, which rose near the hut. As he had been busy talking to his mother, he had had no time to eat his share of the black bread, and so he handed his coarse crust to the stranger, saying he was sorry that there was nothing better to offer him.

"Thank you," said the stranger, courteously. "Hunger is the best sauce. There is no lunch I like so well as this." And he set to work with such a good will that, in a very short time, poor Hans' crust had vanished, and there was nothing left before the stranger but a few crumbs of bread on the table, and a few drops of water in the cup. These he kneaded carelessly together into a little pellet, about the size of a pea, while Hans told him, in answer to his questions, all about their lonely life in the forest, and the hardships which they had to endure.

When the stranger rose to go he said, "Well, I thank you heartily for your hospitality—now I will give you a word of advice. One of you lads should go and seek the sparkling golden water which turns everything it touches into gold."

Fritz and Franz pricked up their ears at this, and, both at once, demanded where this sparkling golden water was to be found. The stranger turned towards them courteously, although these were the first words they had spoken since his entrance, and replied:—

"The sparkling golden water is to be found in the forest of dead trees, on the further side of those blue mountains which you may see on any clear day in the fur

distance. It is a three weeks' journey on foot from here."

Then, bowing to his hosts, he stepped towards the door. Hans, however, was there first, and opened it for him. Obeying a sign from the stranger, Hans followed him a little way from the hut. Then the stranger, taking from his pocket the little black bread pellet, said, "I know, because you gave me your dinner, that you will have to go hungry. I have no money to offer you, but here is something that will be of far greater value to you than money. Keep this pellet carefully, and when you seek this sparkling golden water, as I know you will, don't forget to bring it with you. Now go back: you must follow me no further." So saying, the stranger waved his hand to Hans, and, plunging into the thicket, disappeared. Hans slipped the pellet into his pocket and re-entered the hut, where he found his brothers in loud dispute about the sparkling golden water. They were much too interested in the matter to pay any attention to Hans or to ask him, as he was afraid they would, whether the stranger had given him any money before he left. As he came in he heard Fritz saying, in a loud voice:—

"I'm the eldest, and I will go first to get the sparkling golden water. When I've got it I will buy all the land hereabouts and become Count. I will hunt every day, and have lots of good wine, and sometimes, if I'm passing near here, I'll just look in to see how you all are, and to show you my fine clothes, and horses, and dogs, and servants." Fritz was, for him, almost gracious at the bright prospect before him.

"I don't care whether you're the eldest or not," growled Franz, stubbornly, "I shall go, too, to find the sparkling golden water. When I've found it I will buy the Burgomaster's office, and live in his house in the town yonder, and wear his fur robes and gold chain, and, best of all, walk at the head of all the grand processions. None of your wild hunting for me—give me ease and comfort."

At last it was decided, after a great deal of squabbling, that Fritz as the eldest should go first in search of the sparkling golden water, and accordingly next day he set out. Hans ventured to hint that the first thing to be done with this sparkling golden water when it was found should be to provide a comfortable home for their mother, but Fritz's only answer to this was a blow, and an angry order to Hans to mind his own business.

We cannot follow Fritz all the way on his

journey. As he had no money, he was forced to beg at the doors of the cottages and farm-houses which he passed, for food and shelter for the night. Now, this proved to be rather hard work, because nobody very much liked his looks or his manner, and people only gave him spare scraps now and then in order to get him to go away as soon as possible. However, he found himself, at last, approaching the forest of dead trees. He knew that it was the forest, although there was nobody there to tell him so. He had not, in fact, seen any human being for the last three days. But he felt that he could not be mistaken. A vast forest of enormous trees lifted leafless, sapless branches to the sky, which every breath of wind rattled together like the bones of a skeleton. When he was about twenty yards from the forest a terrible sound came from it. It was as though a thousand horses were neighing and screaming all at once. Fritz's heart stood still. He wanted to run away, but his legs refused to move. As he stood there, shaking and quaking, there rushed out of the forest a huge unicorn with a spiral golden horn on his forehead.

"What seek you here?" asked the unicorn, in a voice of thunder. Fritz stammered out that he sought the sparkling golden water.

"What want you with the sparkling golden water, which is in my charge?" thundered the unicorn.

Fritz was almost too frightened to speak. He fell on his knees, put up his hands, and cried: "Oh, good Mr. Unicorn, oh, kind Mr. Unicorn, pray don't hurt me."

The unicorn stamped furiously on the ground with his right fore-foot. "Say this instant," he cried, "what it is that you want with the sparkling golden water!"

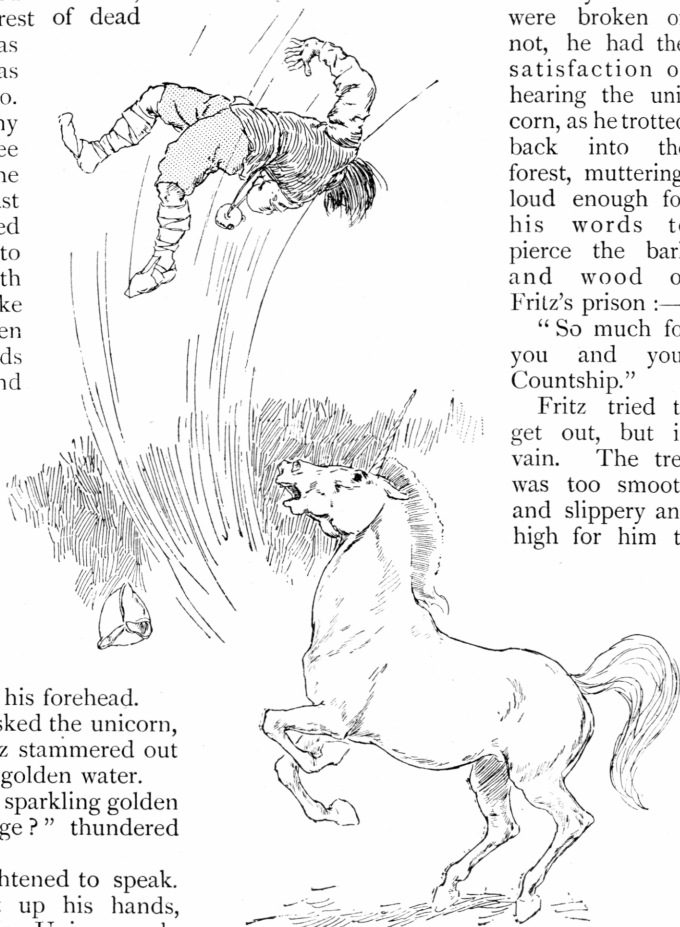
"I want to get money to buy land and become a Count," Fritz was just able to gasp out. The unicorn said nothing: he simply lowered his head, and with his golden horn tossed Fritz three hundred and forty-five feet in the air. Up went Fritz like a sky-rocket, and down he came like its stick, turning somersaults all the way. Fortunately for him, his fall was broken by the branches of one

of the dead trees. If it had not been for this he would probably have been seriously hurt. Through these branches he crashed until he reached the point where they joined the trunk. The tree was hollow here, and Fritz tumbled down to the bottom of the trunk and found himself a prisoner. While he was feeling his arms and legs to find out

if any bones were broken or not, he had the satisfaction of hearing the unicorn, as he trotted back into the forest, muttering, loud enough for his words to pierce the bark and wood of Fritz's prison:—

"So much for you and your Countship."

Fritz tried to get out, but in vain. The tree was too smooth and slippery and high for him to



"UP WENT FRITZ."

be able to clamber up, and he only hurt himself every time he attempted to escape. There was nothing for it, then, but for him to lie down and howl. He had to satisfy his hunger, as best he might, by eating the stray worms and woodlice and fungi, which he found creeping, crawling, and growing round about the roots of the tree. We will leave him there for the present and return to the others.

Franz, Hans, and their mother waited and waited for Fritz to come back. Hans and

his mother could not believe it possible that, when he had secured the sparkling golden water, he would leave them in their poverty. Franz, on the other hand, judging Fritz by himself, thought that nothing was more likely. And Franz was most probably right. Six weeks was the shortest time in which Fritz could be home again. "Unless," said Hans, "he buys a horse and rides back, as he will be very well able to do when he has got the sparkling golden water." But six weeks passed, and two months, and three months, and no Fritz, either on horseback or afoot. Then Franz's patience came to an end. He must needs go, too.

"I won't wait here starving any longer," said he; "Fritz has forgotten all about us. I'll get the sparkling golden water and become Burgomaster." So off he set, following the same road as Fritz, and meeting with much the same difficulties. They were, however, rather greater in his case than in his brother's. Folk remembered the ill-conditioned Fritz only too well, and Franz was so like him in looks and manner, that they shut the door in his face the moment he appeared, and ran upstairs and called out from the top windows of their houses, "Go away. There's nothing for you here. The big dog's loose in the yard. Go away, charcoal-burner."

However, by dint of perseverance, in which to say the truth he was not lacking, Franz, very hungry and sulky, reached the verge of the forest of dead trees. Out came the unicorn and asked his business. On Franz replying that he wanted the sparkling golden water in order to buy the house and post of Burgomaster, the unicorn tossed him into the air, and he tumbled into the same tree as Fritz. Then the unicorn trotted back into the forest muttering, for Franz's benefit: "So much for you and your Burgomastership."

When Fritz and Franz found themselves thus closely confined in the same prison, they, instead of making the best of one another's company, as sensible brothers would have done, fell to quarrelling and fighting, until at last neither would speak to the other, and that state of sulky silence they maintained all the time of their captivity.

The months passed by, but no news came to Hans and his mother of Fritz and Franz. Meanwhile Hans found that it became daily more difficult for him to earn enough money to support two people. Moreover, he saw that his mother was growing weaker, and he feared that she would die unless she had proper food and nourishment. At last he said:—

"Mother, if there was only someone to

take care of you, I would go in search of Fritz and Franz. You may be sure that they have got the sparkling golden water by this time. They would never refuse me a few guildens if I were to ask them and tell them how ill you are."

But Hans' mother did not at all like the idea of his leaving her, and she begged and prayed him not to go. He felt obliged, therefore, to submit, and stayed on for a little longer, until at last even his mother saw that they must either starve or do as Hans suggested. Most fortunately at this time there dropped in to see them another charcoal-burner, whom Hans used to call "Uncle Stoltz," although he was no uncle at all, but only a good-natured neighbour and an old friend of Hans' father. Uncle Stoltz strongly urged the mother to let her boy go in search of his brothers, adding, although he was nearly as poor as they were themselves:—

"You come and live with me and my wife. While we have a crust to divide you sha'n't want."

So Hans' mother gave a reluctant consent, and went to live with Uncle Stoltz, while Hans went out in search of his brothers. By making inquiries he easily found the road which they had taken, but nobody ever thought of shutting the door in his face. On the contrary, his polite manners and cheerful looks made him a welcome guest at every cottage and farmstead at which he stopped. At last he, too, found himself on the verge of the forest of dead trees and face to face with the golden-horned unicorn. But Hans was not to be frightened as his brothers had been by the terrible voice and awe-striking appearance of the guardian of the fountain. In reply to the usual question—given in the usual tone of thunder: "What seek you here?"—Hans replied, coolly, "I seek my brothers, Fritz and Franz."

"They are where you will never find them," said the unicorn, "so go home again."

"If I cannot find my brothers," said Hans, firmly, "I will not go home without the sparkling golden water."

"What want you with the sparkling golden water, which is in my charge?" asked the unicorn, in his terrible voice.

"I want to buy food and wine and comforts for my mother, who is very ill," answered Hans, undaunted. But his eyes filled with tears as he thought of his mother.

The unicorn spoke more gently.

"Have you," he asked, "the crystal ball? Because without it I cannot allow you to pass to the sparkling golden water."

"The crystal ball!" echoed Hans. "I never heard of such a thing."

"That's a pity," said the unicorn, gravely; "I'm afraid you will have to go home without the water; but, stay, feel in your pockets. You may have had the ball, and put it somewhere, and have forgotten all about it."

Hans smiled at the idea of the crystal ball lying, unknown to him, in his pockets, but he followed the suggestion of the unicorn, and found, as he knew he should find, nothing at all, except, indeed, the pellet of black bread which the stranger-huntsman had given him, and which he had not thought of from that day to this. "No," he said to the unicorn, "I have nothing in my pocket, except this pellet," and he was about to throw it away when the unicorn called out to him to stop.

"Let me see it," he said. "Why," he went on, "this *is* the crystal ball—look!"

Hans did look, and sure enough he found in his hand a tiny globe of crystal. He examined it with amazement. "Well," he said, "all I know is that a second ago it was a black bread pellet."

"That may be," said the unicorn, carelessly; "anyhow, it is a crystal ball now, and the possession of it makes me your servant. It is my duty to carry you to the fountain of sparkling golden water, if you wish to go. Have you brought a flask with you?"

"No," said Hans. "Fritz took the only flask we had, and Franz an old bottle."

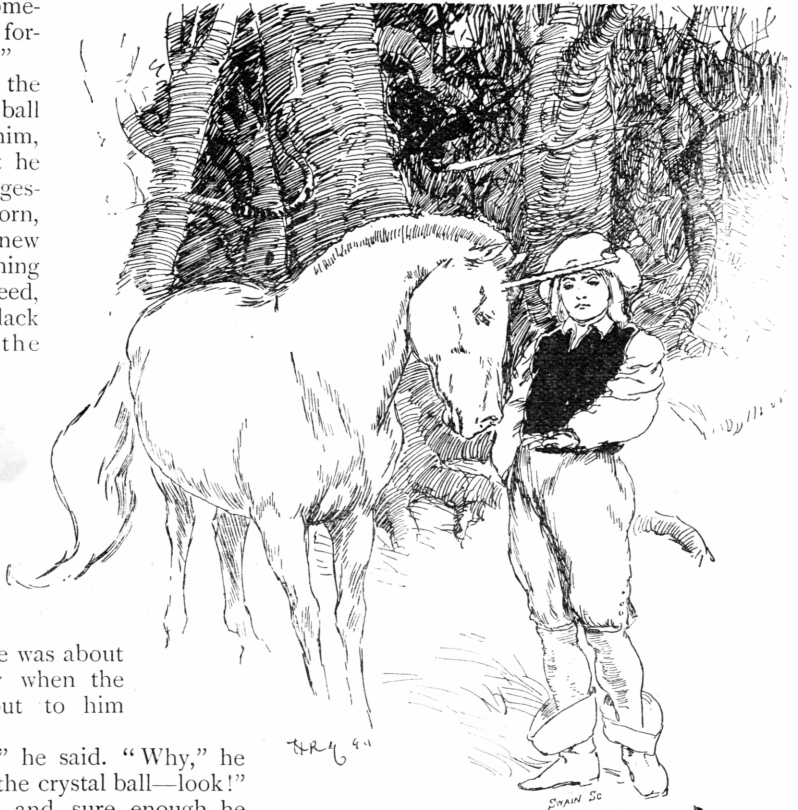
"Fritz, eh? Well, follow me a little way." So saying, the unicorn led Hans to the tree in which his brothers were imprisoned and, motioning him to be silent, cried out:—

"Ho! Master Count, throw out the flask you have with you, if you please: it is wanted."

"Sha'n't," growled Fritz's voice in reply, "unless you promise to let me out."

"Oh, you won't, won't you?" said the unicorn; "well, we'll see."

With that he drew back a few steps, and then, running forwards, thrust his sharp horn into the side of the hollow trunk from which



"THIS IS THE CRYSTAL BALL!"

Fritz's voice had issued. A loud yell came from the spot, showing that the horn had run into some tender part of Fritz's body, and at the same instant, the flask appeared flying out of the hole of the tree by which Fritz and Franz had entered.

"That's right," said the unicorn, "now we shall do comfortably. Get on my back, grasp my mane tightly, hold your breath, and shut your eyes."

"If you please," said Hans, "will you set Fritz and Franz free first?"

The unicorn looked annoyed. "They are doing very well there," he said; "why should you disturb them? But you're my master, and I must do as you please. Only take my word you'll be sorry for this afterwards."

With that he went to the tree and, with

one or two powerful blows with his horn, made a hole large enough for the unhappy prisoners to creep out. Two more sheepish, miserable wretches than those half-starved brothers of his, Hans had never seen. They fell at his feet and thanked him again and again for delivering them. They promised never to do anything unkind or selfish again, and each assured Hans that he had always liked him far more than he had liked the other brother.

Their protestations of affection rather disgusted Hans, only, as he was a good-hearted boy himself, he could not help being moved by them. He then told his brothers in what state he had left his mother, and how he was to be taken by the unicorn to get the sparkling golden water.

"Oh!" cried the brothers, "can't you take us, too?"

The unicorn thought it time to interfere. "No one can be taken there, but the owner of the crystal ball," he said. "Come, master, it is time for you to mount."

Hans clambered nimbly into his seat on the unicorn's back. "Wait for me here," he called out to his brothers. "I shall not be long." Then Hans shut his eyes, held his breath, and grasped the unicorn tightly by the mane. It was as well that he did so, for the unicorn gave a bound that carried him over the tops of the highest trees, and would certainly have thrown him off unless he had been very firmly seated. Three such bounds did he take, and then he paused and said to Hans, "Now you may open your eyes." Hans found himself in a desolate, rocky valley, without a trace of vegetation—unless the forest of dead trees, which clothed the valley on every side, might be taken as vegetation. In the midst of the valley there sprang up a fountain of water, which sparkled with such intense brilliancy that Hans was unable at first to look upon it.

"There, master," said the unicorn, turning his head, "this is the fountain of sparkling golden water. Dismount and fill your flask. But take care that you do not allow your hand to touch the water. If it does, it will be turned into gold and will never become flesh and blood again."

Hans slipped from his seat and, flask in hand, approached the fountain. The ground on which he walked was sand, but as he drew nearer the fountain, he noticed that the sand kept growing brighter until he felt that he was walking upon what he guessed rightly to be veritable gold dust. Hans thrust a handful of this dust into his pocket, and also one or two moderate-sized stones that

he found, which, like the sand, had been changed, by the spray coming from the fountain, into pure gold. He tried to be as careful as possible in filling the flask; but, notwithstanding all his care, the top joint of

his little finger touched the water, and in an instant became gold. However, he had his flask full of sparkling golden water, the flask itself now of course golden, and he felt that

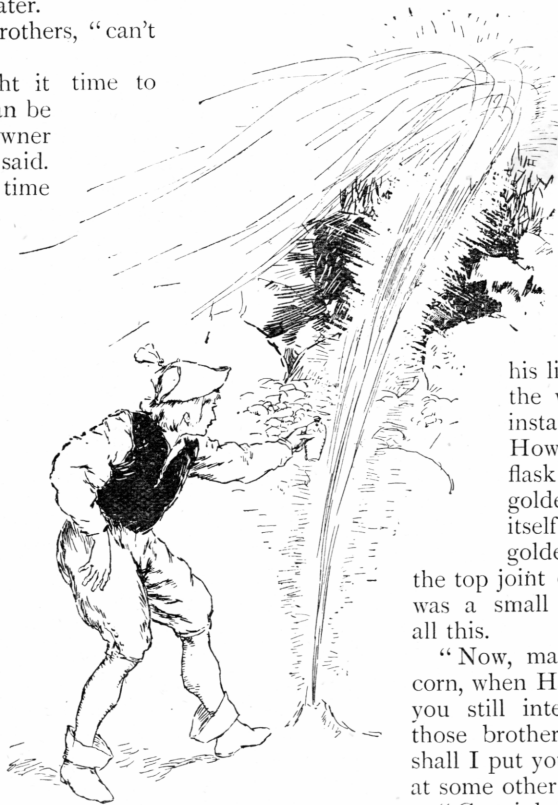
the top joint of his little finger was a small price to pay for all this.

"Now, master," said the unicorn, when Hans got back, "do you still intend to return to those brothers of yours? Or shall I put you out of the forest at some other point?"

"Certainly," replied Hans; "I intend to return to them."

You heard them say how sorry they were for all the unkindness they had shown to my mother and me. I know they mean to do better for the future. Besides, I promised them to come back."

The unicorn said nothing but grunted, in an unencouraging manner, and motioned to Hans to get on his back. When he was seated the unicorn said:—



"HE TRIED TO BE AS CAREFUL AS POSSIBLE."

"Since this is your wish, you must have it. I have, however, three pieces of advice to give you: On your way home your brothers will offer to carry the flask—do not let them do so; also, do not let them get behind you for a moment; and, thirdly, guard the crystal ball with the utmost care. I can't go with you beyond the verge of the forest of dead trees. One visit, and only one, is permitted to the fountain. You therefore can never come here again. But if ever you need me sorely, crush the crystal ball, and I will be with you. Now shut your eyes, we must be off."

Three bounds brought them to the side of Fritz and Franz, and Hans having thanked the unicorn warmly for his kindness, the three brothers began to retrace their steps homewards. Now, during Hans' absence at the fountain, Fritz and Franz had been devising how they might rob him of the flask of sparkling golden water.

"It is disgusting," they said to one another, "that this wretched little Hans should beat us both. He will only waste the water in buying things for his mother, while it would make us Count and Burgomaster."

As soon, therefore, as they were out of sight of the unicorn, Fritz and Franz begged and prayed Hans to allow one of them to carry the flask.

"You've had all the trouble of getting the water," they said, "we ought at least to be allowed the honour of helping you to carry it. Besides, are we not your servants now that you are so rich? It is not suitable for you to do all the work." But Hans remembered the unicorn's words, and held firmly to his flask.

"No," he said, "thank you; but I'll carry it myself." Then Fritz and Franz pretended to get sulky and tried to drop behind, but Hans would not allow this either. The consequence was, that the three made very slow progress homeward. Towards the evening they came to a deep stream, which they had to recross. It was only fordable at one point, as they all knew, because they had, of course, already crossed it before. Hans stood aside to allow Fritz and Franz to go on first, but each of them went in a little way, and ran back, saying that they were afraid of being drowned.

"What nonsense," said Hans, who was getting a little impatient at the delay. "It's quite shallow," and, forgetting the unicorn's warning, he entered the stream first. Fritz and Franz did not miss the opportunity. Each took a large stone and struck Hans violently on the head. Then as he fell back senseless into the water, Fritz snatched the

flask from off his belt to which it was attached, and Franz thrust with his foot Hans' body further into the river, so that the current should carry it away, and, laughing at their own cleverness, the two proceeded to cross the ford. Now, naturally enough, people like Fritz and Franz do not care to trust one another very far.

As soon, therefore, as they reached the other side of the stream, Franz produced his bottle, and demanded of Fritz his share of the sparkling golden water. Fritz, who intended to keep it all himself, proposed that they should put off sharing it till later. Franz would not hear of this. He knew, only too well, what Fritz was up to. This led to a wrangle, which ended in a fight between the two, in which the sparkling golden water was spilled, partly over Fritz's right hand, and the remainder over Franz's left foot. The brothers first realized what had happened to them by Fritz finding that he could not close his fist to strike, and Franz finding that he could not raise his foot to kick. The discovery sobered them in an instant. There they stood, one with a hand and the other with a foot of solid gold, and the golden flask with them; but the water, the precious sparkling golden water, lost for ever. Fritz was the first to recover himself.

"Well," he said, "thank goodness I have a couple of feet left me. I shall be off, I can't wait for you. You must hobble on as best you can, or stay here and starve," and he was on the point of leaving Franz to his fate, when the latter caught him by the collar.

"If I've only one foot I have two hands," cried he, "and I don't intend to let you leave me behind. No, no, we must go together or not at all."

Fritz was obliged to submit, as it was a case of two hands against one, and he and Franz, arm in arm, as though they were the most affectionate brothers, made their way slowly to the nearest town. There they had to submit to have hand and foot cut off. The operation hurt them very much indeed, but they sold the gold for a good sum of money to the goldsmith. With that, and with what they got for the flask, Fritz was able to buy his Countship, although he could never hunt owing to the loss of his right hand, and Franz was able to buy his Burgomastership, although the loss of his foot prevented his walking properly in processions. Neither of them gave a thought to their mother.

Now we must return to poor Hans, whom

we left floating down the stream—senseless, and to all appearance dead. He was not dead, however, although the blows which his brothers had inflicted were very severe ones. He was only stunned, and fortunately he did not float far enough to be drowned. His body came into a back eddy of the stream and drifted gently on to a shelving bank of white sand. The cold water soon had the effect of bringing him to his senses so far as to enable him to crawl on to the land. It was, however, some hours before he was able to recall these past events. When he remembered them he gave way to despair. All the pains he had taken to win the sparkling golden water were thrown away. He might not return to get more—the unicorn had told him that. His mother would be as badly off as ever. Above all, he had the bitter disappointment of feeling that his brothers had deceived him. Then he bethought him of the crystal ball. Taking it from his pocket, he placed it on a large stone, and taking another stone struck it with all his force. A report like that of a cannon followed, and at the same instant the unicorn stood before him.

"I warned you of what would happen," he said to Hans. "You would have done much better if you had left your brothers in the tree. Now let me see what can be done for you. First of all, rub that dockleaf, which is touching your right hand, on the wound in your head." Hans did as he was told, and his head became as sound as ever. "Now," said the unicorn, "you must go straight home to your mother and bring her to the city of White Towers, and stay there till you hear from me again."

"But," said Hans, with tears in his eyes, "how can I do this? My mother is much too ill to move, and I have lost the sparkling golden water which was to have made her well and strong."

"Did not I see you," asked the unicorn, "put some sand and stones of pure gold into your pocket as you went to the fountain? There will be more than enough to meet all your expenses. Do as I tell you," and the unicorn, saying this, disappeared.

Hans, greatly cheered, set off once more and finished his journey home without any further adventures. The gold that he had with him not only enabled him to provide the comforts and necessities which his mother required, but he was also able to reward Uncle Stoltz for his kindness. When his mother was strong enough to travel, Hans hired a waggon, and they set off by easy

stages for the city of White Towers, there to await further news from the unicorn.

Now, the city of White Towers was at that time attracting from far and wide everyone who wanted to make his fortune. The Princess of the city was the loveliest Princess in the world, and the richest and the most powerful. She had given out that she would marry anyone, whoever it might be, king or



"THE CITY OF WHITE TOWERS."

beggar, who would tell her truly in the morning the dreams that she had dreamed in the night. But whoever should compete and fail was to forfeit all his fortune, be whipped through the streets and out of the city gate, and banished from the town on pain of death. If, however, he had no fortune to forfeit, he was to be whipped back again and sold into slavery. The terms were hard, but many tried and failed, and many more, undeterred by this punishment which they constantly saw being inflicted on the others, were waiting their turn to compete. Among these latter were Count Fritz and Burgomaster

Franz. These two met very often in the streets of the city, but they could never forget their quarrel over the sparkling golden water, and when they met they always looked in opposite directions. Now, Fritz and Franz had made themselves hated by all with whom they had to deal: Fritz by his tyranny over the poor in the district in which his property lay, and Franz by his injustice as Burgomaster. The former used to grind down his people so as to extract the last penny from them. The latter used to make his judgments depend on the amount of bribe he received from the suitors. Everybody, therefore, hoped that both Fritz and Franz would fail to tell the Princess her dreams, and would have to pay the penalty.

Hans and his mother arrived at the city of White Towers on the evening before the day on which Fritz was to try his fortune. They heard on all sides that the "one-armed Count," as he was called, so generally detested, was to be the next competitor, but, of course, they had no idea that this "one-armed Count" was Fritz. The consequence was that when they found themselves next day in the great square, where the whole population of the city assembled to see the trial, they were amazed beyond measure to see Fritz marching jauntily along, quite confident of success, dressed in his very smartest clothes, to the platform on which the Princess and her ladies and her courtiers were assembled. Fritz felt sure that he would win for this reason: There was an old woman living in a cottage near his castle, who was said to be a witch. Fritz had ordered her to be seized and put to the most cruel tortures, in order to force her to say what the Princess was going to dream on the night before the day fixed for his trial. This was very silly of him, as the old woman might be a witch ten times over, and yet not be able to tell him that. But cruel, wicked people often are silly. This poor old woman screamed out some nonsense in her agony, which Fritz took to be the answer he required. He smiled, therefore, in a self-confident fashion as he bowed low before the Princess and awaited her question. She asked it in a clear, bell-like voice, which somehow caused Hans' heart, when he heard it, to beat a good deal quicker than before.

"Sir Count—what did I dream last night?"

"Your Highness dreamt," was the reply, "that the moon came down to earth and kissed you."

The Princess gently shook her head, and in a moment Fritz found himself in the hands

of her guards, with his coat stripped off his back, and his hands bound behind him. The first lash made him cry for mercy, but the Princess had already gone, and the soldiers, whose duty it was to inflict the whipping, were not much disposed to show mercy to the "one-armed Count." They laid on their blows well, driving the unlucky Fritz through the streets till the gate was reached, through which, with a final shower of blows, he was thrust, with the warning not to return thither, but to beg his way henceforth through the world. Of all who watched the proceedings, none seemed so delighted with the result as Franz. He followed, hobbling after his unhappy brother as close as the soldiers would allow, and kept jeering and laughing at him all the way. This was easy for him to do, notwithstanding the fact that he had to go on crutches, because good care was taken to make Fritz's progress through the streets as slow as possible. In addition, therefore, to the blows, Fritz had to endure the sight of Franz's grinning face, and to listen to such remarks as: "Who thought he was going to win the Princess?"—"Will your Highness remember your poor brother the Burgomaster?"—"Who lost the sparkling golden water?"—and so on.

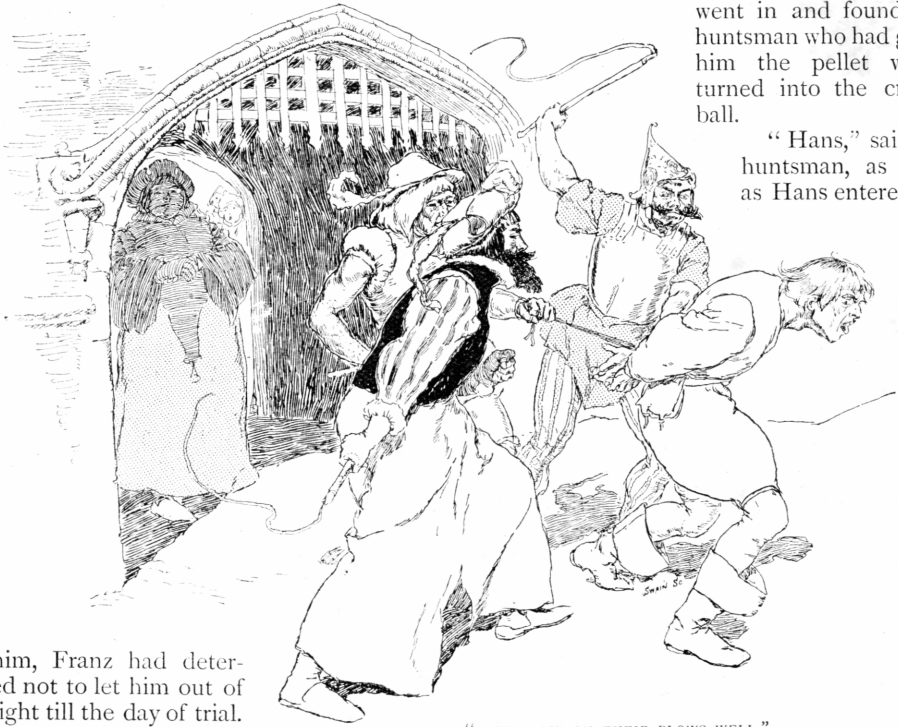
With very different feelings had Hans watched the proceedings. When he saw his brother stripped for beating, he forgot all about the wrongs he had sustained, and only thought what he could do to help the sufferer. He tried to bribe the soldiers to deal gently with Fritz, but when he found that that was of no avail, he hastened to the city gate so as to meet his brother outside and comfort him when the punishment was over. Hans found Fritz, as indeed was natural under the circumstances, more surly and ill-tempered than ever. He appeared startled for a moment at seeing Hans, whom he thought dead, alive and well, but he set to work blubbing again immediately, and rubbing his back with his one hand. Hans gave him what money he could afford, which Fritz took without saying "Thank you," and went his way.

Next day it was Franz's turn to try and win the Princess. Franz felt just as certain of succeeding as Fritz had been. A certain necromancer in Franz's town had been a party in a suit which came before the Burgomaster's court. All the evidence which was brought forward told against him, but the necromancer promised Franz, as a bribe, if he would decide in his favour, to tell him by means of his art the true secret of the

Princess's dream. Franz swallowed the bait greedily, and gave his unjust decision. Now, in order that the necromancer might not

same result. When Hans had got back to the inn where he and his mother were staying, he was met with the news that a stranger was waiting to see him. He went in and found the huntsman who had given him the pellet which turned into the crystal ball.

"Hans," said the huntsman, as soon as Hans entered the



"THEY LAID ON THEIR BLOWS WELL."

fail him, Franz had determined not to let him out of his sight till the day of trial. Very early in the morning of that day the necromancer came to Franz and said: "Last night the Princess dreamed so-and-so—will your worship allow me to go away now?" Franz on hearing the dream skipped with delight, forgetting about his one foot, and tumbled down on the floor. However, he did not mind that, and gave the necromancer leave to depart, which the necromancer did in great haste. Franz was so impatient that he was in his place, in front of the platform, long before the Princess arrived. He could hardly wait for her to put the formal question before he blurted out:—

"Your Highness dreamt that you were walking in your garden, and that all the trees and shrubs bore gold and silver leaves."

The Princess shook her head. "A very pretty dream," she said, "but it was not mine." So Franz had to suffer the same punishment as Fritz, and nobody was at all sorry. He was likewise thrust out at the city gate, bawling between his howls for someone to bring him the necromancer. Hans found him there, and tried to comfort him, as he had tried to comfort Fritz, and with about the

room, "the unicorn has sent me to you. It's your turn now to try to win the Princess."

Hans turned pale at the thought.

"I would give my life to win her," he said, earnestly; "but I am certain to fail, and then what will my poor mother do? I have no property to be confiscated, and, of course, I shall be sold into slavery."

"Don't talk of failure," said the huntsman, cheerily; "the way to success is to forget that there is such a word as failure. Now I'll tell you my plan. The Princess, as you know, or as you very likely don't know, is devoted to curious animals of all kinds. I will change you into a white mouse with a gold claw, and will offer you to the Princess for sale. She has never seen or heard of such a creature as a white mouse with a gold claw before, and will be sure to buy you. Then it will be your fault if matters don't go smoothly with you. You have only to keep your ears open and use your wits. Now, first of all, we must enter you for to-morrow's competition."

Hans longed to try his luck with the Princess, and as this plan seemed a promising one—

indeed, it was the only one he could think of—he agreed to try it. However, he determined not to tell his mother anything about the matter, as he knew how terrified she would be at the thought of his failure. The first thing, as the huntsman had said, was for him to present himself to the Princess as candidate for her hand. He accordingly did so, and found her seated on her throne, surrounded by the lords and ladies of her Court, glittering in jewels and dressed in magnificent apparel. Hans felt rather shy as he marched up the splendid room, amongst all these grandly-dressed people, in his shabby old clothes; but he put as good a face on it as he could, and when he stopped before the throne and looked into the Princess's eyes, all his shyness vanished. He was conscious of nothing but a strong determination to win her for himself or to perish in the attempt. The Court usher announced his name and purpose in a loud tone.

"This is Hans, the charcoal-burner, who has undertaken to tell the Princess her dream to-morrow morning, or to pay the penalty."

When the Princess looked at Hans and saw what a nice, open-faced boy he was, she did all she could to persuade him to give up the attempt. She pointed out to him how many had tried and failed—how little chance there was of his succeeding. She could not bear, she said, to think of his being whipped publicly and sold into slavery. She offered him, if he would withdraw, the important post of general manager of the Court menagerie. But neither this offer nor the prayers of the Princess could move Hans.

"Now that I have seen you face to face, Princess," said he, "I would rather die twenty times over than give up the undertaking."

The Princess was obliged to allow Hans to enter his name for to-morrow's trial, although it made her very unhappy. Her heart told her that he was the one of all her suitors whom she would most wish to succeed, but she felt that he would be certain to fare as the others had done; and so when the formality was over, and Hans had left, she dismissed the Court, shut herself up in her room, and said she would be at home to nobody for the rest of the day.

As soon as Hans got back, the huntsman took a cup of water, muttered some strange words over it, and sprinkled Hans with the contents. He was conscious of a curious change taking place in him, and before he could quite make out what it was, he found that he was a white mouse with a gold claw.

The huntsman put him in a box and carried him to the palace to sell him to the Princess. When he arrived there the porter refused to admit him.

"No!" he said, "the Princess had given out that she would see no one that day. It was more than his place was worth to admit the stranger." However, by dint of flattering words and a handsome present slipped into his hand, the porter was persuaded to send for one of the Princess's ladies. When she came and saw the white mouse with the gold claw, she said she was sure that her mistress would be so delighted with this beautiful little curiosity, that she would pardon having her orders disobeyed for once. Only, the huntsman must remain where he was; she would take the white mouse to the Princess herself. To this the huntsman consented, and the long and short of it was that the Princess sent him a handsome sum for the mouse, and Hans found himself established as her newest favourite. The Princess was so pleased with her pet that, when she went to bed, she placed him in a cabinet in her room, the door of which she left open—because he was so tame that she had no fear of his attempting to run away. Hans was wondering how he was to find out the Princess's dream in this situation, when his mistress woke up, laughing heartily, and called for her lady in waiting to come to her.

"I've had such a curious dream," she said. "I dreamt that I was married to a man with a golden top-joint to his little finger. I suppose that it was the white mouse with the gold claw which put the idea into my head. But," and here the Princess's voice grew very sad, "how will that poor boy ever guess this dream to-morrow?"

Hans waited impatiently for all to be quiet, then he slipped out of his cabinet, and, finding the door shut, ran up the curtain of the window, which was fortunately open, and getting on a rose which clambered up outside the wall, ran down it and made the best of his way to the inn. There he found the huntsman waiting for him, to whom he told all that had taken place, and who in a few seconds changed him back to his own shape.

An enormous concourse of people were assembled next day to see the trial. Very pale and sad the Princess looked as she sat prepared to put the question to Hans. He waited respectfully till she had spoken, and then, without saying a word, held out his hand to her. Her eye fell on the golden top-joint of his little finger. She cried out

with delight, and, seizing his hand in hers, turned to the people and said: "Hans has guessed right, and he shall be my husband."

"A mighty magician, the enemy of our family, condemned me, because I would not give him my sister in marriage, to take the form of a unicorn, and to guard the sparkling golden water. Twice every year, for a fortnight at a time, I was allowed to resume my human shape. It was then that I came to your hut in the forest and gave you the token by which to win your way to the fountain. The spell laid upon me was only to be raised when someone guessed aright my sister's dream, and so won her to wife. Thanks to



"SHE CRIED OUT WITH DELIGHT."

And all the people raised a glad shout, "Long live Prince Hans!"

"Oh!" said the Princess to Hans, "how I wish my brother were here to share our happiness."

"He is here," said the huntsman, who had thrust his way to the front; and, throwing off his huntsman's disguise, he appeared dressed as a Prince. Then, turning to Hans, he said:—

you, brother Hans, the magician's power is at an end."

Hans and the Princess were married, and after the ceremony the Prince went off to his own kingdom. Hans' mother had a beautiful

suite of apartments in the palace assigned to her, and Uncle Stoltz was not forgotten, but was provided for comfortably for life, and they all lived happily ever afterwards.

As for Fritz and Franz, they were so selfish and cruel, that there was nothing to be done with them but to send them back into the forest again to burn charcoal, and for all I know they are burning charcoal there still.

Fables

THE LION AND THE CUB.

By JOHN GAY.

Illustrated
by
J. A. Shepherd



1.—A LION-CUB, OF SORDID MIND,
AVOIDED ALL THE LION KIND;



2.—FOND OF APPLAUSE, HE SOUGHT THE FEASTS
OF VULGAR AND IGNOBLE BEASTS;



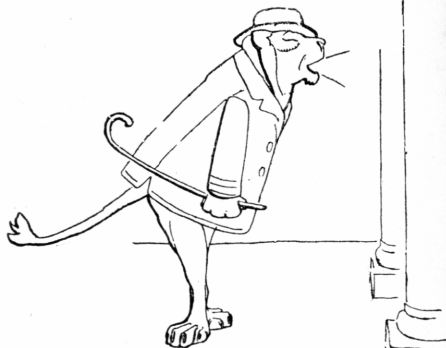
3.—WITH ASSES ALL HIS TIME HE SPENT,
THEIR CLUB'S PERPETUAL PRESIDENT.



4.—HE CAUGHT THEIR MANNERS, LOOKS, AND AIRS ;
AN ASS IN EVERYTHING, BUT EARS !
IF E'ER HIS HIGHNESS MEANT A JOKE,
THEY GRINN'D APPLAUSE BEFORE HE SPOKE ;
BUT AT EACH WORD, WHAT SHOUTS OF PRAISE !
GOOD GODS ! HOW NATURAL HE BRAYS !



5.—ELATE WITH FLATT'RY
AND CONCEIT,
HE SEEKS HIS ROYAL SIRE'S
RETREAT.



6.—FORWARD, AND FOND TO
SHOW HIS PARTS,
HIS HIGHNESS BRAVS;

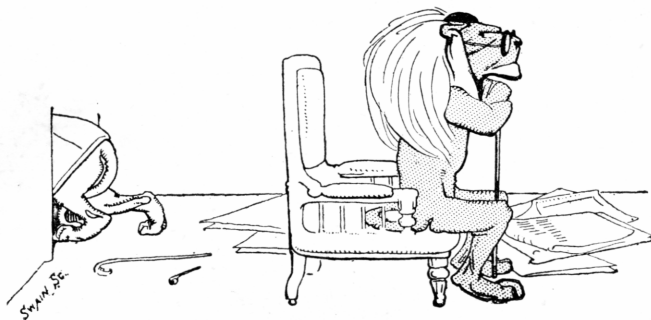
7.—THE LION STARTS.



8.—"PUPPY, THAT CURS'D VOCIFERATION
BETRAYS THY LIFE AND CONVERSATION:
COXCOMBS, AN EVER-NOISY RACE,
AR'. TRUMPETS OF THEIR OWN DISGRACE."



9.—"WHY SO SEVERE?" THE CUB REPLIES:
"OUR SENATE ALWAYS HELD ME WISE."
"HOW WEAK IS PRIDE!" RETURNS THE SIRE;
"ALL FOOLS ARE VAIN, WHEN FOOLS ADMIRE!
BUT KNOW WHAT STUPID ASSES PRIZE,
LIONS AND NOBLE BEASTS DESPISE."



J. A. S.